

SCREENLAND

June
25c



JANET GAYNOR

By
Georgia
Warren

Anita Page's
Pajamas **FREE-**

See Page 26



“My dear,
a tanned face?
Never!”

Facial Youth keeps my skin white.”

By EDNA WALLACE HOPPER

THAT is what an attractive American girl said to me in Paris when I asked her whether her skin was so lovely and white all summer. It was a chance conversation and, not recognizing me, she told me of her wonderful results from my Facial Youth. “You know, it’s a liquid cleanser, and it really prevents sunburn. Mother and I have our trunks full of it. What’s the use of trying to hold them spell-bound with the magic of lace and chiffon unless your face, neck and shoulders are in keeping with the illusion of exquisite feminism?”

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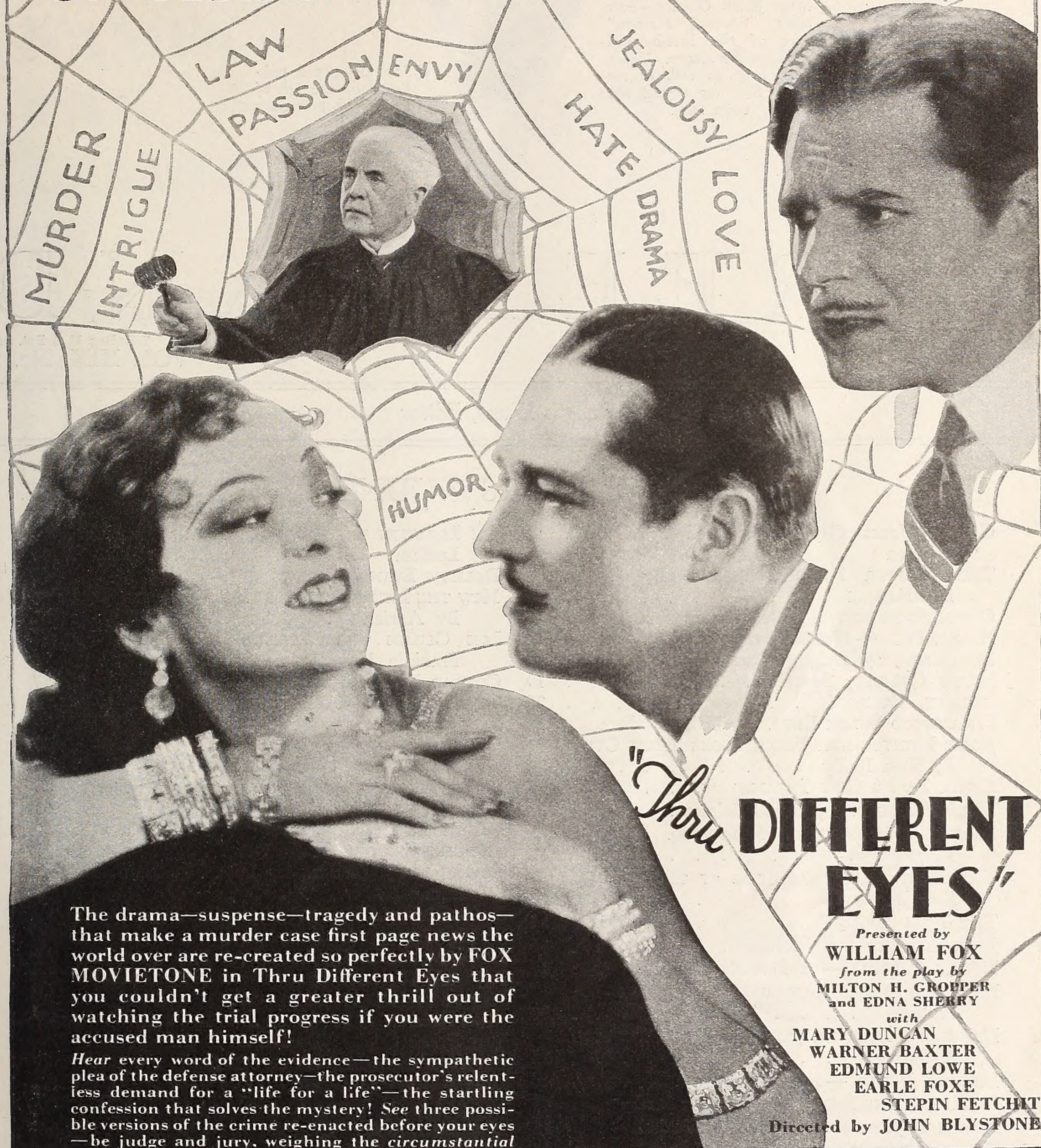
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The drama—suspense—tragedy and pathos—that make a murder case first page news the world over are re-created so perfectly by FOX MOVIE TONE in *Thru Different Eyes* that you couldn't get a greater thrill out of watching the trial progress if you were the accused man himself!

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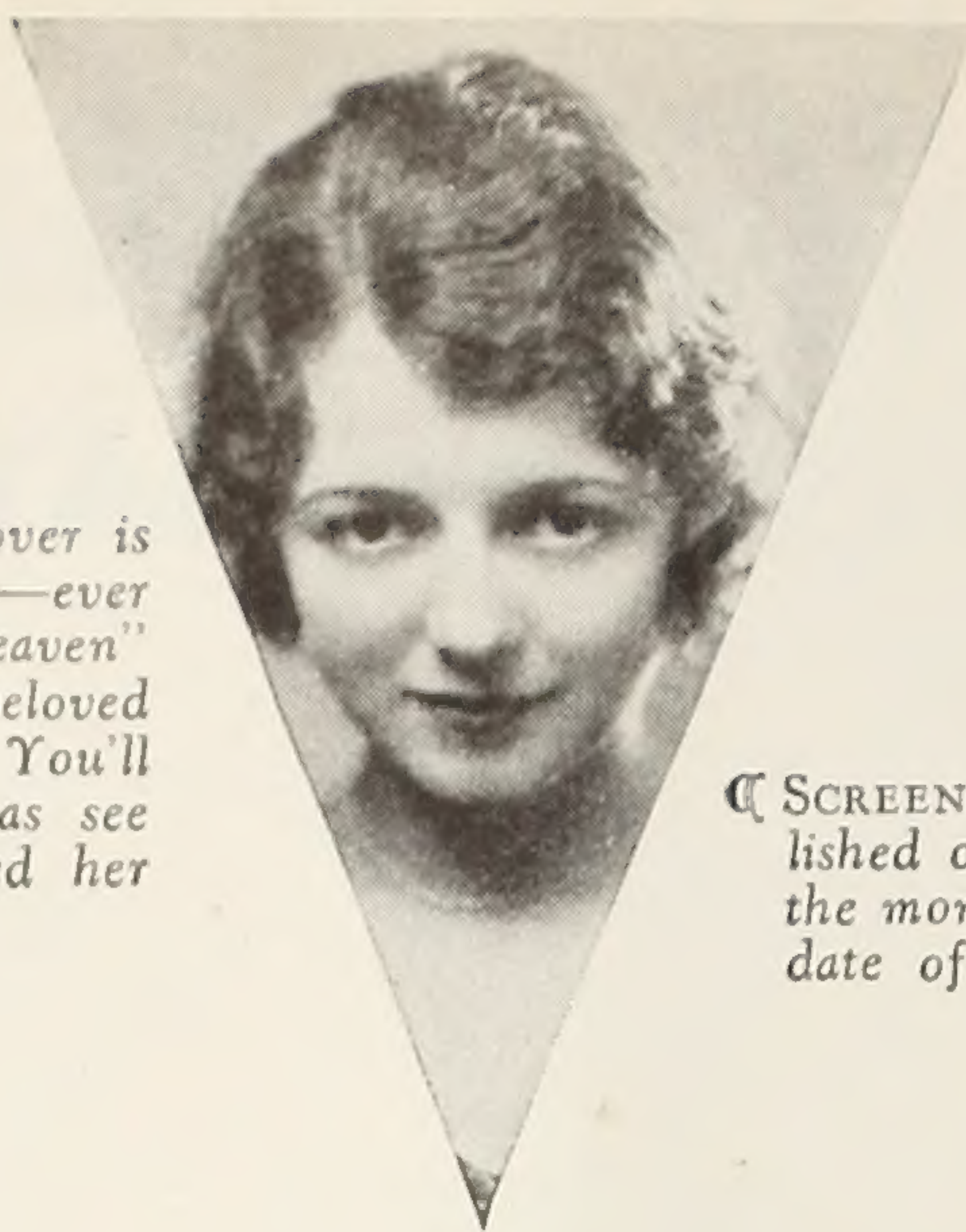
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FOX MOVIE TONE

☞ The Girl on our Cover is little Janet Gaynor—ever since "Seventh Heaven" one of the best-beloved stars on the screen. You'll soon hear as well as see her. She has passed her voice tests!



☞ SCREENLAND is published on the 5th of the month preceding date of issue.

SCREENLAND

June, 1929

Title Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
VOL. XIX, No. 2

Delight Evans, Editor

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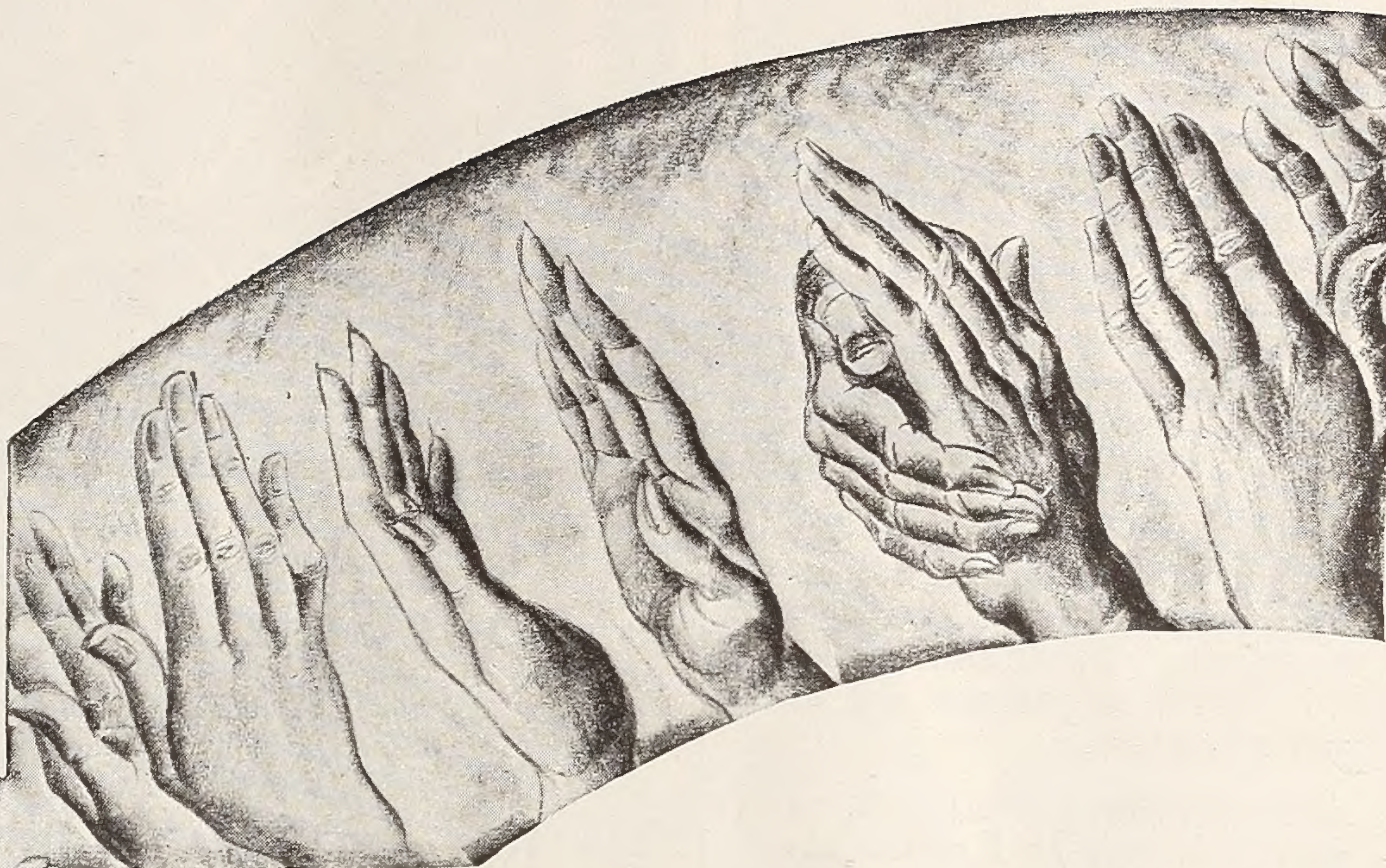
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THE NATION NAMES THE LEADER IN TALKING PICTURES



APPLAUSE!

Says the Duluth "Herald": "There is something about the Paramount all-talking quality pictures that registers as an artistic and box office attraction, and the "Sun," Baltimore, echoes with "It seems that of all the firms offering talking picture entertainment Paramount is accomplishing the trick best." About "The Letter," Robert E. Sherwood, one of America's foremost critics, said: "It is more than a milestone in motion picture history. It is the herald of a new order." . . . And this is only a smattering of the applause for Paramount Pictures which you can hear from coast to coast. Paramount encores now with even greater productions that you should not miss. Make it a point to see them all—to see *any* pictures labeled *Paramount*, whether with sound or silent.

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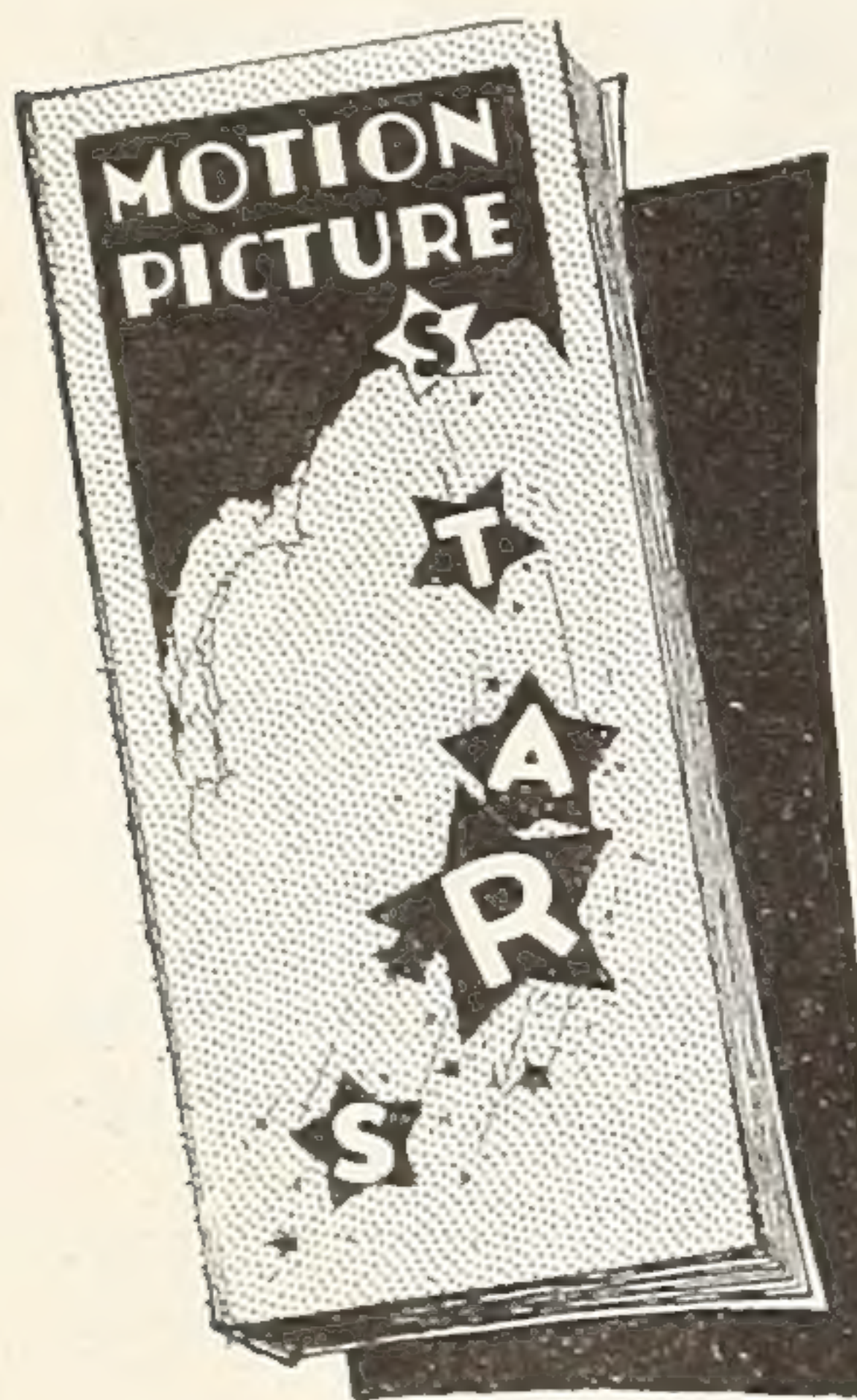
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*A Glimpse of What
You'll See Later On
the Screen.*

By Evelyn Ballarine

SCREENLAND'S
good little girl
scout with her
trustworthy telescope.
Leave it to Evelyn
to look 'em
over!

EXTRA, Extra! New gold rush to California! That's gold in them thar trills. What I really mean is that Hollywood is turning into a young Broadway. All the golden voiced stage players are out there. Cecil DeMille cornered two for his first Metro-Goldwyn picture—Kay Johnson and Charles Bickford. Kay Johnson played the lead in "A Free Soul" on Broadway last season. (We hear that Norma Shearer is to star in the talkie version of this play.) Charles Bickford was in "Gods of the Lightning" and now both are to be in "Dynamite." And speaking of "Dynamite" reminds us that Harold Lloyd's new picture is tentatively called "TNT." Boom, boom—with sound accompaniment!

Fannie Brice is taking another flyer into pictures, this time with United Artists. Her man, pardon, her husband, Billy Rose, is writing the story and the songs.

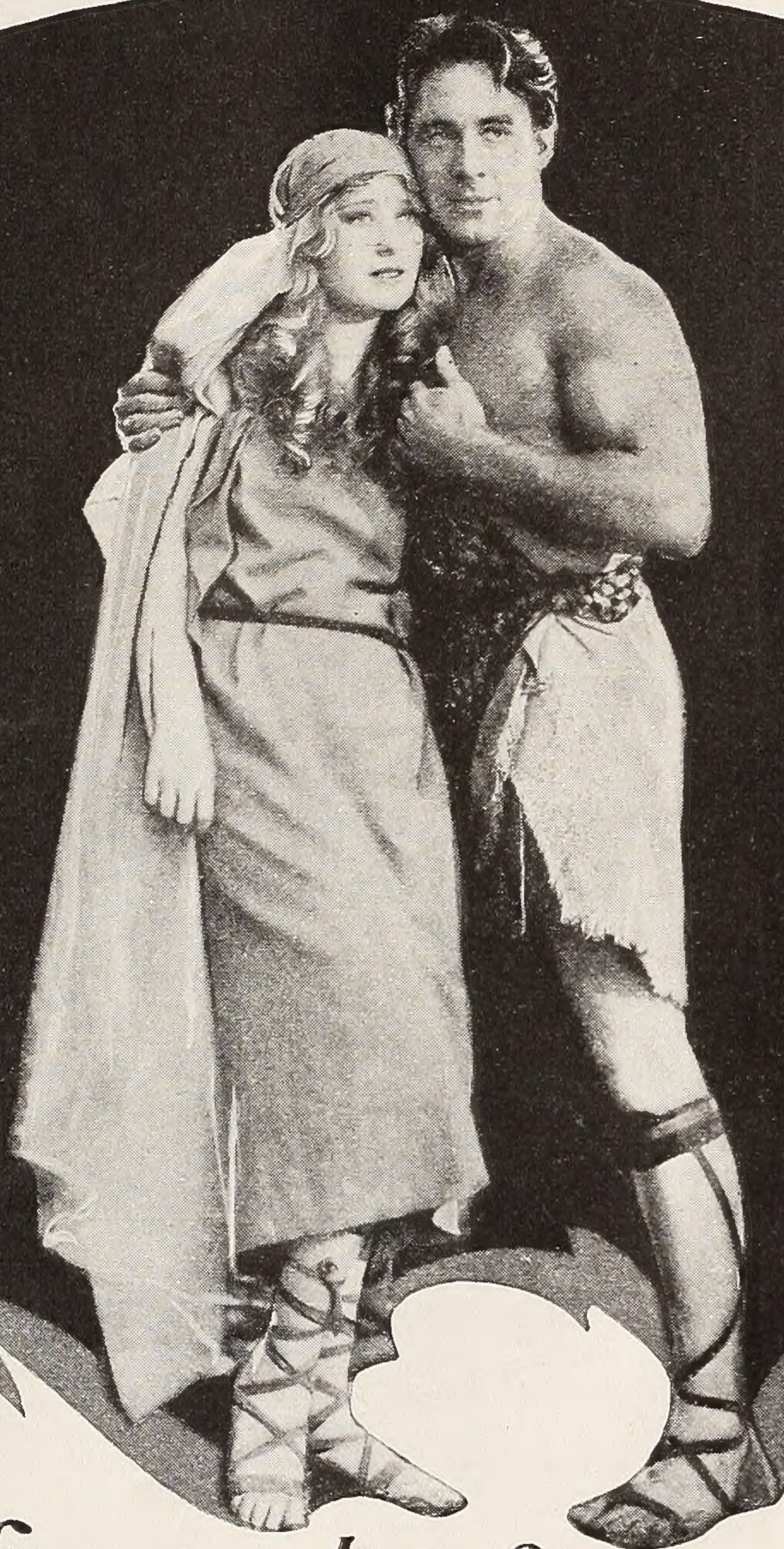
Three cheers! Our old gum-chewing, rope-swinging friend, Will Rogers, is going to be with us again. Fox Films have signed him to a two-year talkie contract. "Three Cheers," the play in which he pinch-hit for Fred Stone, is drawing to a close after a successful Broadway run.

Lovely blonde Mary Eaton had a taste of the movies in "The Cocoanuts." It satisfied. Now she has pointed her toes



Cecil B. DeMille showing the script of "Dynamite" to Kay Johnson and Charles Bickford, of the stage. They got the job!

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Confessions of the Fans

Here's the Fans'-For-'Em—or Forum, as you prefer! It is **YOUR** department, to which you are invited to contribute your opinions about motion pictures. Say what you think about the movies. Send your photograph with your letter so that the other readers may get a glimpse of you. The most entertaining letters will be printed. Address The Fans' Department, SCREENLAND Magazine, 49 West 45th Street, New York City.

THE EDITOR.

Praise for Clive Brook



DEAR EDITOR:

This sudden outburst is in praise of an actor of great ability and a remarkable personality, namely, Clive Brook.

For a long time he was used as scenery in films starring Billie Dove, Clara Bow and other well-known beauties of the screen—but now, to the intense joy of his many followers, the producers have given him rôles equal to his high standard of acting.

Mr. Brook will long be remembered for his portrayal of *Heliotrope Harry* in "Forgotten Faces." As Dr. Benson in "The Perfect Crime" his acting was also noteworthy.

Let us hope that the producers will continue to give Clive Brook the breaks he deserves.

Sincerely,
Miss Mavis Wilson,
50 Continental Avenue,
Forest Hills, Long Island
New York.

as a whole, inasmuch as they never had good movies! You couldn't find a movie magazine for love or money. That the movies have been the essence of my life goes without saying. During a two-year sojourn in the heart of the Mesopotamian desert it was left to me to find entertainment for the boys. In the storeroom of the Squadron I found an old Pathé projection machine which I had fixed up together with a screen and although I could get all sorts of films to show, mainly German and Danish, two and three reels—I never gave up until I located some good American films and a serial with none other than Jack Dempsey in it. You can realize what joy that brought to the camp not forgetting the candy the boys showered on me for my trouble.

Here in the U. S. A., although a stranger, I am never lonesome, with such good movies around. Nor do I forget the directors, stars and extras who give us their talents and above all I treasure 'the fans' whose contributions are the spice of the program.

Your sincere reader,
William Donnachie,
2039 Appletree Street,
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Gary Cooper, Her Big Moment!



An Aviator's View of the Movies



DEAR EDITOR:

It is a far cry from the heather-clad hills of Scotland to the desert of Mesopotamia, the pyramids of Egypt and the beautiful mosques of India, not forgetting the numerous other countries where an airman's tour of duty may take him. Though thousands of fans would give a lot to see such countries, they never impressed me

DEAR EDITOR:

What I want to say first is, Three cheers for the talkies!

Last week I saw Gary Cooper and Nancy Carroll in "The Shopworn Angel," and I guess that was my temptation to write. I was tinkled pink, and yes, even thrilled when I heard the wonderful voice of Gary. I fell for it. He is my ideal man. To say something about Nancy Carroll, everytime I hear the song "That Precious Little Thing Called Love," I think of Nancy and like her more. I would

When You Accept the *Stockingless* Style—

be sure you first observe this
rule of personal refinement

Several seasons ago, only the continental elite dared the stockingless style at the smart, French coast resorts. Then last fall, a handful of adventurous debs introduced it at a formal dinner party on Long Island. This past winter saw the bare-leg vogue spreading like wild-fire, Palm Beach, Miami, Del Monte, Santa Barbara . . . By now it is a generally accepted fashion.

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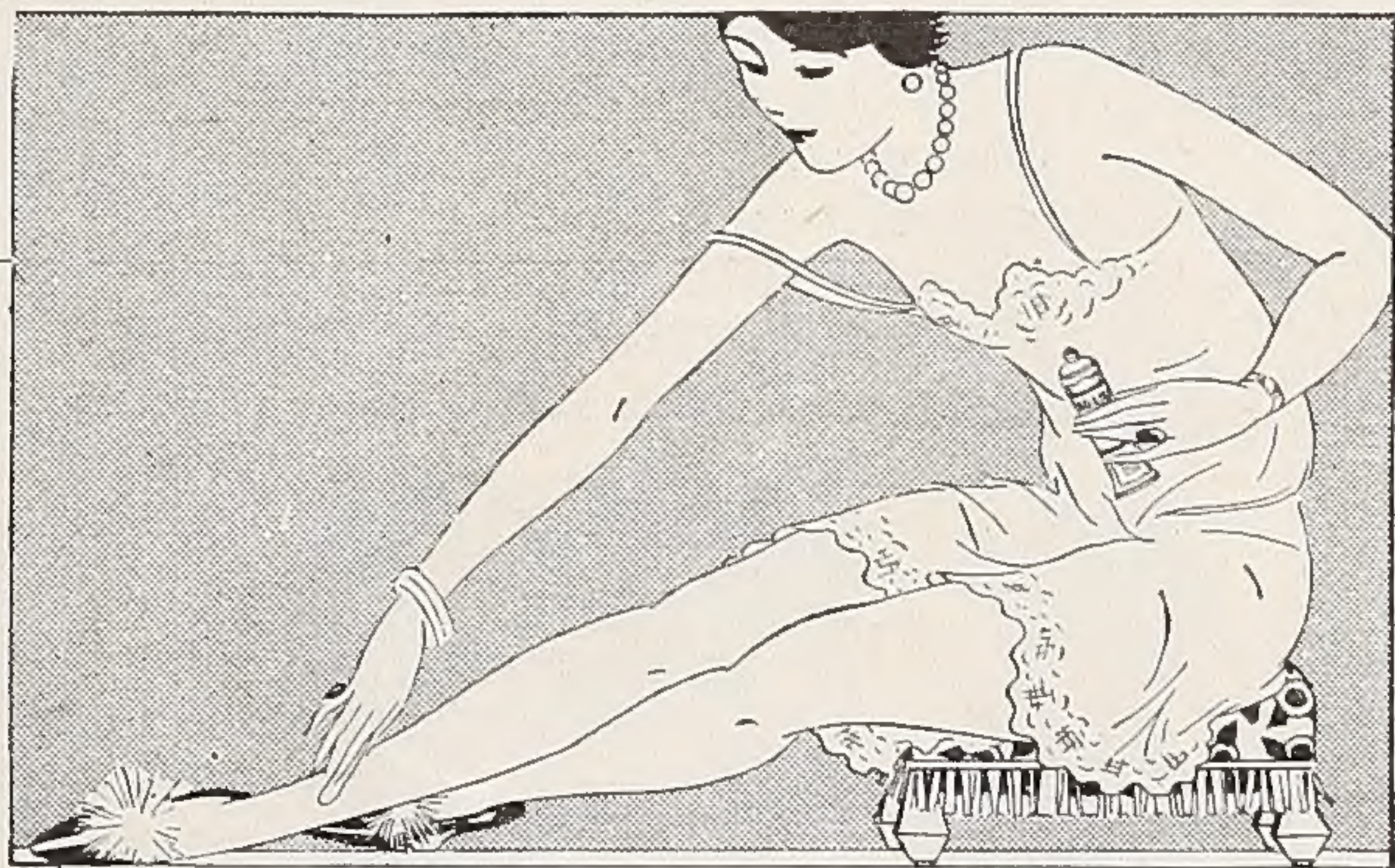
Before you go without stockings, or even before you put on your lovely, sheer, all-revealing chiffon hose, use this snowy-white Del-a-tone Cream. It will quickly and completely remove all superfluous hair and leave your skin soft and velvety smooth.

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How attractive are the shapely sun-tanned limbs of PHILLIS HAVER, bare as those of a Grecian goddess. Miss Haver, a Pathe film star, is one of the coterie of younger screen actresses who are enthusiastic sponsors of the bare-leg vogue.



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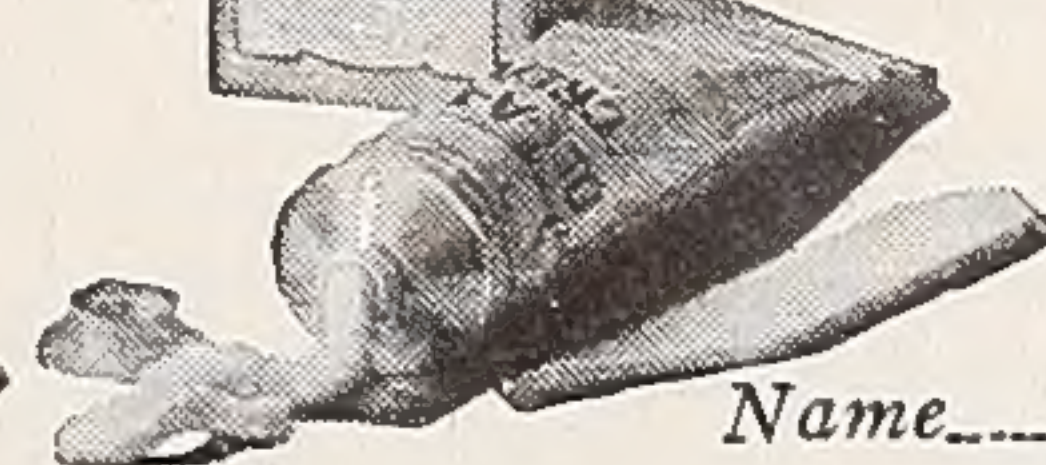
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 John Gilbert	50 Different Poses of Rudolph Valentino HOLLYWOOD SCREEN EXCHANGE Drawer V-1, Dept. F, Hollywood, Calif., U. S. A.	 Billie Dove

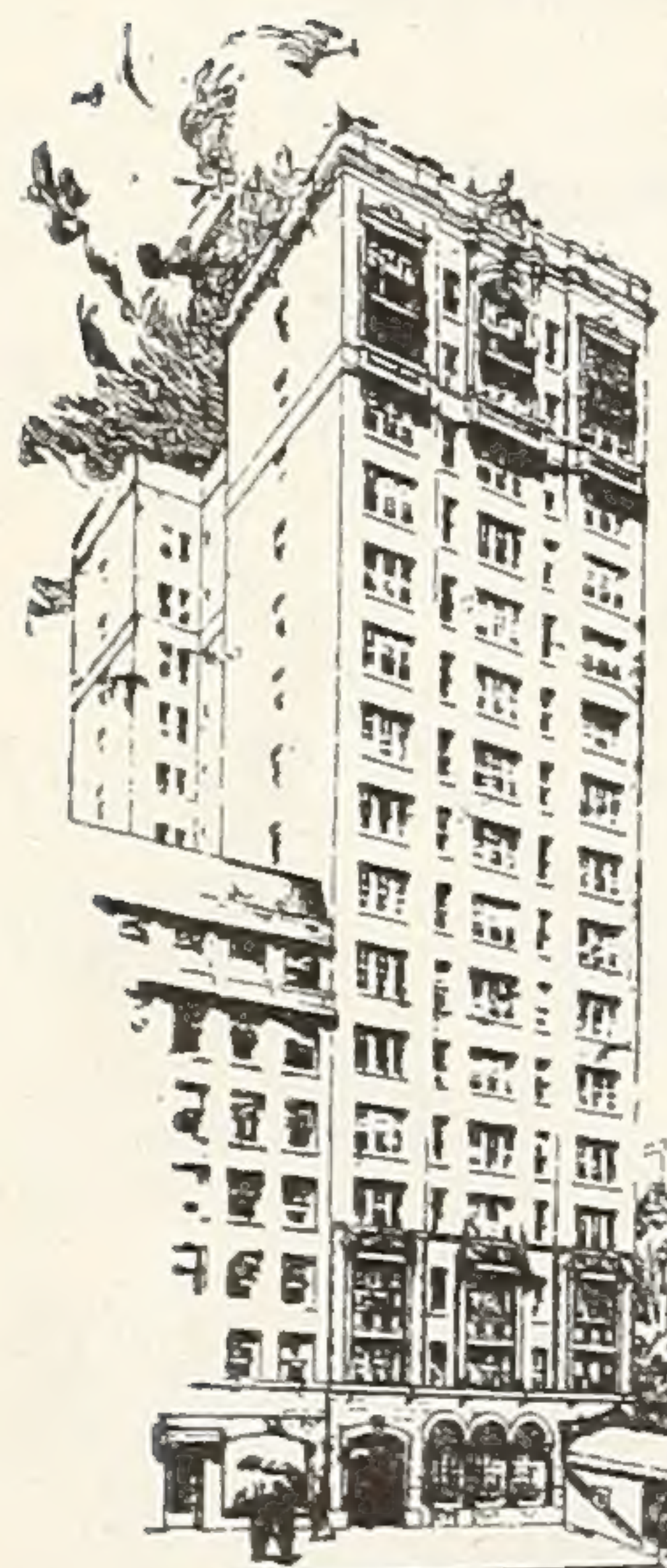
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like to see and hear more of her.

"Our Dancing Daughters" was another success, but I would have enjoyed it much better if it was 100-per-cent talkie. I cannot express in words just how much this picture affected me, but let me say that it will always be in my mind. In the next picture, let us hear Joan Crawford execute that dance!

I just can't wait to see "The Wild Party." I am certain that I am going to enjoy it, and I think those who see it will agree with me. Clara Bow is one of the most modern and most popular stars on the screen, judging from what I hear about her and what I read. It is always good news to see her. Well, I hope this picture comes around soon.

To add to the efforts of my letter, talkies are bread to those who cannot afford the price of a trip to Hollywood to hear personally the voices of the stars whom we only see in pictures.

Sincerely,

Miss Emily Matto,
122 Eighth Avenue
Newark, N. J.

For Garbo— And How!



DEAR EDITOR:

Right off the bat let me say that I can't see where anyone can even approach Greta Garbo. For three years I was the slave of Norma Shearer and vowed ever to be her subject. I have never been fickle. I adored Norma with all my heart and reason. Then, one certain night I saw Greta Garbo. I felt my infidelity to Norma waning; I tried to force myself into hating Greta because of her shaking my idolatry for Shearer. As I came out of the theater that eve I vowed eternal devotion to La Garbo. That was quite a while ago. Let me say that as I delve into Greta's life and doings I deepen my feelings for her. Her artistry is divine. She is immortal. Without her the silver sheet lures not. I notice that most of the letters you receive are full of generalities; few of the writers confess their idol. Why is this? I'm going to start something new in your forum. Let everybody give his opinion of the greatest screen performance that they know of! Mine is Greta Garbo in "A Woman of Affairs." What a portrayal! Just read the book; then see the superb depiction Greta gave of Iris March!

Sincerely,

Bruce Clausen,
320 State St.,
Flushing, L. I.

She Knows Her Movies



DEAR EDITOR:

"The Foreign Legion" put out "The

Night Watch" for "The Mysterious Lady," they were told she was "The Enemy" of "The Gaucho," but it was "Oh Kay," she was only a "Farmer's Daughter," and "The Last Command" her "Mother" gave her was "Beware of Married Men," but she was in "Love" and has "That Certain Thing" called "It"; and "The Racket" heard around "The Little Yellow House" was "The Cossacks" "Fighting For Love." It sounded like "The City Gone Wild." "The Patent Leather Kid" having won held her "Heart To Heart," saying, "Baby Mine." "Let's Get Married," and with a shy wink, she said that's the only way to "Get Your Man."

Those are just a few of the best pictures I saw in 1928, also the best actors and actresses played in them.

I wish to say a word in praise of the fan letter department. I think it is very interesting.

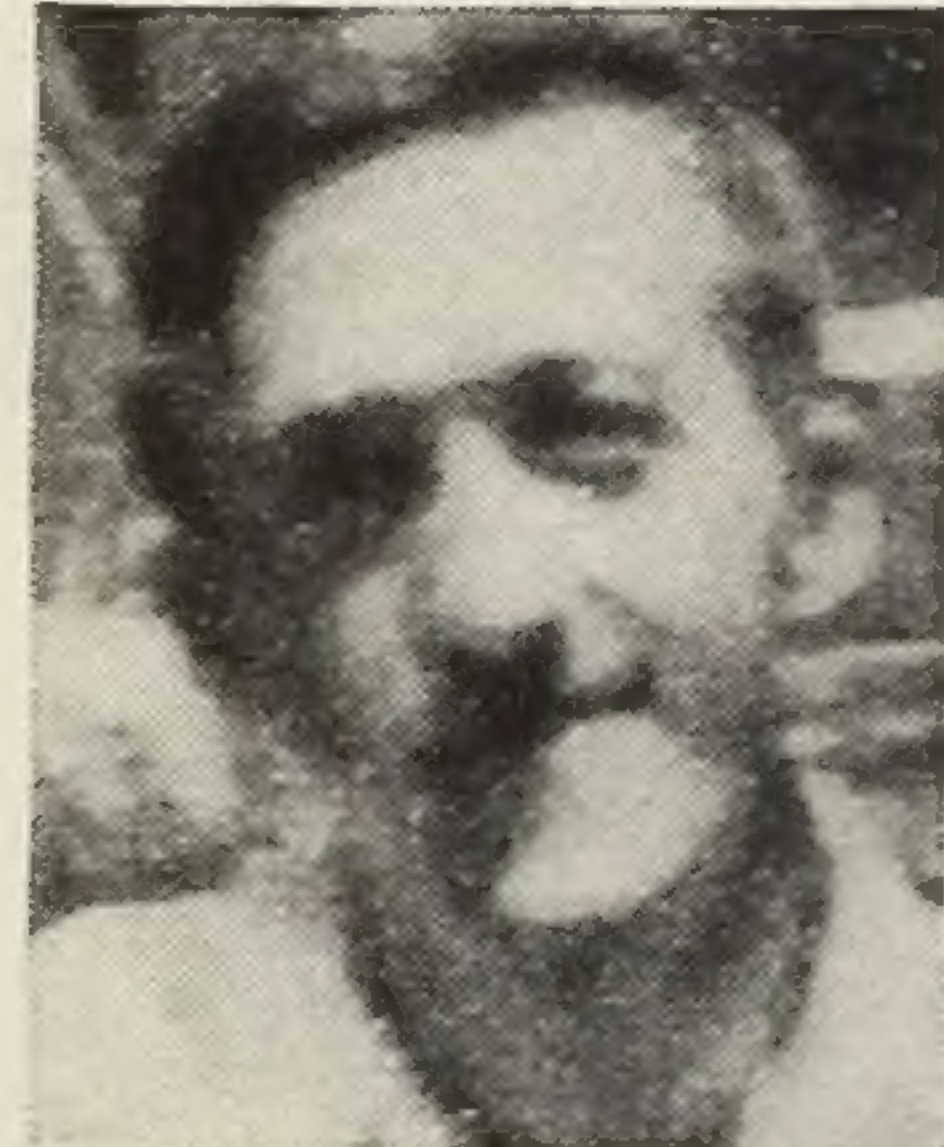
Why doesn't some one give that handsome and wonderful actor, Bruce Gordon, a chance? He is very handsome and, I think, a great actor; but all he gets is tiny parts once in a blue moon. Did you ever see "Brand of Cowardice?" He was leading man in that. Also in Ruth Roland's serials he was wonderful. The last time I saw him he was playing a small part in a Pathé serial, "The Tiger's Shadow," as a gangster. Please, some director, see his good qualities and give him a chance in dressed-up rôles!

Best wishes for your wonderful magazine. I haven't missed one issue.

Sincerely,

Mrs. Michel Exarchou,
1551 East Forest Avenue,
Detroit, Michigan.

He's a Collector!



DEAR EDITOR:

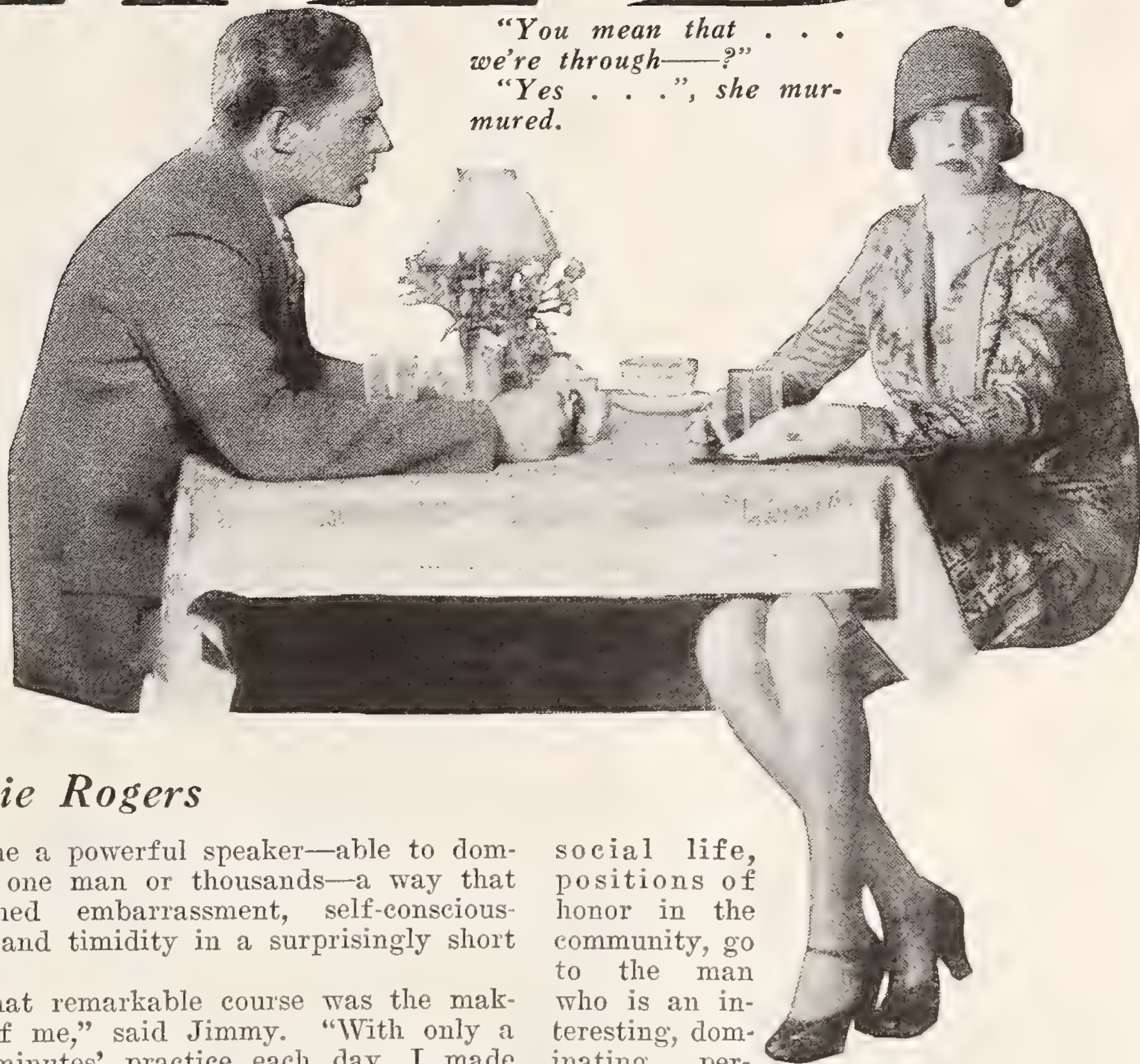
Talking pictures are the main discussion of motion picture fans all over the country at the present time. In my opinion, talking pictures are wonderful as they add more realism to a production. Conrad Nagel has the best voice of any star I have heard as yet. I am glad to see that he is being recognized at last as he has always been a very capable and efficient worker. "The Terror" was the best talking picture I have seen to date. Louise Fazenda completely won me over as one of her most ardent fans by her wonderful voice. Mae McAvoy and Alec Francis should make rapid progress in future 'talkies.'

I am an enthusiastic collector of stars' photographs and would like to tell all SCREENLAND readers about the splendid pictures I have received from my favorites. Did you notice David Rollins, the handsome youth, in "The Air Circus?" He sent me a nice, large photograph on which he wrote, "To Albert—I hope I can be all you expect of me—Always, David Rollins." I predict a wonderful and bright future for him. Mary Pickford sent me the most beautiful picture of herself in a white fur coat. I prize it highly. Douglas Fairbanks also sent me a large picture of himself in the costume of "The Gaucho."

JILTED!

A Woman's Master Stroke put Her Sweetheart into the \$10,000 a Year Class... Made Him a Social and Business Leader....

By Marie Rogers



"You mean that . . . we're through—?"
"Yes . . .", she murmured.

WHEN Jimmy Watson proposed to me, he was making \$25.00 a week. I had grown to care for him a lot. And I wouldn't have minded sacrifices if Jimmy had any prospects. But he didn't seem to be getting anywhere, and I didn't want to be tied to a failure. After some hesitation, I told him so.

"You have ability, Jimmy, but nobody but I know it. You are too timid and self-conscious. When somebody speaks to you, you've hardly a word to say. You get all flustered and embarrassed when you're asked to give an opinion. I can't marry you unless you make some effort to improve yourself." Of course he was hurt and indignant. But I was firm, so we parted.

Then one night a year later, I received the surprise of my life. Jimmy drove up to the house one evening in a beautiful sport roadster, dressed like a fashion plate. His manner was entirely changed, too. He seemed supremely self-confident, and had become an interesting conversationalist. I could not help but marvel at the change in him and told him so. He laughed delightedly.

"It's a long story, Marie, but I'll cut it short. You remember that my chief fault was that I was afraid of my own voice? Well, shortly after we parted, I heard tales of a popular new home study method by which any man could quickly

become a powerful speaker—able to dominate one man or thousands—a way that banished embarrassment, self-consciousness, and timidity in a surprisingly short time.

"That remarkable course was the making of me," said Jimmy. "With only a few minutes' practice each day, I made strides in a few weeks that amazed me. It wasn't long before I went to the boss with an idea that had been in my mind about reorganizing the delivery service, but which I had been afraid to take up with anybody. You should have seen me addressing that conference of department heads in the president's office—I just bowled them over. That was a few months ago. Since then I've climbed ahead fast. The boss is sending me to Europe next month to make a study of department store management over there. By the way, Marie, how would you like to go to Europe as Mrs. Watson?"

Today I am the proud wife of a successful husband . . . a business leader of our city. We travel in a very exclusive set and enjoy the luxuries of life. Turning Jimmy down had proved to be the second best thing that could have happened to him.

It was a lucky hunch, though, that prompted him to develop his speaking ability which revealed his natural ability.

* * *
Today the rich rewards in business, popularity in

social life, positions of honor in the community, go to the man who is an interesting, dominating, persuasive speaker.

And there is no magic or mystery about this talent. No matter how timid or self-conscious you are when called upon to speak, you can quickly bring out your natural ability and become a powerful speaker through this amazing new training.

Send for This Amazing Book

This new method of training is fully described in a very interesting and informative booklet which is now being sent to everyone mailing the coupon. This book is called, *How to Work Wonders with Words*. In it you are shown how to conquer stage fright, self-consciousness, timidity, bashfulness and fear—those things that keep you silent while men of lesser ability get what they want by the sheer power of convincing speech. Not only men who have made millions, but thousands of others have sent for this book—and are unstinting in their praise of it. You are told how to bring out and develop your priceless "hidden knack"—the natural gift within you—which will win for you advancement in position and salary, popularity, social standing, power and real success. You can obtain your copy absolutely free by sending the coupon.

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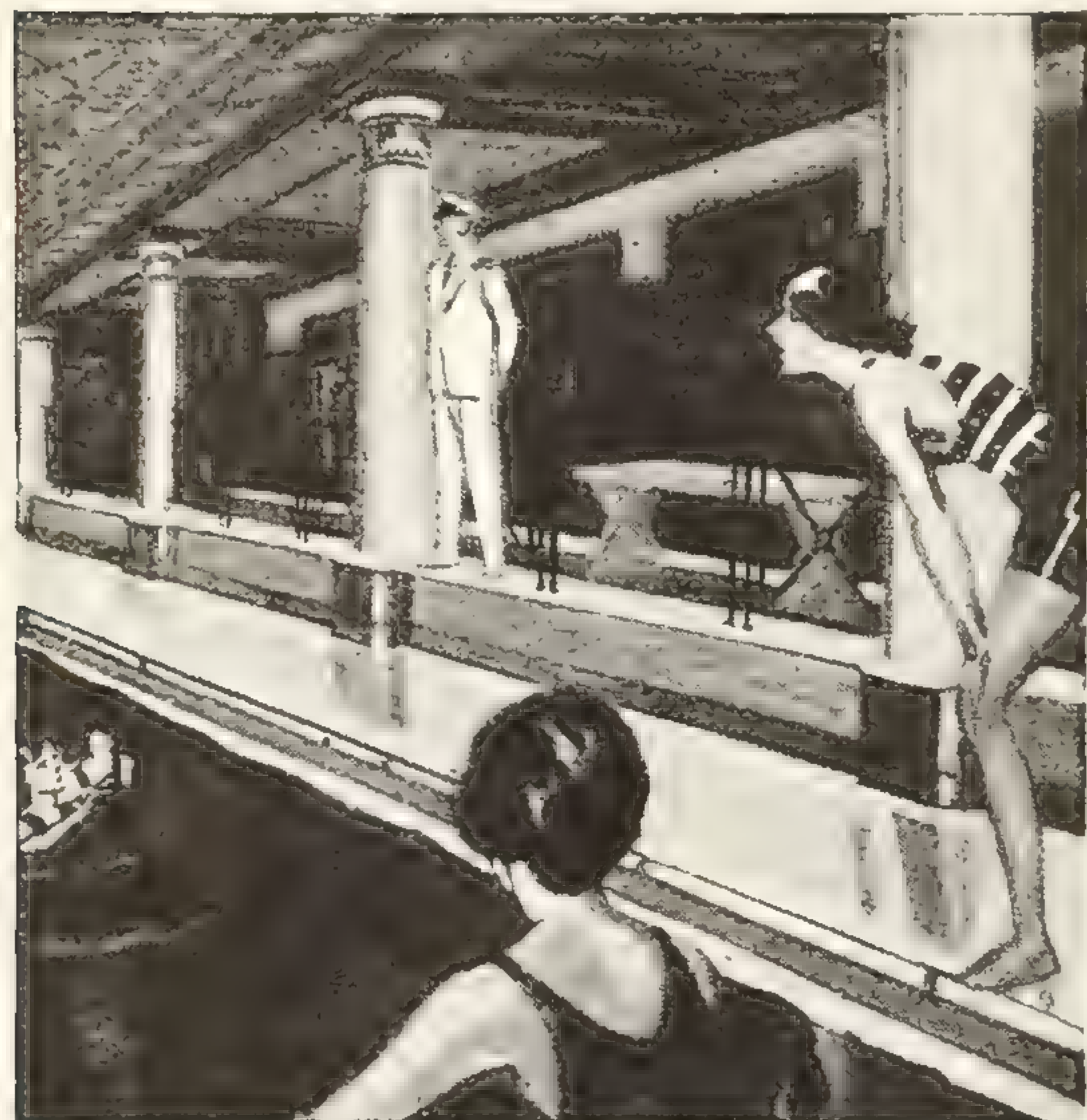
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or any Authorized Agent

The other fine photographs I have received are: Charlie Farrell in a keen-looking sweater, John Gilbert, a drawing by James Montgomery Flagg, an old one of William S. Hart (why don't we see him any more?), Pola Negri, Gary Cooper, Billie Dove, Norma Shearer, Richard Arlen, Charles (Buddy) Rogers, Clara Bow and many others.

Betty Compson, I am glad to say, is making a remarkable comeback. She was excellent in "Scarlet Seas." I shall never forget her rôle in "The Miracle Man." I think that Dolores Del Rio will find her greatest success in "Evangeline," her latest picture.

My favorite star is Richard Dix. He typifies the clean-cut, handsome American of today. His best picture was "The Vanishing American." He should play dramatic roles instead of comedy roles.

Good luck to SCREENLAND, my favorite magazine, and to Delight Evans, whose reviews are wonderful.

Sincerely,
Albert Manski,
547 Main Street,
Webster, Massachusetts.

Now for a few confessions: Ramon Novarro is my 'movie hero,' and he always will be! I have no fault to find with him or his acting. I wish that Nancy Carroll and Buddy Rogers would always be featured together. I thought they were wonderful in "Abie's Irish Rose."

Rose Badali's letter in the March SCREENLAND has given me a little hope that maybe a few of my dreams will come true. Thanks, Rose!

To SCREENLAND and its capable editor, Delight Evans, all success.

Sincerely,
Marion Simmermon,
4 Willingdon Place,
Saskatoon, Sask.,
Canada.

*Hail,
Conrad
Nagel!*



*For
Theme
Songs*



DEAR EDITOR:

First of all I want to thank you for making SCREENLAND such a clean and interesting magazine. It is my favorite movie book.

I read, with great interest, the many letters for and against the talkies. Those who dislike them should take into consideration the fact that the talkies are still new and are improving constantly. Now that they are here, I think they will stay, but it will be a long time before silent pictures leave us. The talkies have given us many beautiful theme songs. And there are many stage stars most of us would not see or hear if it weren't for the talkies.

I think those responsible for talking pictures are to be congratulated for their good work.

Sincerely,
Helen Kappelman,
417 San Anselmo Avenue,
San Francisco, California.

DEAR EDITOR:

I have been a constant reader of screen magazines since I walked out of the cradle—and if I was in the cradle today I would be tempted to fall out for a copy of the last issue of SCREENLAND. It was a wow! Congratulations to the Editor!

This question has been asked me thousands of times—"Why do you go to the movies and what good does it do you after you have gone—what pleasure do you derive from going?" My answer has been that the motion picture industry is one of the greatest. From an educational standpoint the motion picture can't be surpassed—from the standpoint of amusement the motion picture reigns supreme.

The talkies are another step in this great industry that we must not overlook. When the talkies are mentioned we think of that fine young man with the most attractive personality, a fine voice, in my opinion, the best actor on the screen—Conrad Nagel. Long may he reign as 'King of the Talkies!'

Last but not least I want to cry: "Hurrah for SCREENLAND and its Editor!"

Sincerely yours,
Worth L. Franklin,
Epworth League,
Morganton, North Carolina.

*What,
No
Talkies?*



*Conrad
Nagel,
Again!*



DEAR EDITOR:

Here's a letter from a fan away up in Canada—a true fan, too. I read "Confessions of the Fans" every month and I think most of the letters are splendid.

I can't talk about the talkies because I haven't experienced one as yet. I guess I'm kind of 'back woodsy.'

There are few boy fans in our district—most of the fans here are girls.

DEAR EDITOR:

My large moment has arrived at last! I can now express my opinions of the talkies and of the screen stars. Talkies are wonderful because they give us a chance to hear as well as see the screen stars.

"Wild Orchids" is a very good picture. Greta Garbo was never more fascinating

New Personal Belt

Dainty—Secure—Adjustable—In Colors!

Beltx banishes forever the bothersome safety pin—instead, the pad is gripped with a tiny immaculately clean bit of celluloid especially designed for absolute security.

Dainty, soft, silk elastic makes Beltx comfortable and gives a freedom heretofore unknown. Wide enough for security, yet will not crease or chafe.

Beltx is designed to be worn low on the hips, fitting just snug—it never pulls or binds—as does the old style, tight-fitting, wide elastic waistline sanitary belt.

Instantly adjustable to hip measurement in the belt line, from 22 inches to 42 inches—to height in the tab length—it meets every requirement of a personal belt by simple adjustment with tiny slides.

So diminutive—it is easily tucked away in a corner of your purse for emergencies.

In colors—to match your lingerie. A splendid women's bridge club prize—a charming and acceptable "little gift." Price, \$1.00, three for \$2.00. Write today.



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*I am interested in securing
dealers for a few more cities.
« Write for particulars »»*

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Please send me.....BELTX personal belts for which I enclose \$..... It is understood that I may return belt for refund if not satisfied. (\$1.00 for one; 3 for \$2.00).

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There's no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles, as Othine—double strength—is guaranteed to remove these homely spots.

Simply get an ounce of Othine from any drug or department store and apply a little of it night and morning and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than an ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful complexion.

Be sure to ask for the double strength Othine as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove your freckles.

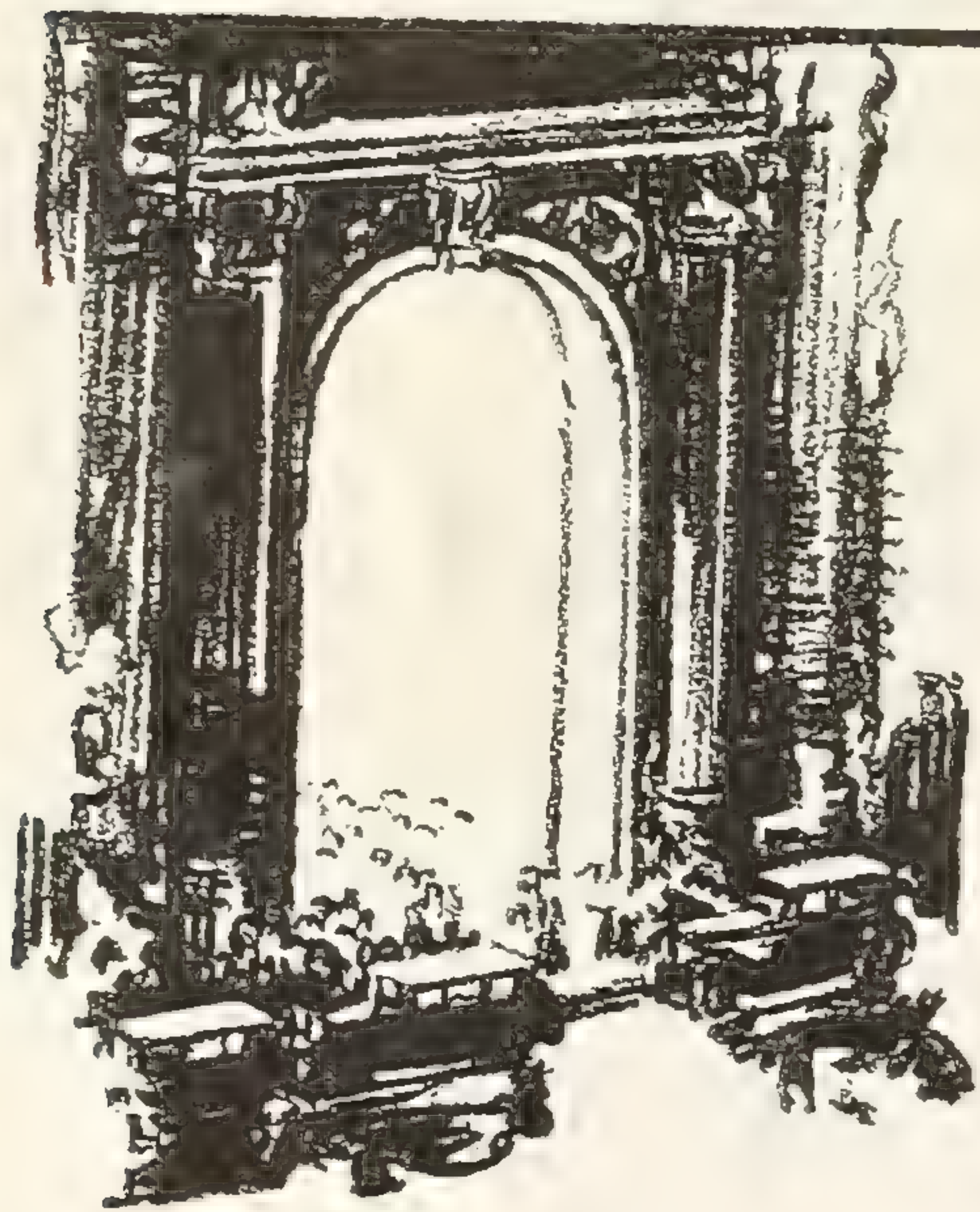


SCREEN STARS

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THE Doorway of Hospitality



ENTER the doorway of this popular hostelry and you feel at home. There's an atmosphere of cordial welcome which marks the difference between the Hollywood Plaza and ordinary hotels.

Your room, too, has that added touch of distinction. Pictures on the wall, overstuffed furniture, a floor lamp and reading lamp... these are but a few of the features that make you feel at home.

Pig'n Whistle Dining Service insures the best of food. Therefore, when you are next in Los Angeles be sure to investigate.

THE HOLLYWOOD PLAZA HOTEL

Vine Street at Hollywood Boulevard
HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA

than in this picture.

Nils Asther is my favorite screen lover. He always plays his parts so well.

"The Redeeming Sin" is a great talkie. Conrad Nagel, to my mind, has the golden voice of the screen, and Dolores Costello is adorable.

I am very anxious to hear the voices of Clara Bow, Nils Asther, Greta Garbo, Buddy Rogers and Mary Pickford.

I'm a constant reader of SCREENLAND Magazine; it contains the best news of the stars.

Sincerely,
Madeline Seltzer,
41 Warrington Street,
Providence, Rhode Island.



A Bow, Miss Bow!

DEAR EDITOR:

Imagine some one saying: "There will be no more movies!" What would we do? Could we live happily without the movies? No!

I love the movies and I love the stars but there is one star I want to mention particularly. She is Clara Bow. Every time I attend one of her pictures she seems to say: "Give me a chance, I'm doing my best." Clara is young and very popular. She belongs to us. She has risen to the starry top. She is said to receive more fan mail than any other motion picture actress. But if she were to get married I think she would no longer be at the top. And she wouldn't receive much fan mail. Why? Because she wouldn't belong to us then! I have written exactly this to Miss Bow and I hope she will answer me. Clara is a great actress and she has worked hard. She deserves her success.

Let me add a word about an all-negro picture I have seen, "Hearts of Dixie." Let me tell you, fans, if you have the opportunity of seeing this great picture take advantage of it. It's wonderful!

Sincerely,
Frank Orlando,
Route 1, Box 232,
Los Gatos, California.

Whoopee Lupe!



DEAR EDITOR:

Shall we ever forget Wally Reid, Barbara La Marr and Rudolph Valentino? Let's hope not.

I am here to state that the stars are human. I like them personally as well as professionally.

Who could feel blue or lonesome after seeing Clara Bow, Greta Garbo or Janet Gaynor? I think Davey Lee was wonder-

ful in "The Singing Fool." He is so real and so lovable.

I think Mary Brian should be put in better pictures. She and Buddy Rogers or Richard Arlen go well together. She would also be lovely opposite Gary Cooper or William Haines.

My favorite actresses are: Clara Bow, Greta Garbo and Janet Gaynor. My favorite actor is John Gilbert. I just adore him. He makes his acting so realistic.

I think Lupe Velez is a charming girl I saw her in person at one of our big theaters. You couldn't feel lonesome with Whoopee Lupe around—she wouldn't give you a chance!

To Delight Evans I extend my good wishes. Her clever reviews have always given me many moments of pleasure.

Sincerely,
Dorothy Scherer,
806 South Mitchell Street,
Arlington Heights, Illinois.



A Big Hand for Talkies

DEAR EDITOR:

Sound or silent pictures—I'm for 'em all—but the talkies give us a chance to hear the movie stars' voices and oh, what a thrill!

There may be plenty of criticism for the talkies but to me they're great. Let's all give them a hand and a fighting chance.

I have written to a great many of the stars and have found most of them very kind in replying and sending photographs. I think they appreciate sincere criticism or praise from their fans.

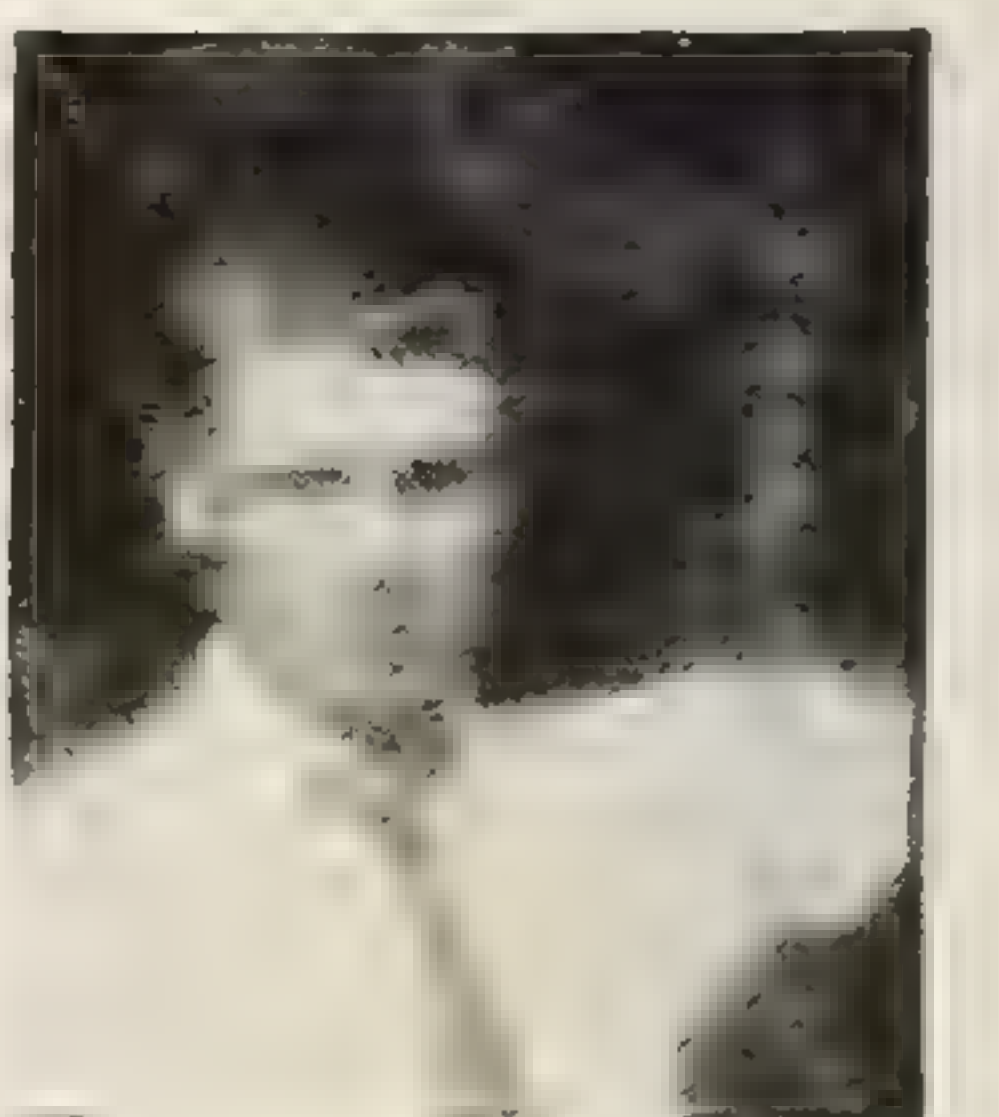
Many of the stars have made personal appearances here at Syracuse and they are all charming. Bert Lytell, in particular, impressed me with his wonderful speaking voice.

I wish J. Warren Kerrigan would make a talking picture. Come on, fans, let's all be persistent and he may heed our plea.

Warner Baxter, Billie Dove, Conrad Nagel, Vilma Banky and Dolores Costello are my favorites.

To Delight Evans—lots of luck with your wonderful magazine, my favorite movie book.

Sincerely,
Mary Bulfrey,
114 Catherine Street,
Syracuse, New York.



Mary and Buddy, Please Note!

DEAR EDITOR:

I wish to express my opinion of the movies and the talkies. I think the Vita-phone is wonderful. It gives us a chance to hear our favorites speak and sing.

Movietone gives us a chance to hear famous people speak. But getting back to the movies, I don't believe there is anyone who likes the movies better than I do. I would rather see Buddy Rogers or Richard Barthelmess than eat. They make you forget your troubles or anything else that's on your mind.

Three knockout pictures were: Richard Barthelmess in "Scarlet Seas," Buddy Rogers in "Abie's Irish Rose," and "Wings."

I think Mary Brian and Buddy Rogers should be co-starred for life. Didn't they look sweet together in "Varsity?" Now don't get it in your head that I don't like any other players—I like them all; but Mary and Buddy are my favorites.

I buy SCREENLAND every month. I wouldn't miss it for anything.

Sincerely,

Ernest Victor,
39 Allen Street,
Greenville, South Carolina.

A Boost For Us!



DEAR EDITOR:

Often I am asked these same two questions, "Don't you ever get tired of going to the movies?" and "how do you know so much about the stars and the pre-showing of their pictures?"

Well, I must admit I am quite a theatergoer and see every show in town, but; as far as having the knowledge of the stars and the pre-showing of their pictures the credit goes to SCREENLAND. I read many motion picture magazines and must say that SCREENLAND is the best.

SCREENLAND's pre-showing and review sections are simply the most interesting and enjoyable I have ever read. The idea of giving a brief story of a different star every month is quite unique (for instance in April issue). An article on John Gilbert and Joan Crawford's idea of fashion; that's what I call a magazine. Not a magazine that shows pictures of stars and that's all.

If I didn't get SCREENLAND every month I would be a flop in my crowd, 'cause whenever anybody wants to know anything about the stars or their pictures they come to me and ask. Now, I just answer them, "Come with me to the newstand and get a SCREENLAND and you will find just what you want to know"

Now that this new department is added for the fans it is just great because it was my inspiration of writing and boosting SCREENLAND.

Faithfully yours,

Anna Ginsberg
2262 North 20th Street,
Philadelphia, Pa.

Come on, fans, send
along your views of the
movies with photographic
accompaniment!

"Delicate to discuss this,
yet smart women should know"

—Says a society leader concerning
this phase of feminine hygiene



No longer need women fear offend-
ing others. Scientific deodoriza-
tion* is a new feature of this mod-
ern sanitary pad, which excels in
comfort and ease of disposability.

WHEREVER women meet the world, they are in danger of offending others at certain times. Learning this, they become unhappily self-conscious. Carefree pleasures are impossible. Now, a discovery of Kotex Laboratories makes worries of this sort unnecessary. Each sanitary pad is scientifically treated, by patented process,* to end all odor. The last problem in connection with sanitary pads is solved.

That "conspicuous" feeling

The other fear—the feeling of being conspicuous—is also eliminated. Corners of the Kotex pad are scientifically rounded and tapered so as to leave no evidence of sanitary protection when worn.

Yet every advantage remains

You can so easily adjust it to your needs. It is, as always, absorbent to an amazing degree. Cellucotton absorbent wadding takes up 16 times its weight in moisture—5 times more absorbent than cotton itself. The fact that you can so easily dispose of it makes a great difference to women. And a new treatment renders it softer, fluffier, than you thought possible.

Won't you try The Improved Kotex—buy a box this very day. It is 45c for a box of twelve, at any drug, dry goods or department

store; also obtainable through vending cabinets in rest-rooms by West Disinfecting Co.

*Kotex is the only sanitary pad that deodorizes by patented process. (Patent No. 1,670,587.)

SUPER-SIZE KOTEX

Formerly 90c—Now 65c

Some women find Super-size Kotex a special comfort. Exactly the same as the Regular size Kotex, but with added layers of Cellucotton absorbent wadding.

KOTEX
The New Sanitary Pad which deodorizes

¶ *Just Another Fan for
Norma Shearer!*



WHO would ever have predicted that Norma Shearer would spring into the spotlight as the bright particular star of the talkies? Somehow Norma has always been so securely established as the well-bred young star of nice, normal, safe and sane program pictures that we expected her to stay put. What a surprise! This girl with absolutely no stage experience, this sweet, sheltered young Hollywood lady has suddenly raced ahead of the picture parade until she is leading it! Norma has a voice. Norma is a real actress. Norma is superb in "The Trial of Mary Dugan," as the harassed heroine.

SCREENLAND

¶ *She's the Shining Star
of The Speakies.*



It was a daring thing for this popular girl to do. She was always the ingenue. Suddenly she grows up! The role of *Mary Dugan* is a woman-sized assignment. It is mature and sophisticated. What will the Shearer fans who delight in sweetness and light think when they see their favorite play this worldly part with so much gusto? Will they be so carried away by Norma's voice and acting that their illusions will be preserved intact? Somehow we think so. There are any number of pretty ingenues; but so far as we know, only one movie-bred actress who can talk and act with the ease, naturalness and emotion of Norma Shearer!

HONOR PAGE

SCREENLAND

June
1929



TALKIES! And why not?

Do you say, "Let's go to the Vitaphone"—or 'the audibles,' or 'the audien?' No; you say, "Let's go to the Talkies."

A long time ago pompous people tried to call 'the movies' by other names, such as cinema, pictureplay, photoplay, and what not. It didn't work. People went to 'the movies,' and they kept right on going to the movies until they began going to the talkies!

Now 'Talkies' is declared an unworthy name for a new art, and the public is invited to offer suggestions. But when the public has christened an entertainment as it christened the movies and the talkies, these names might just as well be included in the dictionary.

William Brady, veteran producer of the stage, prophesies the doom of the 'legitimate' theater in three more years. In less time than that, I think the theater will occupy the same limited place in the amusement world that the opera does—for the few. The great mass seeking amusement will turn more and more to the talkies because there, and there only, will they be able to see and to hear the world's great artistes in comfort. No more sitting in the gallery or the balcony craning the neck and straining the ears when the famous actor or prima donna comes to town. With the new enlarged screen, and the perfected sound devices, the patrons in the last rows of the balcony

will be able to see and hear great acting and great music in harmony and ease. But I suppose the first-row seats will still be at a premium when the film musical revues launch their chorus cuties from the screen right into the laps of the eager customers.

DELIGHT EVANS,
Editor.

Her Page.

A motion picture theater for children will soon be built in New York—the city's first non-commercial theater. The educational possibilities of motion pictures will be stressed. Instruction in geology, zoology, astronomy, and such subjects will be given on

the screen, supplementing these courses in the schools. Travel pictures, current events, and approved film versions of the best literary works will be shown. I think that's fine—and why not go a step further? Why not a special children's room in our huge picture palaces where, while Mother and Dad enjoy themselves in the main auditorium, Junior and Sister can be amused by the antics of Krazy Kat and a particularly prepared juvenile program? Fun for all!

A movie theater in London, Ontario, Canada, has the right idea. It has a 'crying room,' a glass-enclosed structure on the mezzanine where mothers and children may sit and watch the performance without disturbing the other patrons. The manager who thought of that deserves SCREENLAND's Honor Page!

By means of a new device, an attachment to standard home projection machines, you'll be able to invite the neighbors in to hear Home Talkies. This latest development makes it possible for you to hear as well as see movies without stirring from your own fireside. One of these days, Clara Bow in the home! Oh, oh!

*Much
Obliged,
'MIKE'!*

*Thank the Talkies
for Making These
Stars Shine*

¶ The most popular guy in Hollywood right now is Old Man Microphone—called 'Mike' for short. He has sprung into prominence and prestige practically overnight. At first he was feared; then, upon closer acquaintance, loved and respected. Today he reigns supreme in the studios. The star who can't make a hit with 'Mike' is out of luck, that's all! Above you'll see some of his most ardent admirers. He took a fancy to these players from the start and he is happy to bring them into deserved fame.

¶ Around the circle to the right, starting from the lower center: Leatrice Joy, snatched from vaudeville by Vitaphone; Hedda Hopper, charming vocally and optically; Robert Ellis, a wow in "Broadway"; Alice Joyce, swell in "The Squall"; Conrad Nagel—that's all! Lois Wilson, star in drama and diction; Percy Marmont, back from England and speaking up; Lila Lee, brought back to us by the talkies; Conway Tearle, likewise; Betty Compson—more than ever a miracle girl; Warner Baxter, starring and singing; and Sally O'Neil, God bless the Irish!

Double, Double!

¶ Whose Double Are You? Everybody Has One! And We Don't Mean the Movie Double Who Does Stunts, Either!



¶ Above: Helen Twelvetrees, charming newcomer, and, to her left, Lillian Gish. See the resemblance?



¶ Lovely Lillian would be the first to welcome Helen into the fold of the film famous.



¶ Left, above, Jean Arthur; below her, Mary Brian. Jean and Mary might pass for twin daughters of Papa Paramount.



¶ Right, below: Norma Talmadge and Sue Carol. Can't you see the resemblance?



¶ The classic Grecian profiles of Jeanette Loff and Vilma Banky might be cast from the same mold. Which is which?



¶ Left: Leila Hyams and Carol Lombard.



¶ The same cuddly cuteness is shared by Nancy Carroll, above, and Doris Dawson.



Who Hasn't a Double?

☞ *Look Around and See Some of the Heavenly Twins of the Screen. Maybe They Don't Know It Themselves, But Don't They Look Alike?*



☞ Above: Mary Pickford. There is only one Mary, and no other actress has her charm. But—glance to the right!



☞ Mary again? No, Jane Daly, who looks more like Miss Pickford than her own sister Lottie does.



☞ Above: Our own Gloria Swanson; and, with the hat, Pauline Starke. You must have noted the startling resemblance before.



☞ Right: Margaret Morris and, below her, Bessie Love. Wouldn't you swear they are sisters?



☞ Right, below: Margaret Livingston and Louise Brooks. It was Margaret's voice doubling for Louise in "The Canary Murder Case."



☞ Left: Alice White and Clara Bow, both exponents of It.



☞ Doris Hill, above, and Fay Wray, topping her. Don't they look alike?

Hollywood



¶ Agua Caliente, in Mexico, called 'The Deauville of America,' is the favorite playground of many of the picture stars. Estelle Taylor and Betty Bronson say it is nicer than the South of France; while Richard Dix, Tom Mix, Buster Keaton and others prefer it, too. Here's Estelle on her way to shoot some Mexican golf.

¶ *How and Where the Stars Spend Their Precious Play-Time.*

By Helen Ludlam

A HOLLYWOOD week-end! That should be something to hold you! Wild hilarity — red-hot mamas and sloe-eyed gypsies — laughter — music — she-nanigans! I suppose that's what you'd expect from a Hollywood party. But try and find one like that—just try! The picture people like to play but it's all good, clean fun. Let's join their little games—come on!

Suppose we spend a series of Hollywood week-ends. The stars all like to play differently. Some are interested in mountain sports, some in sea sports, some in riding, golf, tennis or hiking. Some like to retire to the fastnesses of their own estates with a congenial crowd of guests, and some like to visit the resorts, such as Palm Springs, Arrowhead, Gilman Hot Springs, Catalina, or Caliente. With the exception of Caliente, which is essentially a playground, the other resorts are visited not so much for a good time as for a rest and a chance to get away from the whirl of work during the week.

Hollywood never had a real playground until Caliente opened. And what a playground that is! Horse races, whippet races, golf, tennis,



¶ Gloria Swanson and Roland Drew being rowed out to Conrad Nagel's yacht by Conrad himself. These stars enjoy a simple outing as much as you or I; and they don't dress up, either!

Week Ends



☞ Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon, Hollywood's most popular engaged couple, are both aviation enthusiasts, up in the air practically all their spare time. And both are licensed pilots.

swimming, polo, etc., etc., etc.! The Deauville of America, it is called; and although they did not at first anticipate such popularity, it is now packed to capacity every week-end, and not with the screen people alone. Big business men and society women and sportsmen from all over the country are beginning to put Caliente on their list of where to go. And it is not surprising. There certainly is everything there to spell a Good Time for anyone, everything but money, and you supply that, or if Dame Fortune smiles upon you, you might make the gaming table pay for it. Not that the prices are high. They are not, and there is good value for your money. The thing to do is to fly down and a regular schedule is maintained by the Maddux people, which I will describe later. As for the screen stars—they have all been there at



☞ Virginia Valli, Leatrice Joy, Harry Raff, and Charlie Farrell having a gay old time on a little sea air and a sturdy craft.



☞ Conrad Nagel and Jack Gilbert, good actors and good sailors! Conrad and Jack spend most of their week-ends on their yachts.

least once. In fact, the only one Mr. Crofton, secretary for the Casino, can think of who has not been there is Gloria Swanson.

Caliente is really a precious place. As Betty Bronson says, "It's nicer than the South of France," and I guess that's going some. While Richard Dix, Buster Keaton and Tom Mix think it is as much fun as Monte Carlo.

There are two golf (Continued on page 98)

James Montgomery Flagg

¶ The Famous Artist Tells What He Thinks of the Famous Beauties of Hollywood.

"WHAT a woman needs to make her thoroughly desirable," said James Montgomery Flagg, "is to appear beautiful and to be sympathetic. These two qualities," he continued, "I found abundant among the many screen actresses I sketched on my recent visit to Hollywood. Of course," he added, and his eyes twinkled, "when certain of these girls have humor included in the list of virtues, they are practically irresistible!"

(I imagine he said 'practically,' because I understand he has a young wife at home who combines these three qualities perhaps as aptly as any girl in America.)

Now there is nobody, in my opinion, so well qualified to give an impartial opinion on Hollywood beauty as James Montgomery Flagg. For during the thirty years of his artistic career, he has regarded more loveliness — draped and undraped — than Solomon had wives. Besides being an international connoisseur on faces and figures, besides having created that pretty Anglo-Saxon type which is looked upon today as 'The American Girl'—you know the one



JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

¶ Greta Garbo is the Nordic Mona Lisa, says Mr. Flagg, who sketched her.



CARMEL MYERS

JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

¶ Carmel Myers, above, is one of the most interesting girls in the film colony.



MARION DAVIES

JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

¶ Marion Davies has terrific charm, says Mr. Flagg. Right, the artist with Billie Dove, whom he describes as 'adorable.'



Looks the Stars Over!

By Rosa Reilly



CORINNE GRIFFITH
JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

“Corinne Griffith—calm, self-contained, well-bred—is always a joy.

me over. You'd never guess—not if I gave you ten trials; because the girl is just the opposite of the blonde type he delights in drawing. She is charming, sympathetic, and has won fame because of her humor. But Mr. Flagg didn't pick her because of that. He chose her—well, I'll give you his exact words, I wrote them down so you would know exactly what he said:

“Colleen Moore is my favorite of all the actresses in Hollywood,” Mr.

Flagg declared, “because she hasn't any coating of collodium on her brain. She's got a mind above cocktails and caviar. She wants to know things. Colleen doesn't pretend all the knowledge in the world is tucked in her one little head. *She is eager to learn!*”

Now what do you know about that? It just proves that a man as well as a woman can be contradictory. For Mr. Flagg didn't say a word about a woman's mind when he was giving the qualities necessary to make up feminine desirability!

The popular illustrator thinks a lot of Corinne Griffith, too. He says: Corinne Griffith is one of the nicest people you could ever hope to meet. Calm, self-contained, obviously well-bred, she is a joy to associate with because she knows her way about.

“Marion Davies,” he continues, “is my idea of a good sport. She has a terrific lot of charm and a great capacity both for work and for play. She is vital to her fingertips. And everybody loves her because she is unostentatious. She never ‘high hats’ anybody. She is very casual in all she does. Amused at herself. Amused at the world.

“One evening she was having a party. When I reached her house I found her (Continued on page 100)



VIRGINIA VALLI

JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

“There is a sweetness about Virginia Valli, a sympathy,” says Mr. Flagg.



COLLEEN MOORE
JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

“Colleen Moore, above, has ‘a mind above cocktails and caviar,’ says the artist. Left, Mr. Flagg with Emil Jannings.

Anita Page's

*One of Our Most Modern Maidens
Offers a Lounging Ensemble to the
Writer of the Best Letter.*

Q SCREENLAND has never presented a lovelier star or a more desirable gift than Anita Page's lounging pajamas! This little blonde beauty who first won fame in "Our Dancing Daughters"—as the darlinest and dancingest daughter of them all!—has kept right on going until today she reigns supreme as the leading ingenue of the screen. Beauty and brains combine to make Anita Page one of the greatest bets in pictures today.

Q Anita is the quintessence of modern girlhood. She combines sweetness and sauciness to a degree guaranteed to make our modern manhood sit right up and beg—for more! Anita Page's triumph in motion pictures, however, is not the mere triumph of sheer personality. Like all modern girls who get somewhere, she has a definite aim and ambition; and she has the will to work to make her dreams come true. We're for her!

Q But what about the pajamas? Here they are, worn by Anita herself, and called "The Broadway Melody Pajama Ensemble," because the original model was worn by Miss Page in "The Broadway Melody." Designed by David Cox, the knee-length coat is fashioned of orchid satin, with wide sleeves.

Q To complete the description of Anita Page's pajama ensemble: the sleeveless jumper and the trunks are of orchid silk crepe with an edging of chiffon embroidered on. A sash ties at the natural waistline. The satin mules worn by Miss Page are of the same shade of orchid and are included in the ensemble which will go to the winner who writes the best letter.

Gift Pajamas

Write the best letter—that is, the cleverest and the clearest—answering the following question and you will win the Anita Page pajamas: Do you prefer to see Anita in provocative ultra-modern parts such as she played in "Our Dancing Daughters" and "Our Modern Maidens" to her conservative roles in "Telling the World" and "The Flying Fleet?" Why?



Anita poses without the coat so that you may get a glimpse of the pretty pajamas. To the right and below, she shows you how the coat transforms the pajamas into a smart lounging ensemble.

SPRING is here! Somehow these photographs of Anita Page are the most convincing proof we can offer. Anita felt so springy she decided she must express her appreciation of the success her fan friends have brought her in some substantial way. "My favorite of all the things I have worn on the screen," said Anita, "is the pajama ensemble designed for me to wear in 'The Broadway Melody.' Suppose I have a copy made just like it and offer it to a SCREENLAND reader?" That was perfectly all right with us! And when Anita explained further that she really has been wishing to know for a long time just what her fans think about her roles, we were particularly glad to be able to help her out by putting her question right up to you! It is: Do you prefer to see Anita Page in provocative ultra-modern parts such as she plays in "Our Dancing Daughters" and, more recently, in "Our Modern Maidens," to her conservative and conventional roles in "Telling the World" and "The Flying Fleet?" Why do you think so? The best letter answering Anita's question wins the pajamas!

Address—ANITA PAGE
SCREENLAND Contest Department
49 West 45th Street, New York City
Contest closes June 10, 1929

All Photographs Posed Expressly for SCREENLAND by Miss Anita Page. Photographer, Clarence Sinclair Bull, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios.

Mary Pickford



☞ Mary in her first talking picture, "Coquette," with John Mack Brown.



☞ Little Mary more than ten years ago, in "M'Liss" with Thomas Meighan.

THE moving finger writes, and having writ, moves on—' was the quotation which came to my mind recently when I read the announcement that Mary Pickford—my little chum—is to take her bow in the talking moving pictures, with "Coquette" as the vehicle.

Some of my happiest memories center about this strangely sweet personality. It was decreed that I should aid in writing a bit of her earlier history; that I should be the one to select her stage name, and that I should aid her in making the final choice which sent her to stardom in the world of the flying films.

My first meeting with this golden-voiced bit of femininity occurred during 1907 when I was preparing to produce my play "The Warrens of Virginia." I had chosen Frank Keenan and Charlotte Walker for the leading roles, because I felt that they were most certain to score in the characters of war-time Southern folk. The next necessity

was two children—just the right children—for the rôles of Bob and Betty. Here was a problem indeed, for it was indicated that the children must be of the type of the Southland, that they must match adequately the characters of the father and mother, and that they must have unusually fine voices.

Child after child appeared and was rejected until one day the late William Dean, then my assistant, came to me with a note from Blanche Bates, asking me to see a little protegee of hers.

"She's a sweet, self-possessed little thing," he told me, "and has had some stage experience though nothing of especial note."

I assented and told Mr. Dean to have the child memorize some lines, and to instruct her to come to me on the stage after the next evening's performance of "The Rose of The Rancho." Further, to test once and for all whether she had poise under adverse conditions, I told him to usher her directly onto the stage without bringing



☞ The Mary Pickford of today smiles down on the forlorn little Mary of "Suds," one of the earlier Pickford pictures.

by David Belasco



What Does the Dean of the American Stage Think of the Little Girl Whom he Discovered and Presented on Broadway? Read Mr. Belasco's Revealing Account of the Real Mary and the Beginnings of her Career.

☞ Mary, modern and bobbed.



☞ Mary of the golden curls.



☞ The heroine of "Coquette" is no Elsie Dinsmore when she meets the man she loves. Mary Pickford's courage carries her beyond her old ingenue roles.



☞ A scene from "Stella Maris," one of the greatest pictures of its time. Mary Pickford gave a great performance in the dual role, with Conway Tearle opposite.

her to meet me first.

I was waiting in the dark auditorium the next evening. The sole illumination of the stage was the pilot light—a single brilliant standard incandescent which is kept burning continuously when the remaining lights are off. Soon there was a stir in the wings and I saw Mr. Dean motion the child forward.

Her intelligent eyes searched the darkness until she made out my figure in an aisle seat, well forward. She smiled, thoroughly unperturbed, inclined her head in greeting, and said:

"I have memorized some lines from Patsy Poor, a character in 'Human Life,' if you wish to hear them."

Though I was charmed by the child's (Cont. on page 106)



Broadway

¶ The Stage Stars Add Zest to the Social Life of the Picture Colony.

"**W**E'RE going to page the spirits tomorrow night. Won't you come over?"

It was Chester Morris speaking. Chester just came out from New York, you know, to play the lead in "Alibi," and he did it so well that all the companies are bidding for him. So he and his wife and baby boy have taken a house in Hollywood, and you may expect to see Chester's speaking countenance in many a talking film.

"Well," answered Patsy the Party Hound, referring to the spirits, "It depends on the kind of spirits."

"I mean," retorted Chester, "the kind that didn't have trouble enough while they were alive, so they came back fussing around."

"All right, we'll be there," Patsy responded. "But we do hope that they will be more than one-half of one percent!"

"Well, I've just bought some of the best spiritualistic medium props, so I hope we'll get quality ghosts," Chester told us. The Morriszes live in one of those delightful Spanish hillside houses in Hollywood, and it is so thoroughly old California Spanish indeed that it even has a barbecue oven in its patio.

Chester was to barbecue some steaks for us, and later on a lot of people were to come in for a buffet supper and to watch the ghosts walk.

"It's an act," said Chester, grinning as he led us out to see the barbecue process. He wouldn't leave it to a servant for anything, but himself places the steaks between the big pieces of rock salt, and, when they are done, brushes them off with a soft little brush, and there they are, wonderful and

¶ Mr. and Mrs. James Gleason, famous on Broadway, are becoming equally popular in Hollywood. Their parties are events. If you want to know some of the other bright lights of Hollywood whoopee look to the left and read up the panel: Raymond Griffith, Jane Winton, Don Alvarado, and Madge Bellamy.



Whoopie in HOLLYWOOD

By Grace Kingsley, Screenland's Party Reporter

juicy and ready to serve.

There was a big open fire in the lovely living room with its tiny balconies leading off the upstairs rooms, and we sat there and chatted a little while, and then dinner was announced.

"The steaks came awfully late," said Mrs. Morris, "and we thought we might have to barbecue the baby. Couldn't disappoint guests, you know."

Mrs. Morris was on the stage and in pictures herself before her marriage, but now she declares that she is just the little woman. However, she is very beautiful, and I shouldn't be a bit surprised to find her in pictures any day.

The steak turned out to be wonderful, and there were baked potatoes cooked with onions, which Mrs. Morris started to tell us all about.

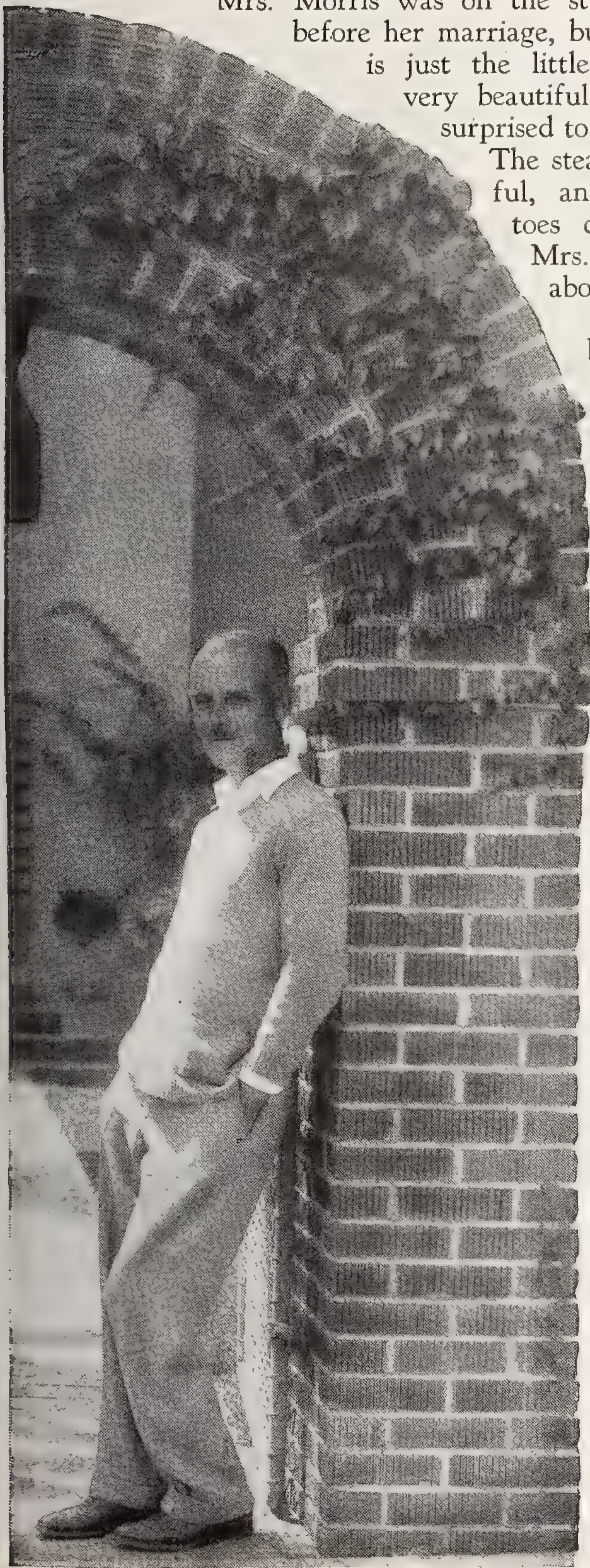
"Ah, but, my dear," her husband admonished in mock seriousness, "There's a slight charge for the recipe, you know!"

Guests began to arrive immediately after dinner, and we looked hopefully toward Chester Morris as the ghost-pager. But it turned out that he had practiced so hard with the apparatus in preparation for the party, that he had busted it.

"Probably it was just some ghost that was mad because it wasn't getting enough publicity that broke it," remarked Neil Hamilton.

But at any rate Chester did some wonderful sleight-of-hand tricks for us, and so did Harry Stubbs, also of the theatre, who played an important part in "Alibi." He is a little round man, clever and amusing, who has been a

¶ If you are in demand for Hollywood picture parties you know you are a success socially! Here are some of the most sought-after stars, reading up: Neil Hamilton, Louise Dresser, Edward Nugent, and Claire Windsor.



professional magician.

We also played the game of 'Hank, Eva and Felix,' in which three mummy dolls are used, being placed in three mummy cases, the idea being to guess which case contains which doll. Patsy was clever enough to guess how the trick is done, but I'm not going to disclose it in case you have a chance to play it and want to find out for yourself.

Chester took Patsy's handkerchief — her pet hanky, too—and pretended to wrap it around a lighted cigarette, but of course the handkerchief came forth unscathed.

Jimmy Gleason and his wife came in, but stayed only a little while, as they declared they had a 'lot of trouble at home.' It seems their son Russell had

sprained his ankle when he fell over a bit of stone in the front yard; Jimmie really was suffering from lumbago every minute, even if he was grinning, and the cook had a sty on her eye, and there was the mess in the living room which had to be cleaned up after a film they were looking at that afternoon had taken fire.

Natalie Moorehead was there, and Eileen Wilson, Roy Atkinson, the portrait painter who recently did a celebrated painting of Rudolph Valentino; Neil Hamilton and his wife; Jason Robards and his bride, Agnes Lynch; Lewis Milestone, Robert Montgomery, Helen Twelvetrees and her fascinating husband, whom, by the way, she greatly resembles; Eddie Nugent and his wife, and a number of others.

Natalie Moorehead was seated in a big chair close to the fireplace, and was so surrounded by men that Patsy declared she really should issue tickets to herself.

"There's actually a waiting list!" she declared. "I'd like to know her secret."

Natalie was on the stage, too, you know, but is in talking pictures now.

"Well, I don't think it's a secret," I said, "when anybody is as pretty as Natalie."

"Ah, but there's more than meets the eye," Patsy declared. "I'm going over and talk to her."

So I went too, and found that Natalie's secret of charm is a quite obvious one. She is genuinely kind, for one



☞ Chester Morris is the actor from Broadway who made such a hit in Hollywood as the leading man of "Alibi" that all the producers are after him. Meet Mrs. Morris, too!

☞ Mr. and Mrs. Morris entertained old and new friends at a 'barbecue party.' "The steaks for the barbecue came so late we thought we'd have to barbecue the baby!" said the hostess.

thing, and then she is clever enough without being too clever, and most of all she manages to make everybody within her circle feel that she is talking directly to him.

Helen Twelvetrees proved very fascinating, too. Just from the New York stage, she humorously declared that the extra girls on the Fox set where she is working tell her every day how to act!

"I don't mind that," she said, "but what I do mind is that the director is making me lisp. Although we weren't all trying hard not to!"

Neil Hamilton's wife was carrying one of those big gauzy flirt handkerchiefs and Eddie Nugent told her that it was very reckless for a man to buy a flirt hanky for a wife

who was as attractive as she was, whereupon she exclaimed: "He didn't! I bought it myself!" And Mr. Stubbs said plaintively that he wished she would try to lure him with it.

The painter man, Roy Atkinson, proved that he had other talents besides painting by playing the piano very nicely for us, and Mrs. Morris too proved herself an accomplished musician.

We heard a tiny cry, just then, and all the women exclaimed breathlessly—"The baby!"

Whereupon Chester brought out his lusty little son, who proved himself a good descendant of a theatrical family by smiling and taking his bow—even if it was Chester who gave him a rehearsal by tipping his head toward us—and promptly going to sleep again when he was laid in his crib.

"Even if the spirits had arrived we couldn't possibly have had any more fun," Patsy declared as we left for home. "They might not have been the right kind of spirits socially anyway. You know how anxious everybody is to come to Hollywood!"

"COME out and eat hash with Octavus Roy Cohen," the invitation read.

"It's from Jimmie Gleason and his wife, Lucille Webster," explained Patsy, "and even without the lure of the hash or Octavus, I'd go!"

The invitation was accompanied by a (Cont. on page 102)



Clifton L. Kling, Still Photographer

The Most Beautiful Still of the Month
FAY WRAY and RICHARD ARLEN
in
"Four Feathers"



The FILM

¶ *Fox Movietone Goes Gay and Girlified with the First Motion Picture Musical Extravaganza.*

¶ Lois Moran's training in the Paris Opera ballet makes her a valuable member of the cast of the Movietone Follies. She is the fair heroine.

¶ Has Broadway ever produced a prettier show girl than Blanche Fisher, one of the ladies of the Fox Movietone Follies ensemble? A loud and ringing 'NO!'



¶ A sweet and snappy number involving jazz and ermine and feathers and laces and—oh, yes—girls! The beauties in the film Follies are all by, of, and for Hollywood.



FOLLIES

Now You Don't Have to Visit Broadway to See a Grand Girl Show. Fox's Follies Will Come to You!



¶ Cunning Sue Carol, stellar soubrette of the screen, struts her very special stuff as the ingenue of Mr. Fox's Movietone Follies.

¶ Folks, meet Betty Recklaw—one of the reasons why the success of the Movietone Follies is practically assured. Broadway has no corner on gorgeous show girls. What ho, Hollywood!



¶ Sue Carol leads one of those collegiate numbers involving a male chorus—a situation not precisely new to the popular Sue. David Rollins is the bright pet-icular boy friend.



Ruth Harriet Louise

NOW that he is one of the first six stars of the movies do you suppose we'll have to stop calling him Jack?



Ruth Harriet Louise

THE Most Famous Engaged Couple in the World—Douglas Fairbanks Jr. and Joan Crawford. Real romance in Hollywood!



Harold Dean Carsey

LORETTA! Young, also winsome, pretty, sweet, and, despite the décolletage, just a nice, shy, old-fashioned girl!

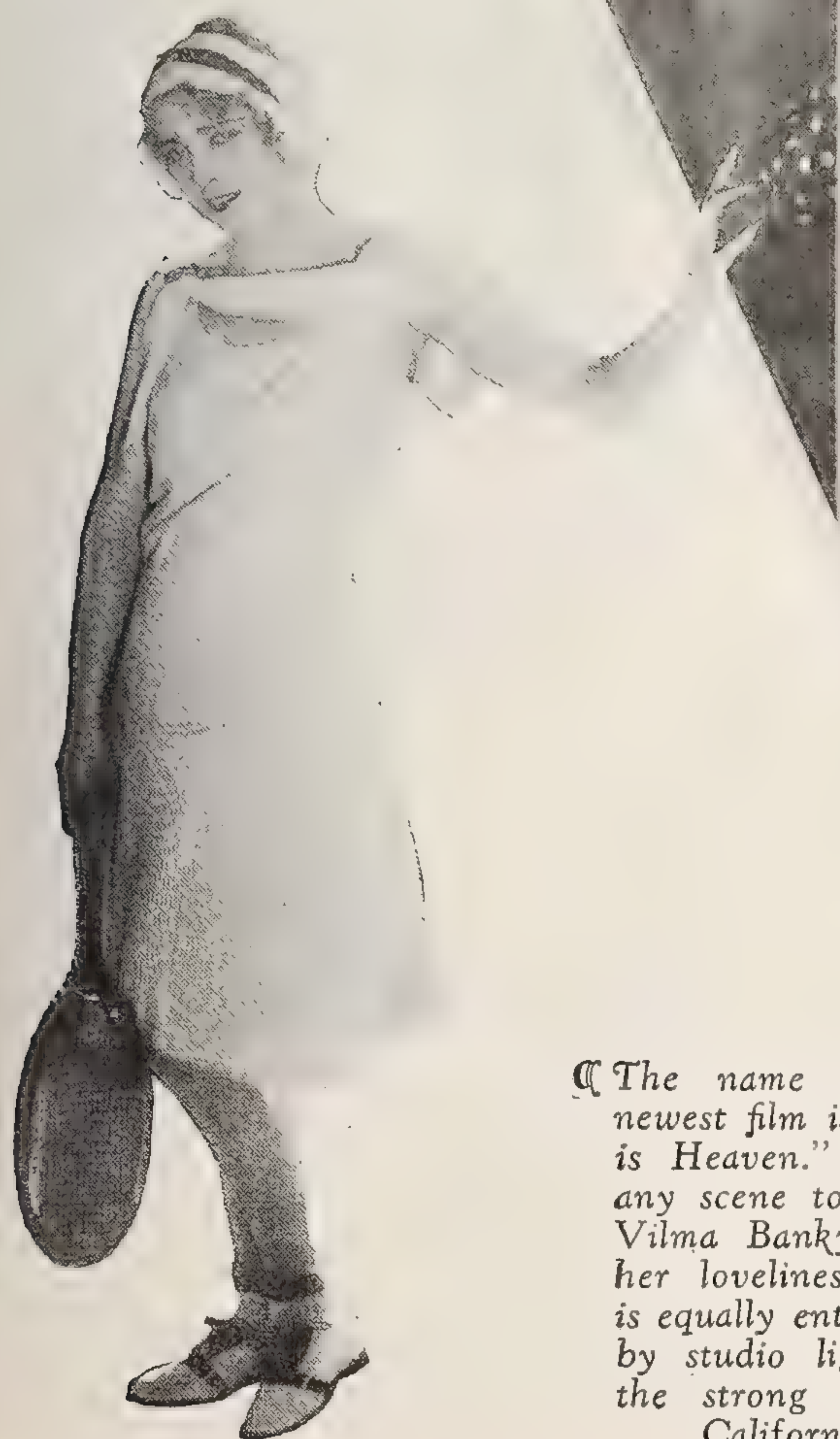


☞ The beautiful Vilma from Budapest has become a full-fledged American movie star, going in for tennis and talkies!

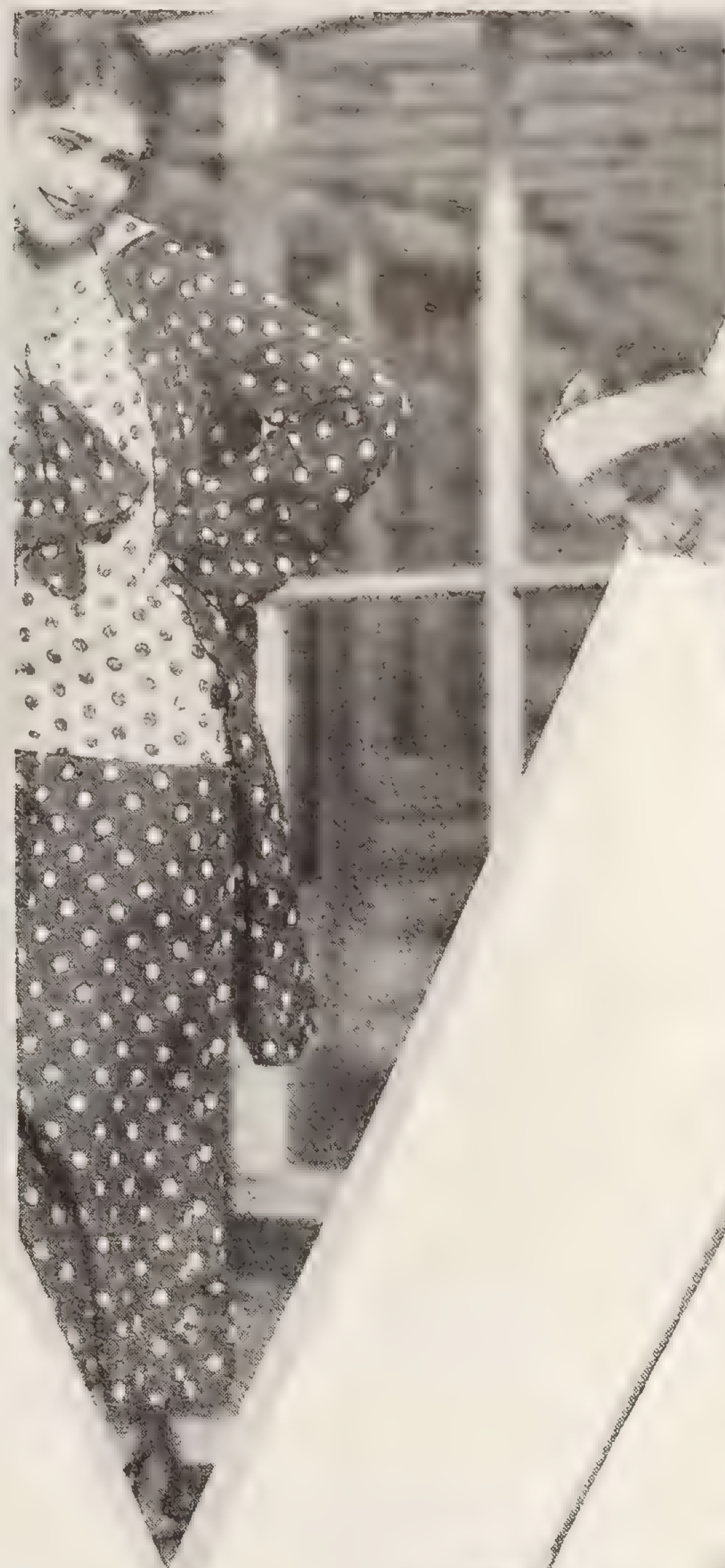
☞ A Japanese parasol, a Hollywood bathing-suit, and an Hungarian rhapsody!

Including the Hon-garian!

☞ Vilma Banky—or Athletics with An Accent!



☞ The name of her newest film is "This is Heaven." So is any scene to which Vilma Banky lends her loveliness. She is equally entrancing by studio lights or the strong sun of California.



☞ Rod La Rocque likes good sports. "Vell," says Vilma, "vot's the matter vit this vun?"



ADVICE to

¶ *The Fair Brides of Hollywood Speak Their Minds About Matrimony. You Don't Have to Be a June Bride to Read and Relish Their Revelations.*

give you an account of your own. I believe you will be happier if you have your own career outside your home, but you can make your home a career, if you will. See that your husband has the finest home you can afford, but leave

¶ Below: Vilma Banky was a June bride herself, two years ago. She says: "Every wife should have a separate bank account." Rod agrees. Left, George and Mary Lou Lewis. "Don't fool yourself that the man you marry is so much in love that he will stand for anything you do," warns Mary Lou.

¶ Billie Dove warns brides against settling down. "Remain sweethearts," counsels Mrs. Irvin Willat.

HEAR ye! Hear ye! Hear ye!
All who contemplate matrimony in this favorite month for brides, attention!

Hollywood's happily-wed, who have had honeymoons a few months or a few years back, wish to give you recipes for happiness!

Hear ye! Hear ye! Hear ye!

"Social workers tell us that the largest percentage of marriages that fail do so because of difficulties arising during or immediately after the honeymoon," observes Dolores Costello, one of our most recent brides.

"There is no reason why romance should die, and you must make it your business to see that it does not, but don't overdo sentiment. Nothing more swiftly bores a man.

"Find out your husband's likes and dislikes before completely furnishing your new home. Perhaps he has strong prejudices for or against certain types of furniture. You hope he'll want to spend a great deal of time at home, so cater to his tastes.

"Unless you are to be wealthy, it is well to consider carefully how you spend his money. Too many bills have killed more romances than any other agent. Let him see that you are trying to be a true helpmate."

"My advice to June brides is the same as my advice to those who marry in any other month," declares Norma Shearer. "Realize that matrimony is the most eventful milestone in your life, that it should mark the beginning of life's greatest happiness.

"Don't sit down and expect your husband to make you happy. Consider it your great duty and privilege to make *him* happy, and in so doing you will find happiness. Make your marriage a fifty-fifty proposition and you can't go wrong!"

Vilma Banky, whose wedding two years ago was the event of that June, believes that all brides should have a church wedding.

"Every woman looks lovely in a wedding veil," she tells us, "and her husband will always think of her as beautiful.

"Every wife should have a separate bank account. If you are not financially independent, your husband should

JUNE BRIDES

By
Ruth Tildesley
Pinch-Hitting for Cupid

him alone in it sometimes.

"When your husband has men friends visit him at the house, make yourself as beautiful as possible, so that he will be proud of you, and then only stay ten minutes!"

Below: Mr. and Mrs. John Barrymore. Dolores advises other brides not to overdo sentiment, since nothing more swiftly bores a man! Right, Louise Fazenda and her husband, Hal Wallis. Says Louise: "Treat marriage as a combination of business and sentiment. Cherish common sense!"



The first commandment for brides, according to Jobyna Ralston—Mrs. Richard Arlen—is, "Don't nag!"

Billie Dove warns brides against settling down.

"Remain sweethearts and keep up the pretty courtship ways.

"No sweetheart would let her lover see her when she is untidy, unkempt, or out of temper.

Why should a wife do so?

"Remember the things he likes and makes an effort to keep him in love with you."

Part of Camilla Horn's advice comes too late if you have already picked your man.

"Marry your direct opposite," she counsels. "I am pessimistic by nature and I deliberately chose an optimistic man, who could help me through my blue days and cast sunshine on my gloom."

The rest of her conclusions, however, may prove valuable.

"Be natural. Don't try to be too sweet because you can't keep it up. Nobody could.

"Don't let him be too sure of you. Keep him guessing. Make him a bit afraid of losing you. I don't wish to set brides to quarreling, but oh, it's such fun to make up!

"However, if you love and understand your husband, you will not need much advice from women, I think!"

Estelle Taylor and Jack Dempsey are unusually successful as husband and wife.

"To be sure of a happy marriage," states Estelle a wife should know when to give in. Two persons, no matter who they are, disagree at times, and all married people find there are moments when they don't see eye to eye.

"Every woman knows in her heart when she is fair. If she is sure she is right, and the thing really matters, she should not give in or the man will lose his sense of justice. If she is wrong, she must know she is wrong, and she should give in gracefully and swiftly, if she wishes to keep her husband's respect. There is nothing so vital as respect in marriage."

"Don't settle down!" is the secret, according to Corinne Griffith. "Keep your husband as a playmate. Be always ready to pack up a lunch and run down to the beach with him. See that he doesn't have (Cont. on page 112)

Rob Wagner Asks:

*¶ The Famous Writer and Screen Authority
Talkies and Wonders Whimsically*

NOW that the movies have gone 'drammie' and 'drammie' has gone movie, it might be well to stop in the thick of the artistic debacle and, howsoever ungrammatical the expression, "see where we're at."

First, we may dismiss certain obvious triumphs of news-weekly soundies and short-reel talkies. To add actual music to a marching band at the laying of a cornerstone is a real achievement. To introduce us to Mussolini, Calvin Coolidge, Bernard Shaw and Charles Lindbergh and at the same time hear their voices, is, so far, the most successful marriage of silence and sound. These particular triumphs, however, are straight news-reel reporting and have nothing to do with art.

It might help in our understanding of the puzzling mess in which we find ourselves if art—or perhaps, what is not art—were briefly defined. It is not, for instance, a literal translation of nature. Art is, in fact, essentially *artificial*. Music is generally regarded as the purest of the arts because of this very quality. There is nothing in nature like a Beethoven Sonata or a Sousa march. A photograph of a tree is a more literal transcript of a tree than Corot's painting of one, but literalism is not art. Even the most realistic play is artificial, for it is ridiculous to say it is an exact reproduction of nature when one wall of a house has been removed so that a thousand people or more may look in. No one viewing the extreme realism of a Belasco play ever feels that he is gazing upon the real thing. He knows the scene is not in New England. It is merely a symbol of such a location. The symbol may be so perfect that it arouses us to real tears or laughter, but in its last analysis we know that the performance, picture or sound, is artificial.

Every art has its limitations and it is only when art stays within its limits that it reaches its greatest triumph. When sculpture—the art of form—takes on color it becomes a wax-work. The dummies in the lobby of Grauman's Chinese Theatre are startlingly deceptive but as art they are beneath contempt. The painter who attempts stereoscopic by freak lighting and trick frames excites wonder but his 'art' is as childish as a cyclorama of the Battle of Gettysburg. Most people are unable to define art but they subconsciously know the difference between art and literalism.

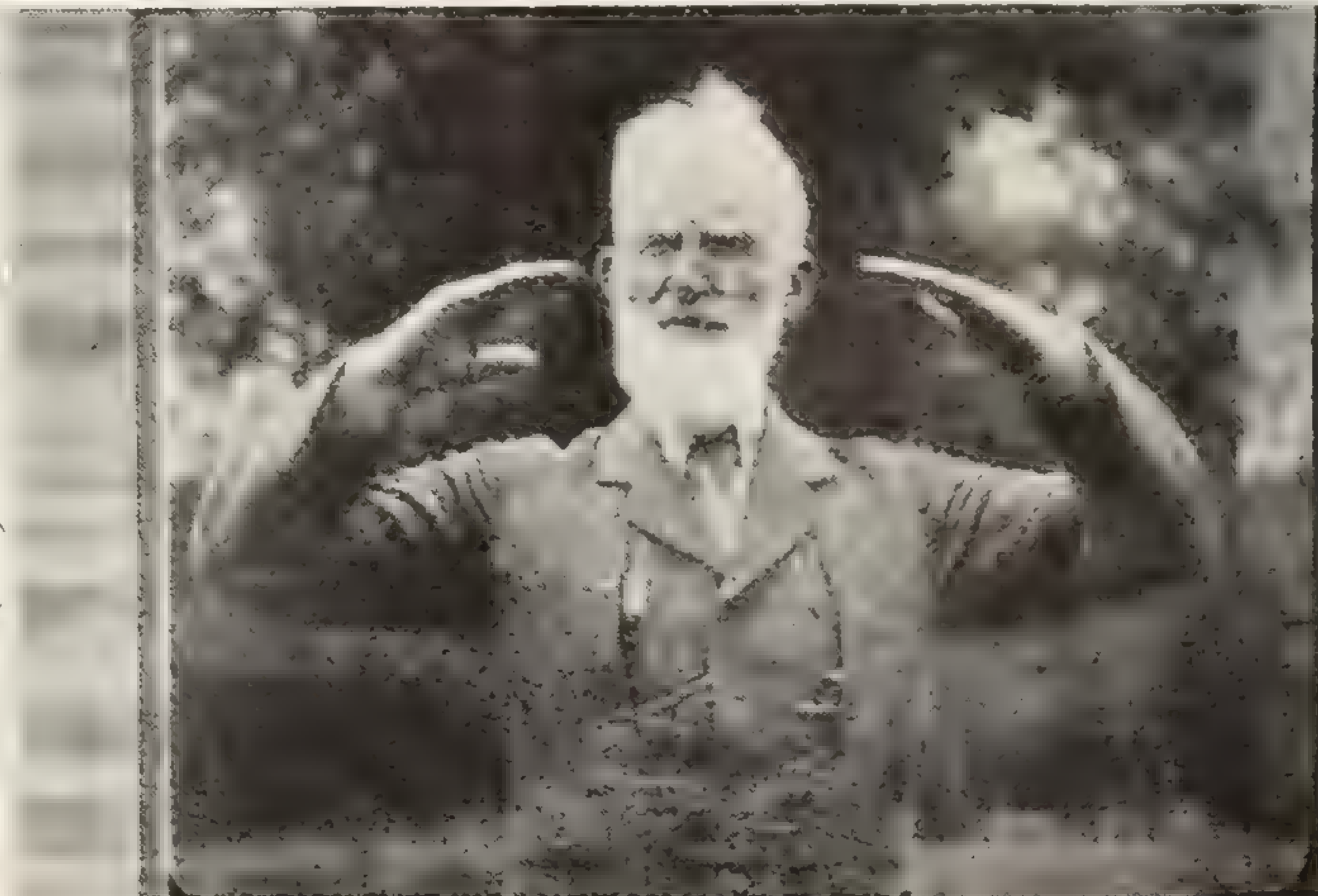
That rather inadequately expressed definition being off our chest, let's look into the matter at present puzzling us, and the producers of art even more. Let's for example take a motion picture and a stage play and compare them as art, noting the particular triumphs and limitation of each art-form.

The stage is limited in both time and space. In two hours of dialogue it can give but three or four short sequences in the lives of its characters. Within the confines of a theatre it can show only the same number of locations.

The screen, on the other hand, can take its characters from London to Tokyo and back, showing their adventures



¶ A scene from "Interference," one of the to Rob Wagner, every triumph of the stage play, including its limita-



¶ To introduce audiences to such celebrities as President Hoover and George Bernard Shaw and at the same time reveal their voices is so far the most successful marriage of silence and sound.

What About Art?

*Discusses the Artistic Possibilities of the
What the Screen Is Coming To!*



first all-talking pictures, in which, according to screen has been discarded simply to reproduce tions. Harsh words, Mr. Wagner!

on land, sea and in the air. Furthermore, as pantomime is much swifter than the spoken word it can cover years of time. Another great triumph, lies in its ability to visualize the sub-conscious mind—thoughts, dream sequences, phantasms and psychic phenomenon.

Without doubt the greatest triumph of the stage is in the spoken word. Intense and significant drama may be put over, without the slightest action, by two or three people simply sitting at a table and talking. That this art-form beats a talkie of the same scene lies in the fact that the stage reveals not only the sound of the voice but it brings us into physical and spiritual contact with the actor, such as no picture can possibly do. It is ridiculous to say that a talkie of Mussolini has the same dramatic force as a personal meeting with that forceful man.

Let us compare a particular drama that has gone movie, and a movie that has gone talkie. The latter first. "Interference" is a stage play made into a movie, and in the translation every triumph of the screen has been discarded simply to reproduce the stage play, including its limitations. Only in a short opening sequence at a grave does the film venture outside the theatre, the other scenes taking place within the limits of a few stage sets. It is a fairly literal translation of the spoken drama to the screen; but after all, photographs are speaking rather than real people, and though the result will permit folk in remote places to see the play, it will be like letting them enjoy a fine colored reproduction of the Mona Lisa—better than not seeing it at all, but lacking that spiritual thrill one gets when viewing the original. Or to be more definite—like listening to Charles Lindbergh in a talkie and being present when he made the picture and spoke his modest lines.

"Strange Interlude" is a drama that has gone talkie. O'Neill had a drama in which he wished to put over not only the objective action and dialogue but the thoughts of his characters. In order to do this he used the childish device of simply stopping the action, 'freezing' the other characters in their places, permitting the actor to talk his thoughts. In the opening scene, Marsden sits on the edge of a table and reviews in monologue his whole youth. The effect was beyond the limits of the

dramatic art-form and exactly within the silent drama's finest medium. A motion picture of the same scene would have opened with a full establishing shot identifying the location. A cut to Marsden would have introduced the character and then as he began to speak, a lap-dissolve would have carried us into his subjective world of memory, which would instantly have been recognized as a thought sequence. Finally another lap-dissolve back into the objective world would have shown Marsden coming out of his memories in time to greet the Professor upon his entrance.

The talkies have not yet jelled and the 'drammies' are trying to steal our stuff. Until they both recognize their limits and stay within them, there will be artistic chaos.



King Alfonso of Spain and King George of England are among the world figures whose personalities and voices are brought to us through the miracle of the Movietone—triumphs of news-reel reporting.

On Location with

Screenland's Location Lady Never Misses an Interesting Production. Here She Watches the Making of a New Picture With an Unusual Theme and Cast.

EVE SOUTHERN called for me in her Rolls Royce sports car which she drives herself. During the few minutes that she waited for me, a crowd of people had gathered, fascinated as much by her loveliness as by the fact that she was Eve Southern, and a movie star. She wore a pea-green gown and a white feather hat that fit closely to her head. Here and there tendrils of red-gold curled on her neck and cheeks. Her face is the most extraordinary one I have ever seen, so delicately lovely that when she turns those enormous violet eyes, fringed with lashes so long that they actually tangle, full upon you, and smiles her slow, sweet smile, you can think of only one comparison, a blush rose opening to the morning sun. The lashes are real, too! I never would believe it because they are more than an inch long, but I have had plenty of opportunity since I have been out here to assure myself that they are nature's gift to one of her favorites.

We were bound for the Universal lot, a section of which had been rented by Tiffany-Stahl for "The Voice Within," the Eve Southern picture. Fifteen years ago when Uncle Carl Laemmle bought about one hundred and sixty acres to accommodate his west coast productions, he thought he had a white elephant on his hands, I heard. Now, with the price of land in that section worth thousands of dollars an acre, where he had paid less than a hundred, Mr. Laemmle has an entirely different opinion

on the subject. Not that he wants to sell any of it. But he seldom has to send a company away on location because the scenery found right at home is so varied. Then he sometimes rents whole acres to other companies, as in this case.

As we sped along I asked Eve what the new story was like and whether she liked her part. "I love it," she said. "It's a little like 'The Gaucho'—I mean she is a spiritual girl."

"Do you like to play spiritual girls best?" I inquired, thinking that she must or she could never have handled "The Gaucho" part so well. She turned toward me with her illuminating smile, and her eyes sparkled with mischief.

"No. I simply adore to play 'hellers'! The wilder the girl is the better I like her. Of course she has to have a little sense and some imagination. I don't like unintelligent wildness. I played a 'heller' just after 'The Gaucho' part and it was a tremendous relief, although 'The Gaucho' was a very inspiring thing to be in and working with Mr. Fairbanks and Miss Pickford was a joy; but the part itself required a lot of self-discipline. I had to keep my mind as far above material things as I possibly could and I even was careful about the things I ate. I daren't even eat an onion, or it would show in my face the next day! I don't know why, exactly, except that I know onions are the most potent blood-makers in the vegetable kingdom and per-



Eve Southern shares with Greta Garbo the distinction of having the longest real eye-lashes on the screen!

Eve Southern

By Helen Ludlam

haps the materialism of this is what caused the effect. I could never allow myself to become angry because the angry thoughts would stand out like a sore thumb. You can imagine how I had to watch myself. It was wonderful training but I couldn't stand it as a steady diet!

"The girl I play in this picture is a titled woman engaged to marry Lord Garys, leading surgeon of London, when it is discovered that she has an incurable heart affection. She retires to the country and changes her name, wishing to hide and die alone so that the man she loves will not see her droop and fade. She has rather a religious nature and believes in God as a healing power. One day a child who lives near and of whom she has grown fond, is hurt. Anne (my rôle) takes the little girl in



“The Eve Southern company under the direction of George Archainbaud trekked from Hollywood to the Green Verdego Hills to take exteriors. The little white house on stilts at the left is the camera box.



“It was a cold day when this scene was made and the star, Eve Southern, had a sprained ankle; but you'll never know it when you see the picture, “The Voice Within.”

her arms and puts her whole soul into a prayer for life. The child is instantly healed.

“Gradually the news travels that Anne is a miracle worker and people from all over the country come to be healed. The girl is upset by this because she doesn't feel that she has done anything. Her intense desire to help the unfortunate ones and her real belief in the power of God, often prove successful, but when she is upset and doubtful nothing happens.

“The scene we are going to do today is where hundreds of people climb the hill to the ‘miracle woman's’ home and demand to be healed. At the same time the doctors of the country are up in arms, the news has reached London, and Lord Garys, not knowing the miracle girl is his sweetheart, comes to denounce her as a charlatan.”

We were met at the gate by Mrs. Todd, director of west coast publicity for Tiffany-Stahl, and she drove through to the location with us.

The cameras were set in a little hollow with rolling hills on all sides. There was also a tiny village there with shops and attractive cottages with widow boxes full of flowers. It looks so funny to see these picture sets. ‘False fronts,’ they are called! And certainly when you step inside of the most charming cottage and find nothing but earth and lath and plaster strewn all over the earth, and the back plain boards with windows cut out so the light will be controlled, it is a distinct shock.

There was a white haze hanging over the trees and touching the hill on which could be seen the ‘miracle woman's’ cottage. Here and there were patches of shade cast by

(Cont. on page 104)

Delight Trains' REVIEWS

¶ A triumph for the talkies

The Trial of Mary Dugan

¶ Guilty—of Great Entertainment!

A TRIUMPH for the talkies! And a very special triumph for a little girl brought up in the silent studios—Miss Norma Shearer. You know how only a few months ago Hollywood was in a panic over the invasion of the stage-trained actors from Broadway? Hollywood needn't have worried. For the best performances turned in to the talkies to date have been by our tried-and-true favorites, the girls and boys of the old regime. What price revolution, anyway?

Norma Shearer is the first lady of the talkies. She proves it in "The Trial of Mary Dugan." With no stage training to give her confidence, Miss Shearer steps quietly into a most difficult role and handles it like a veteran. Her poise, her voice, her artistry eclipse many actors of long stage standing. She is truly superb.

Bayard Veiller, author of the play, directed the screen version. It is an almost literal translation. But what it lacks in movement it makes up in drama. True, the perfect talkie will not be so confined to dialogue as this drama. It will dash from place to place with the furious speed of the news-reel. But right now we can't expect too much. The imagination of the spectator is given free rein when the

witnesses tell their stories in the trial. In a silent movie there would be cut-backs to the scenes spoken of, and the incidents would be enacted. As it is, our mind's eye invents its own images, which is fun, too.

I would rather not tell you anything about the story. It is tense and forceful drama, and the human interest of the girl on trial for her life, defended by her beloved younger brother, is sure-fire. One of your favorite screen actors, Lewis Stone, speaks for the first time, and you will like him better than ever. Another, H. B. Warner, in the fat role of the prosecuting attorney, is capital. Raymond Hackett, from the stage, is a sympathetic brother. And Lilyan Tashman, as a chorus-girl witness, is a well-dressed riot. But the picture belongs to Norma Shearer. Just try to take it away from her!

*The Movie
of the Month.*

¶ Norma Shearer is superb in "The Trial of Mary Dugan," her first talkie. Raymond Hackett plays her brother.



The Divine Lady

THE most beautiful picture of the month, with the most exquisite star—Corinne Griffith in “The Divine Lady.” All concerned in this production deserve high praise. Frank Lloyd, the director, and Miss Griffith have turned out a picture which is a credit to their intelligence and imagination. It has a rare poetic quality. Every scene stands out for beauty. It is in perfect taste. At the same time, it has drama. And while the realists may say, “Yeh, but wasn’t Emma Hamilton a hussy?” they must admit that there is little lost and much gained by making this historical romance a lyric poem rather than just another sordid story.

Corinne is the one screen star who could play *Emma*. She has the legendary loveliness, plus her own great charm and delicacy. In case anyone still believes that Miss Griffith is too beautiful to be a good actress, let him compare her *Emma* with her *Outcast*. She never plays herself; she’s always in character. Now we can go on with the story! The Battle of Trafalgar is by far the most important and impressive sea scrap ever fought on the screen. Some of the scenes are miniature masterpieces; and with the ‘sound effects’ you feel too near the danger zone for entire comfort. Lord Nelson is handsomely played by Victor Varconi — an excellent characterization, especially when you consider that Varconi, a large and hearty young man, is obliged to minimize his stature and high spirits to achieve the correct effect. H. B. Warner is splendid.



☞ Corinne Griffith as Lady Hamilton—after the Romney painting. Miss Griffith is exquisite in “The Divine Lady.”

☞ A sophisticated talkie

THE LETTER

☞ *Special Delivery!*



☞ Jeanne Eagels and Herbert Marshall in a scene from “The Letter,” stirring entertainment.

IF you are among the mob yelling for sophisticated entertainment on the screen—aha, I *thought* I recognized your voice!—you can now jump up and down and clap hands over the delivery of “The Letter.” Because here is grown-up drama, all right all right. Nothing juvenile about it—it’s hard, that’s what it is, hard. The fair heroine isn’t at all the kind of girl a boy’s mother would want him to marry. (Who is?) In other words, she is no Mary Brian. No—Mrs. Crosbie, who writes “The Letter,” is the First Murderess of the Month, bless her heart; and she is also a beautiful and most accomplished liar. The picture is all about her efforts to save her lovely white neck—which means it is all very exciting. The cast boasts the finest collection of Oxford accents yet heard from the screen. Jeanne Eagels, the star, is supported by Herbert Marshall, O. P. Heggie, and other good actors. And you needn’t think everything is all cleaned up pretty for the fade-out, either. Oh, no. After Mrs. Crosbie has bought back her incriminating letter and saved her neck she proceeds to wreck her husband’s life by telling him that she still loves the man she killed. It’s a big scene. “The Letter” may give old-fashioned film fans the shock of their lives; but the smooth direction and adroit histrionics will act as shock-absorbers. As for Jeanne Eagels—wonderful!

Noah's Ark

THIS is a spectacle. And you know what a spectacle is. No—not what grandmother wears on her nose, silly. But an epic—a super-film—a great, big over-stuffed cinema. Considered as a spectacle “Noah’s Ark” is all wet. Now I don’t mean what you think I mean. Just that there are more gallons of water spilled in this film than ever before on one screen. The effect is amazing and awe-inspiring and a lot of other expensive adjectives. In fact, you’ll be impressed.

Michael Curtiz has done a notable job in directing this picture. Especially since he had so little in the way of story structure to build on. The premise is that the great war performed the same service in wiping out the sins of the world that the flood did in Noah’s time—or something like that. Those two charming young people, Dolores Costello and George O’Brien, with a good supporting cast, are the protagonists. In spite of yourself you are thrilled with the sweep of the thing and even carried away a little by the improbable adventures of the heroine and her boy friend. And when, in the second half of the show, the screen is enlarged and the flood comes, and Noah’s Ark is filled with its good folk and its animals two by two, while the poor wicked wretches struggle in the waves outside, you will be glad you’ve come.

The spectacular scenes equal in size and impressiveness anything recorded by the camera. Dolores Costello’s scenes are sheer beauty—and her voice has improved. George O’Brien is wholesome and hearty as the first hero to snore for the talkies.

☞ Dolores Costello and George O’Brien as the young lovers in the Biblical episode of “Noah’s Ark.”



☞ One of those whimsical pictures



☞ Janet Gaynor is the little Dutch heroine of “Christina,” played against the picturesque background of Marken.

Christina

☞ In Dutch!

NO. I don’t mean it is a talking picture in a foreign language. Just a story laid in Holland, that’s all—or the Isle of Marken, to be explicit—and do let’s. It’s one of those whimsies, a delicate, sentimental little thing with Janet Gaynor as a dream-girl. Now I like Janet just as much as you do; I loved “Seventh Heaven”; but once or twice during the unreeling of “Christina” I did catch myself wishing that Janet wouldn’t be quite so whimsical, so dream-like, so dear. There! I suppose it wasn’t her fault; she had to play the part as it was written. Miss Gaynor can do such grand things, why let her languish in a role so soft it squashes? If I’m just an old meanie looking for trouble I’ll get it. But I like to see a girl like Janet in a part worthy of her talents. She is a vision in her Dutch costume, particularly the bridal gown which is now gracing the SCREENLAND reader who won the Gaynor contest. And she has a grand leading man, Charles Morton. In fact, “Christina” is always lovely to look at. Janet, as the devoted daughter of an old toymaker, Rudolph Schildkraut, dreams of a prince who will one day come riding on a white horse. When a circus comes to town she sees in the parade the knight of her dreams; and they fall in love. The mean manageress of the circus, Lucy Dorraine, plots to part them and darn near succeeds. But the ending is all love and kisses.

LADY of the PAVEMENTS

☞ Oh, Lady, Lady!

DO you like Lupe Velez? What a silly question. Step right this way, then, to Mr. Griffith's latest drama, "Lady of the Pavements," in which Lupe sings, dances, cavorts, clowns and emotes. Lupe, in other words, is the whole show, whether you like it or not—but you said you did like it, didn't you? It's the little Mexican's own private picture, even though William Boyd and Jetta Goudal are featured first. It's Lupe, all Lupe; and the theme song is "Lupe Velez, I Love You"—or no, it isn't either; it's something about "The Song of Songs for Me." But Lupe sings it; so there you are; or rather, there she is; and isn't she, though!

"Lady of the Pavements" is a romance of the Second Empire. With Lupe playing a cafe singer who is hired to vamp a young Austrian officer (William Boyd) to satisfy the revengeful feelings of a great court lady (Jetta). Lupe succeeds only too well. Even Miss Goudal's machinations fail to keep the true lovers apart. Lupe as a comedienne scores over Lupe, the emotional artiste. When she learns to express as much with her face as she does so naturally now with her lithe, eager young body, Senorita Lupe will have arrived with this department. But just now she is heartily recommended as a spring tonic to all who have that tired feeling by yours truly, Dr. Evans.

☞ Lupe Velez and William Boyd in "Lady of the Pavements." It is Lupe's picture.

☞ Clara Bow's First Talkie

The Wild Party

CLARA BOW's first talkie. That's all! Clara's voice is very Bow—no accent, no affectation; just natural, wild, spontaneous and untamed like the red-head kid herself. You won't be disappointed; you'll like her even more because she is all the more—herself. Paramount has wisely not attempted to tamper with its prize star's vocal equipment. She vamps till ready now as always, with sound accompaniment. "The Wild Party," as a picture, is a rough, rowdy, highly improbable and most amusing show. Not to be taken seriously, so don't be critical. There never was a girls' college like Winston, nor a student body, oho, like the gay mob which flutters around Clara. Who cares? The audience is seeing a Follies show in a new setting and education will become more popular with the masses. The story? Well, Stella Ames, Winston's pet hoyden, falls in love with the professor of anthropology, who reciprocates but feels he should tame his 'little savage.' I leave it to you who does the taming in this picture. Fredric March plays and speaks the professor; you'll welcome this new and different leading man. If you didn't know that Dorothy Arzner directed "The Wild Party" you'd swear Mack Sennett did. The girls are beautiful and spirited, especially Adrienne Dore. Joyce Compton turns in a corking performance as the school-sneak—a real characterization. Clara is generous and shares the applause.



☞ Clara Bow and Fredric March in "The Wild Party," in which Clara talks and everything.

His Captive Woman



Ⓒ Dorothy Mackaill and Milton Sills as the desert castaways in "His Captive Woman."

WEW, what a picture! I mean it's a hot picture, I really do. But even on a balmy spring evening I think you can stand the added temperature particularly when I tell you that Dorothy Mackaill is the star and divides her time in this opus between scenes as a night-club dancer and as a castaway on a desert island, with costumes to match. Miss Mackaill has never had a better opportunity to prove her place as one of the screen's most fascinating young women, both artistically and—ahem—optically. She runs the gamut of emotions—she's tough, she's tender. By the way, it's about time to run that gamut again. You have to be assigned a role like Dorothy's, starting bad and reforming slowly, or vice versa, before you can call for that good old gamut and run it ragged. Leave it to Dorothy; she does. As the heroine she is called upon to do several rather unladylike things, murder among them; but somehow she is forgiven. "His Captive Woman" will do more than a little capturing herself when she is let loose on the audience, thanks to Miss Mackaill.

Ⓒ Buster Keaton's funniest picture

Almost Funny Enough to Make Buster Keaton Laugh!

Spite Marriage

BUSTER KEATON is the only one in the world who could keep a straight face through the hilarious happenings of "Spite Marriage." And I'm sure even the frozen-faced comedian must have been laughing up his sleeve, if not at his own antics—Buster's modest—then at the graceful gyrations of his little leading lady, Dorothy Sebastian. Yes, I said Dorothy Sebastian. Never thought to find Dorothy in a Keaton comedy, did you? Well, here she is. And believe it or not, she has the chance of her life to make good. She snaps into it and after some rather rough treatment during which she is knocked down and dragged around and thrown here and there, she emerges as one of the best little comediennes on the screen. "Spite Marriage" is as much her picture as it is Buster's. With his usual consideration Buster shares honors on every possible occasion. The story—there's always a story in a Keaton comedy, you know—concerns a struggling young man whom a popular actress marries out of hand to spite her regular beau who had jilted her. Buster takes it all seriously, of course, and protects his bride from bootleggers and even rescues her from the perils of the deep. The ship scenes are very funny. But the highlight of the picture is the heroic attempt of the patient husband to put his slightly inebriated better half to bed. A howl!

Ⓒ Buster Keaton and Dorothy Sebastian in "Spite Marriage," in which Dorothy Sebastian steps out as one of the best comediennes on the screen.



The Canary Murder Case

LET me go—let me go, I say! Stop pinching. I won't tell you who did it. You can just go to see the picture and find out for yourself. I had to. And they flash a great big sign on the screen requesting you not to divulge the denouement. (There's a word for you. You can have it.)

But don't try to fool me. You'd go to see "The Canary Murder Case" for yourself no matter if I did tell you the solution. Nothing could keep you away once you heard William Powell is playing the gentleman detective, Philo Vance, in his big way. You can just imagine how the silken and suave William relishes his roles and how we all do. If you read the book by S. S. Van Dine you will not be disappointed in its screen adaptation. Louise Brooks plays the murdered Canary; a romance between James Hall and Jean Arthur has been added for good measure; and such actors as Gustaf von Seyffertitz, Louis John Bartels and Charles Lane contribute to the excitement. And, believe it or not, there is no court-room scene. Many thanks, Mr. Paramount.

☞ Charles Lane and William Powell in "The Canary Murder Case."



☞ Texas Guinan in a talkie

Texas—The State of Excitement!



☞ Texas Guinan, padlock princess, in a scene from her talking picture, "The Queen of the Night Clubs," with assorted guests.

The Queen of the Night Clubs

SO this is Texas! Guinan—herself, in person—no, no; I mean, just a motion picture. But she talks and she sings and all, so you can kid yourself, if you care to, that you're really at the Guinan night-club in New York, padlocks permitting, watching real whoopee in the making. Take a good look at Tex and her gang. Don't push. And be grateful there's no cover charge. Your admission to the picture covers everything.

'Everything' includes a pretty authentic picture of the night-club atmosphere of the gay 40's in Manhattan. Texas Guinan presides, urging on the 'suckers' to 'give the little girls a great, big hand.' And oh yes, there's a story. It involves the night-club hostess, Tex Malone, and her son Eddie (Eddie Foy, Jr.) in a murder mystery which in turn drags us all in to one of those court-room trial scenes, for the fourth time this month. I hope you all like murder trials. Lila Lee is the pretty ingenue, and it's good to see her again. The talkies have brought her back to stay.



Ⓐ A new portrait of Adrian, SCREENLAND'S Fashion Editor.

How the Little

Ⓐ Adrian Explains How the 'Pocket Edition' or 'Pint Size' Girl May Achieve as Much Chic as her Bigger Sisters!

If Bessie were a bird she would undoubtedly be a swallow. She has all the qualities of that bird, including the energy that enables such a little creature to build a most imposing nest in a daredevil position in a breath-taking fashion.

Bessie has a mischievous personality in spite of the fact that she is rarely actually mischievous. Her 'about to jump to the moon' manner makes amusing almost all of her sports things, and one feels that they are touched lightly and never taken seriously by her.

One comes upon her walking with a most serious manner to some place or other or coming back equally serious from another place—and yet her rippling giggle bursts all your illusions, upon talking to her. She is the nearest to Pan in the studio. She has eternal youth because she doesn't know how to grow up; she is sensible almost to a fault, and practical, too. All of these qualities applied to her clothes makes her a strange little person with a knowledge of things—surprisingly

BESSIE LOVE is such a pocket edition of her type that it is like analyzing the potentialities of a mouse to describe her clothes at all.

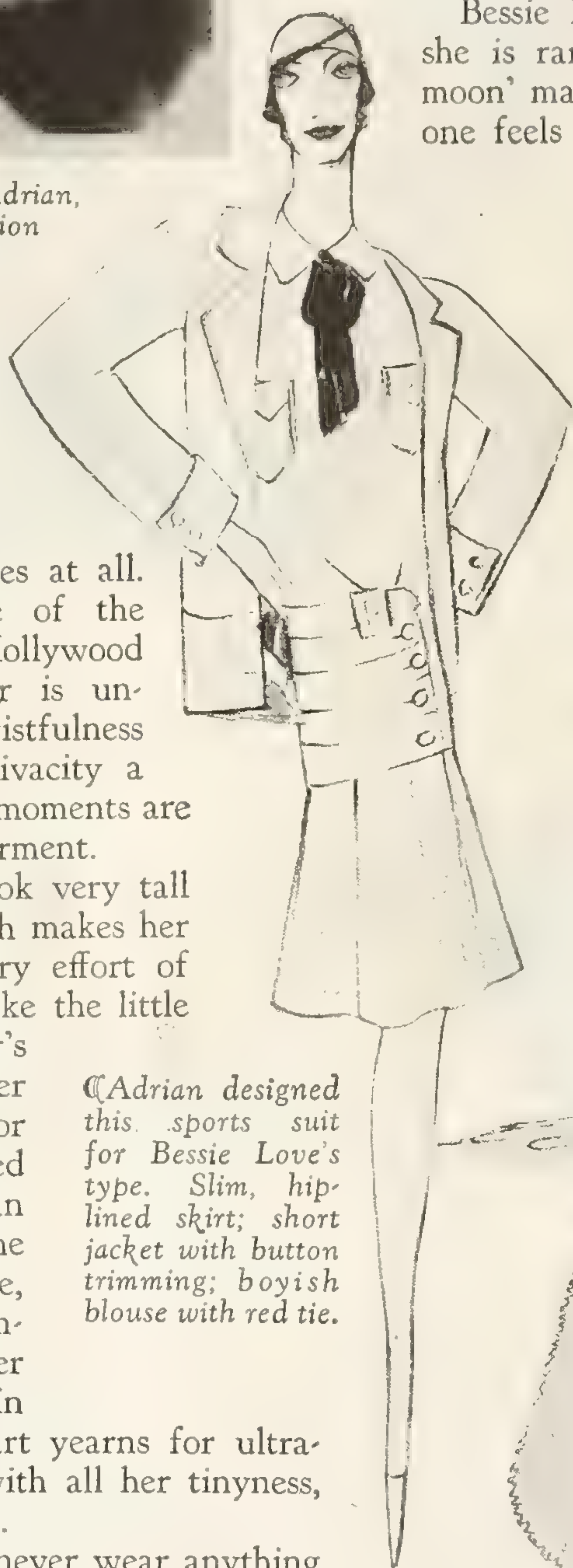
She is undoubtedly one of the tiniest successful stars in Hollywood and ninety percent of her is unadulterated charm. Her wistfulness naturally gives her very vivacity a temperance and her wildest moments are always frosted with bewilderment.

Sometimes she tries to look very tall and even sophisticated, which makes her more charming with the very effort of it all. Her charm is very like the little girl dressed in her mother's dress with a train. If her carriage awaits at the door one would imagine it pushed by a governess rather than pulled by spirited horses. She is too tiny for her limousine, too tiny for her furs, completely lost in most of her hats, and perfectly at home in rompers! Although her heart yearns for ultra-smart clothes Bessie Love, with all her tinyness, is smart because she has chic.

Bessie, being tiny, should never wear anything verging on the picture hat unless it be with a very bouffant dress which would give her importance—but without a skirt to balance her she would be overpowered by it.

Sports things are fine for her, and not too ingenue evening dresses. She must be charming and even cunningly smart but never coy or too sweet. No woman ever should be too sweet in her fussiness and fluff to be really smart. The pictorial quality kills smartness and is the curse of Hollywood. Women in Hollywood are continually thinking photographically and not from the standpoint of smartness, even off the screen. What is too beautiful with a battery of back-lights is too silly at a smart night club.

Keep your picture frame personality for your picture frame and never drag it into the tea dance.



Ⓐ Adrian designed this sports suit for Bessie Love's type. Slim, hip-lined skirt; short jacket with button trimming; boyish blouse with red tie.



Ⓐ An ideal dance frock for Bessie is sketched at the left—of nude tulle with a height-giving apron effect across the back which flares out with a pleated tulle edge. The embroidery on the bodice is in crystal.



Left: Adrian's design for a tailored street dress to be developed in black tweed. Bow trimming finishes the three-cornered neckline and a silver buckle emphasizes the natural waistline belt.

Ingenue Can be Smart, Too!

By *Adrian*
Screenland's Fashion Editor

Adrian is an authority on feminine fashions. Every month in SCREENLAND he takes up a different type and solves a particular clothes problem. Adrian is glad to answer all letters from SCREENLAND readers concerning clothes. Address: Adrian, SCREENLAND's Fashion Department, 49 West 45th Street, New York City.

old mentally, when one considers the general impression one gets of her.

Although she could wear clothes suitable for a much younger person she is wise not to dress childishly, which would be the inclination of many people so easily fitted to do it. She keeps a grown-up picture of herself before her mind's eye and I find it is this quality that keeps her smart instead of a type.

It is not necessary to submerge youth by smartness. Many people think that smartness can be applied more to the sophisticated woman than the young girl. This is all a mistake—when smartness is sacrificed for youth one is apt to look like one of the girls in the sister act of a recent play where we found one of the 'sisters' was the mother.

Bessie has a French quality about her with an American soul. Once we made a wedding gown for Bessie which was a very formal queenly thing and amazing as it may seem Bessie did look every inch the personage she was supposed to be. She can do wonders with four-inch heels and a flare for mimicry. Her catching giggle almost frightened the dignity out of the dress, however.

I want to digress a moment from Bessie and speak about the curious manner of clothes evolution.

A new idea in dress is no different

*All drawings expressly
sketched for SCREEN-
LAND by Adrian.*



©Bessie Love
—the eternal in-
genue; the epitome
of youth and girlish gaiety!

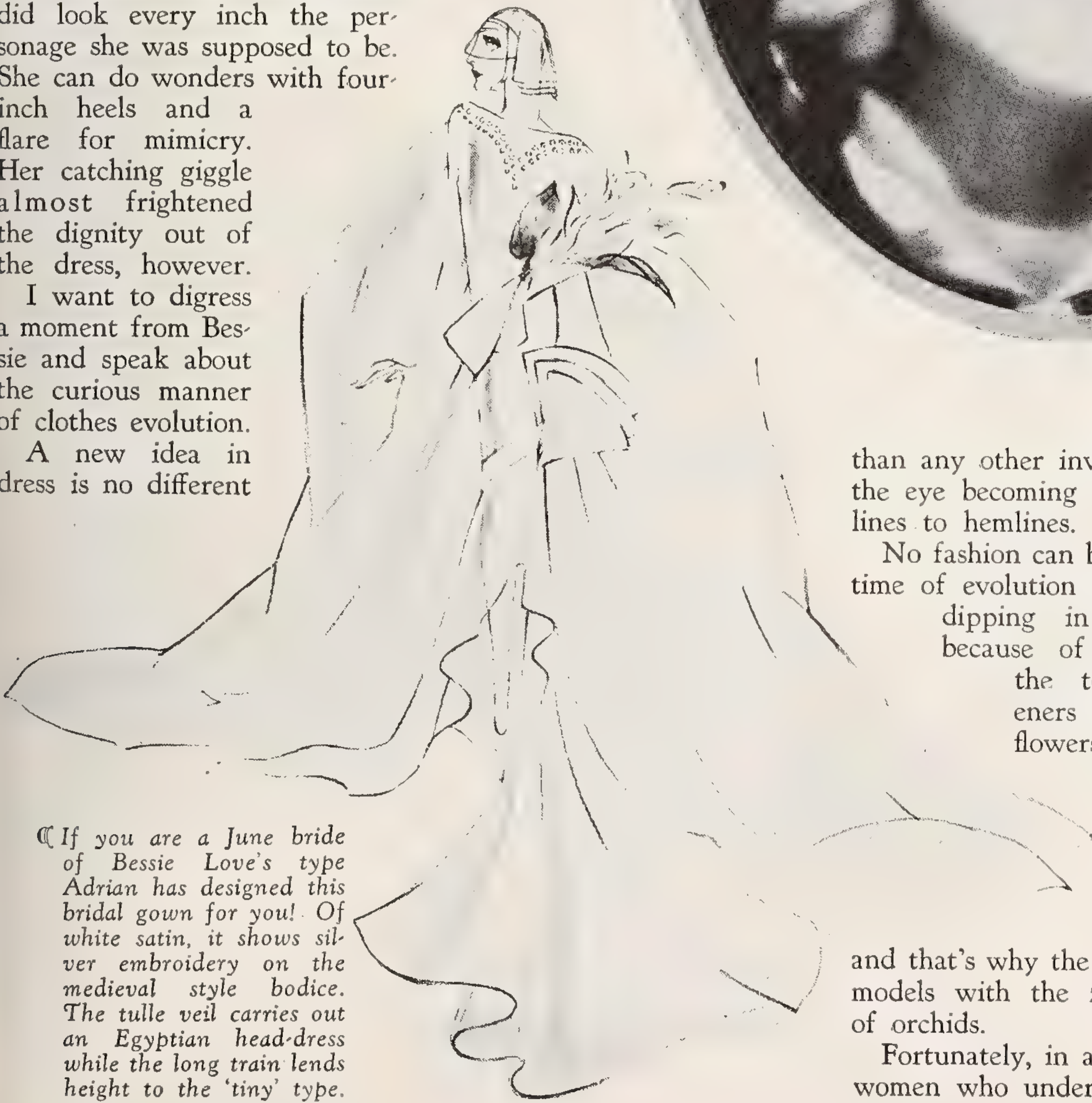
than any other invention. It is simply a matter of the eye becoming accustomed to anything from air lines to hemlines.

No fashion can be brought about unless its natural time of evolution is here. The reason for a dress dipping in back or becoming longer is because of natural evolution, watered by the tender care of couturier gardeners and smart women who are the flowers.

It is the dressmaker who plants the seed but it is the woman who makes out of it a thoroughbred plant or a weed. If it is too hardy a plant one sees it in every shop window and that's why the exclusive shop guards its smartest models with the zeal shown only by the grower of orchids.

Fortunately, in a way, there are only a really few women who understand thor- (Cont. on page 110)

©If you are a June bride of Bessie Love's type Adrian has designed this bridal gown for you! Of white satin, it shows silver embroidery on the medieval style bodice. The tulle veil carries out an Egyptian head-dress while the long train lends height to the 'tiny' type.



LOIS CLIMBS *the* LADDER

¶ Miss Moran's
Success Story.

By
Franklin James

HURRYING across the Fox studio grounds, Belle Bennett stopped suddenly as Lois Moran rounded a corner of one of the stages.

They greeted each other cordially, these two who rose to fame about three years ago in "Stella Dallas."

¶ Little, but oh my, what an actress, even then!

¶ Lois Moran was the child-star of "Stella Dallas" three years ago.

¶ Lois climbed the ladder—and today she's a grown-up star.

¶ Lois' climb has been safe, sane, and steady, and she'll stay at the top!

Dallas." Then she was a sweet-faced kid in short skirts, with her hair in long curls. She had given up dolls, I think, but she hadn't as yet discovered the importance of the young men who hovered at her elbow and competed for her smiles.

Now she is a grown-up—a girl of considerable beauty and rare poise and charm. The slim, girlish figure of yesterday has given way to well-rounded curves. The wide eyes, only innocent two years ago, still are innocent but there is a new light in them; an interest in things around her; a wonderment about life. Maybe Mother Eve's eyes contained that same light just before she reached for the apple!

Other thoughts about Lois hastened across my mind. I remember no other actress who has successfully passed from childhood to womanhood on the screen without loss of popularity. There are innumerable actresses who were successful youngsters and who still seek to continue as favorites. But something happens

(Continued on page 109)

"My goodness," exclaimed Miss Bennett, standing off and looking Lois up and down, "you've grown up to be a lady! When we worked together you were a mere child!"

Lois is a woman; it seems only yesterday that she was a child. I met her in 1926, just after the completion of "Stella





Ruth Harriet Louise

CONRAD NAGEL, you're pretty young to be a pioneer. But you started it all with your admirable voice in the first talkies.



Harold Dean Carsey

AND to think Thelma Todd studied to be a school-teacher! As it is, she gives celluloid lessons on the subject of charm.



Kenneth Alexander

IT is so seldom that Ronald Colman faces the camera with a smile that we present this new portrait with pardonable pride.



Ruth Harriet Louise

HURRAH! Renee Adoree has signed a new contract. May her company at last do right by her and bring back *Melisande* to us!



Hommel

ADOLPHE MENJOU is now working in his first talking picture, entitled "The Prince Consort." Très bien!



Lansing Brown

ANOTHER Mack Sennett discovery who is on the high road to stardom—lovely Sally Eilers, right now Reginald Denny's leading lady.



Hommel

CLIVE BROOK'S English accent has enhanced his appeal—which, as any femme fan will tell you, was overwhelming anyway!



GOOD NEWS!

Colleen Moore in
"Short Pants"—
Not a Talking
Picture.

Extra—extra! All about the big murder
—beg pardon, we mean merger!



All her fans
have been beg-
ging to see more
of Colleen. We
strive to please
—and we know
we will, because
with this little
star it's a plain
case of the
Moore, the mer-
rier.



WHILE YOU WAIT

By Anne Van Alstyne

Miss Van Alstyne will gladly answer any questions you care to ask about beauty. If you wish an answer by mail, please enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Address: Anne Van Alstyne, SCREENLAND Magazine, 49 West 45th Street, New York City.



Nancy Carroll cleverly completes her evening toilette with a touch of perfume.

face and neck using an upward movement. When the cotton is soiled, take another piece and proceed.

Next, using an eye cup, wash your eyes with a mild solution of boracic acid which your druggist has prepared for you. Or, use one of the excellent patented eye washes. Salt and water also is restful to the eyes. A level teaspoon of salt in a half-pint of boiled water is the right proportion. Keep in a tightly closed jar. If your eyes ache and are very tired, fill the wash basin with cold water, put two teaspoonfuls of salt into it and then immerse your face. Blink your eyes while your face (Cont. on page 109)

A movie actress must freshen her make-up between scenes. Norma Shearer, below, has a dressing table which is easily moved from one set to another.

effective beauty treatment which will enable you to face the world with the proud consciousness that you have all your good points with you. A treatment quite as adequate, incidentally, as the beautifying that is done in the boudoirs of the movie stars. I know, because I have learned some of their secrets—that is, if there are any beauty secrets in this day and age!

Allow yourself about forty minutes—an hour is better—for this freshening up. It would be wonderful wouldn't it, if we could wash our faces in something and look all in a minute fresh as a dewy rose? But until some clever person perfects a magic lotion such as this, we must spend some time and effort in making ourselves presentable.

First, take off all your clothes and slip into a loose kimono. Sit down before your dressing table and give your hair a quick brushing. Brush it up and back and away from your face, and up from the nape of your neck. Hair gets tired, and needs frequent change and rest.

Next, cleanse your face. Not with soap and water ever, upon just coming in, or when you are tired and want to beautify quickly. The time to use soap and water on your face is just before retiring.

Have ready on your dressing table a jar of cleansing cream, a skin freshener or tonic, one of the many good ones now on the market, or witch hazel which is tonic, soothing and cleansing. Diluted with toilet water it has a pleasing fragrance and is not unlike the more expensive face lotions. Have also at hand a package of cleansing tissues or soft face towels, a piece of cheese cloth in three-quarter yard lengths, and a bowl of absorbent cotton.

Douse a piece of absorbent cotton with the tonic, dip it in the cleansing cream and smooth over the



In New



☞ Above: Corinne Griffith and her husband, Walter Morosco, on the *Leviathan*, on which they sailed for a European vacation. Next, George Jessel, a Broadway celebrity now in films; and Estelle Taylor, always welcome.

☞ See the Stars Through Screenland's Telescope.

NEW YORK has spring fever!

No wonder, with Corinne Griffith, Greta Garbo, Lupe Velez and Estelle Taylor all here at the same time.

It's a wonder anything is left of the old town at all! Offices were deserted. Everybody went about with an eager, questing look, peering around corners and staring into taxi-cabs and pulling out periscopes. Who knew but what that tall girl just turning the corner might be Garbo? Or that the beautiful lady alighting from a limousine was not Corinne Griffith? And surely that's Lupe climbing into a cab at Times Square, still made up for her act at the Rialto? Well, it was all pretty bewildering, let me tell you! And didn't we love it?

We met Garbo, shared cigarettes with Lupe, lunched with Estelle, and saw Corinne off for Europe! Who wants my job? Well, you can't have it! I wouldn't have missed the farewell to Corinne for anything. Not only because she is one of my favorites and perhaps the world's prettiest girl, with, and not incidentally, either, the handsomest husband, but also because they occupied the Queen Marie suite on the *Leviathan*! And you should see *that* for a treat! It's the swellest suite on the boat and so-called because the Queen used it on her trip to America. Graced by the aristocratic 'Divine Lady' of the movies it seemed more regal—and comfortable!—than ever. Corinne should always be surrounded by the loveliest and most luxurious things because she is as beautiful and delicate as a Dresden China doll or a Watteau shepherdess or something. And that's not all about Corinne. She's so sweet and gracious and is the only famous beauty I know who doesn't seem to realize it! She is casual and unconcerned about her

York



☛ Above: Greta Garbo returns from her visit to Sweden sparkling and happy. Alice Joyce came home to Manhattan—hurrah! Lupe Velez on her first visit became a Broadway favorite and could have stayed to star in revues.

By Anne Bye

own fame. Not that she takes it as a matter of course, or is bored by it. She just has a detachment that is decidedly refreshing. She didn't stay for the opening of "The Divine Lady" on Broadway, thereby making herself more than ever a star apart from the rest.

Walter Meresco, her husband, is also the producer of the Griffith pictures, you know—a very smart young man and devoted to Corinne. She seems to like him, too! You know her voice has been insured for a million dollars. Talkies for her, too, from now on.

* * *

Garbo! Well, well! It didn't seem possible to me that the tall, very young and unspoiled girl I met was the famous Greta. She was so frank and straightforward and utterly devoid of pose. It was the first time I'd met her, and I was prepared for an 'act'—not exactly incense and tiger-skins, but at least some sort of a pose. And here was Greta—slim and stunning in a sweater suit, with her famous bob curling around her cheeks and her huge blue eyes wide and friendly! She has a firm handclasp and very little accent—just enough to be interesting. And she, too, has a marvellous detachment about her screen self. She is interested in her work but says she has never yet made a picture which could not have been oh, so very much better!

She speaks slowly in a low-pitched voice. It isn't husky, as I'd heard. It should register when she uses it in the all-talker, "Anna Christie," which will be her next film upon her return to the studios. She said: "I saw very few people in Sweden. I did not go to Paris—I suppose I should have! But I only wanted to see my home again and a few friends. It was very nice, for everyone did exactly as I wanted!" (Cont. on page 111)

Let's Go to

"Is It Worth Seeing?" is the Question Everybody Asks It For You. Follow This Department of Short and Snappy

Sonny Boy

Sonny Boy—beg pardon, Davey Lee—has conquered New York again. But this time there's no Al Jolson to father him. However, Gertrude Olmstead as his mother, Betty Bronson as his auntie and John T. Murray as his sneezing dad, provide an excellent background for this child whose dramatic like hasn't been seen since Master Jackie Coogan. You'll like this film because it's so sophisticated. That more than capable trouper, Edward Everett Horton, gives a performance as smooth as velvet; but everybody was good—the policeman, the night guest, his supposed dizzy wife—everybody! Real entertainment, I call this one.



Lone Wolf's Daughter

Here we have, ladies and gentlemen, Bert Lytell as a gentleman crook, reformed. Lytell falls for Gertrude Olmstead and so the excitement begins—Gertrude not being given to criminal society. Lytell as always is fine. Robert Elliott as the detective gives another of his splendid characterizations, and my, but Gertrude Olmstead looks pretty!



The Girl on the Barge

Except for the melodramatic ending, this film of life on an Erie canal boat is excellent. Jean Hersholt, the bargeman. Sally O'Neil as his daughter, and Malcolm McGregor, the lover, are fine. The pictorial effects along the water front, the storm and the rescue are tremendous. A cut beyond the ordinary!



Cohens and Kellys in Atlantic City

This picture with George Sidney, Mack Swain, Kate Price, and Vera Gordon, worked out along the same old Hebraic-Erin lines, is only fair. With its Atlantic City background, it had a chance to prove amusing, but it's not. Sidney gave a good show and Nora Lane is pretty. But that's all today!



A Woman in the Night

If you like drama, here it is. A picture which deserves a real hand. Maria Corda loves her husband, Jameson Thomas, and proves it—thereby nearly wrecking her happiness and incriminating an innocent bystander, Paul Cavanagh. These three do distinguished work. Maria looks very lovely.

the Movies!

About a Motion Picture. Let Screenland's Revuettes Answer Reviews and You'll Be Guided to the Worth-While Movies.



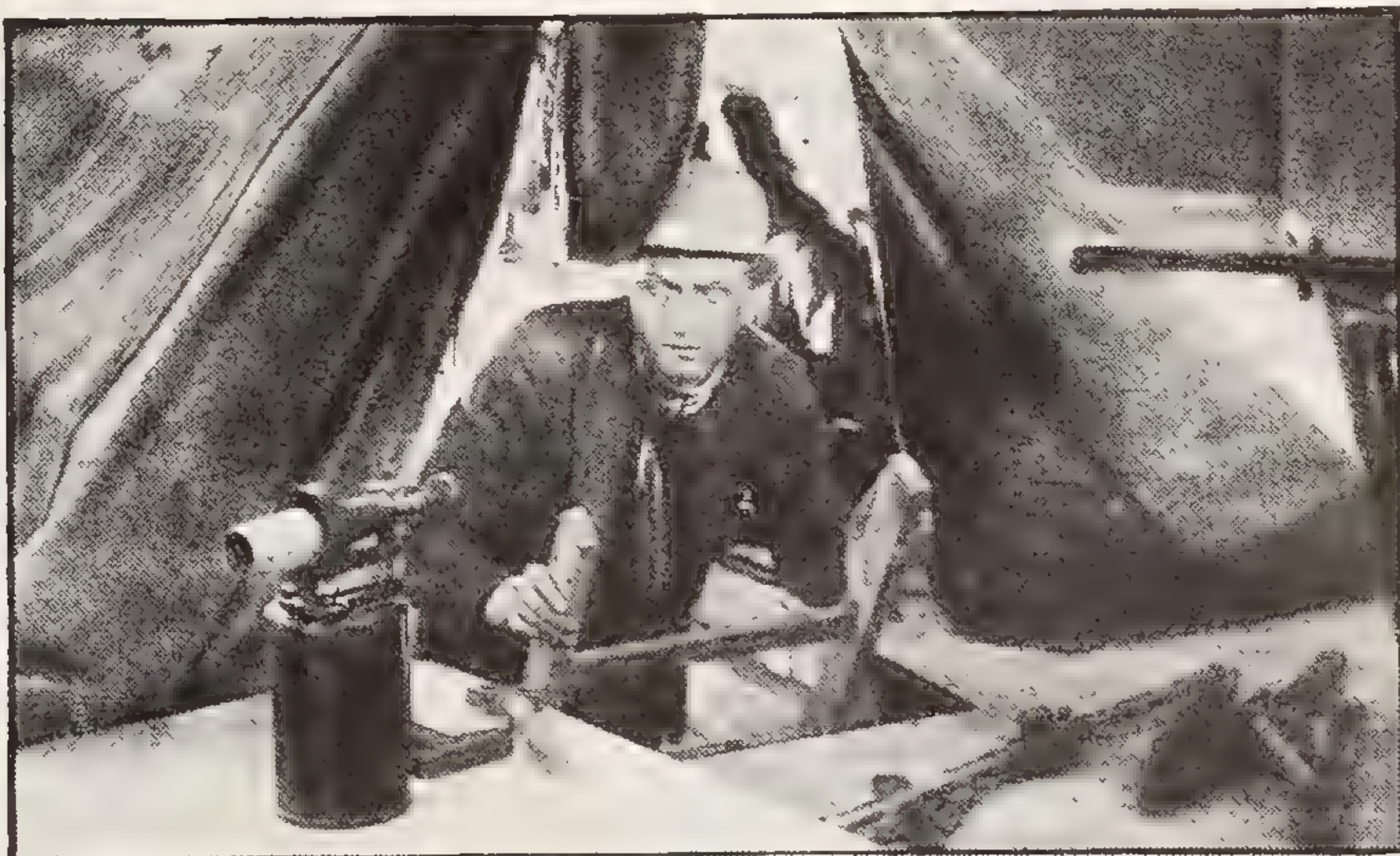
Speakeasy

Here she is—the old town herself—with sound. You can hear the roar of Broadway when the Bright Lights are lit, Grand Central Station greeting a hero, the Empire Race Track with a long shot romping home, and Madison Square Garden climaxing everything with a prize fight. Henry Walthall, as a down-and-out musician playing opera in the speakeasy, and Helen Ware, a peroxided habitue of same, are great. Two newcomers, Lola Lane, the heroine, and Paul Page, as the middleweight champion, make a nice couple and sound well. Sharon Lynn, gold-digging singer, is easy on both eyes and ears. But Stuart Erwin, as a blase reporter, wins my vote. A safe bet in any town!



The Bride's Relations

Every driver of a Ford will sit through this twice or I miss my guess. Thelma Hill and Johnny Burke, just married, go to visit their country relations. Uncle Andy Clyde meets them in a 1906 Ford. When that car takes a nose dive on the 'short cut' home the audience gives up and roars. So will you. I can't recall a funnier picture.



Spies

This is the story of Haghi, the master spy. It is so crammed with complications that I'm not quite clear what it's all about. It would have gone swell in Lucrecia Borgia's day, for it's full of poisonings, wrecks, shootings, death gas, and what not. If action is what you like, this foreign film may please you.



Krassin

What with Commander Richard Byrd off in Antarctica and everybody heated up over frozen lands, you many want to see this picture telling about the Soviet Ice Breaker "Krassin" rescuing the "Italia's" crew. It is interesting because it is a celluloid record of a real event.



Daughter of Two Fathers

This introduces to you Omitsu, Japanese actress, in a real Japanese love story, filmed entirely in Japan. Omitsu is charming—lovely, young and natural. Inouye and Fujino, her real and her foster father, are remarkably sincere actors. The settings are picturesque, and the picture is in every way worthy.

Read Screenland's Department of
Studio News and Star Gossip and
Keep Informed on Who's Who and
What's What in Filmdom.

Doris Dawson celebrates the coming of
spring by fawing down and going boom.
That's all right with us, especially since
there was a SCREENLAND camera on the
job to record the event.

Harold Dean Carsey



PERHAPS the most important motion picture event of the year was the decision of Judge Yankwich in the trial of Jetta Goudal versus Pathé, formerly Cecil B. DeMille Productions. The charges made against Jetta was that she was temperamental and disobedient to the point of disorganizing the company. Jetta's defense was that she had been engaged by Mr. De Mille to do a part, and had been asked to interpret that part a certain way. She could not feel that the woman she was playing would react to the situation under question as Mr. De Mille said that she should. Try as she would, Jetta could not put sincerity into the scene, so she refused to play it, contending that an insincere performance would work against her as an artist and be of no value to the picture.

Judge Yankwich's decision was that it was within the right of an artist to refuse arbitrary direction when such direction menaced the quality of an artist's work. The judge further contended that as an artist was not a serv-

ant, he was not subject to the terms of employment generally used between master and servant, and that the value of Jetta Goudal was "Not in her ability to obey slavishly, for the humblest extra could do that—but in her ability to inject the force of her personality, experience and intelligence into the acting."

It is said that this decision may place an entirely new complexion on the contract system as it appears at present and may develop an entirely new relationship between employer and employee.

While Jetta is elated over her success, she believes that it is her doom in pictures; that, while the decision will help decide similar arguments, the verdict will work against her personally and the producers will have none of her in future.

We sincerely hope not. Jetta Goudal is a poetic, imaginative artist and has given us some of the most interesting characterization the screen has offered.

Marian Nixon is about the only player who refers to the star of the picture she is playing in as 'Mr.' Referring to a scene in "Little Pal," she said "That was in Mr. Jolson's picture"; and to another, "Oh, that I did with Mr. Barthelmess." It is a little touch of formality and respect, as charming as it is surprising in Hollywood, where no one calls anyone anything but their given name, no matter how slight the acquaintance.

* * *

In spite of Bill Shakespeare's memorable, 'What's in a name?' it seems that a name matters an awful lot. A good many famous people have achieved success after a christening, but the swiftest result I ever heard of came to Edwin Carewe.

Eddie had tramped around in circuses and vaudeville, stage and stock companies for a good many years, never seeming to get into anything that was successful. Always unlucky, always penniless; and he was getting tired of it. His name at that time was Jay Fox. He and another actor were riding through the lonely stretches of Long Island one Saturday night toward a house party, and Eddie was talking of his experiences—not exactly grouching, but wondering what the heck was the reason for them. His companion said, "Well, why don't you try changing your name?" After a good deal of bantering back and forth they decided to do it. Jay chose Edwin, because he and his family had been admirers of Edwin Booth; he chose Carewe because of the novel immortalizing the cavortings of that hectic family. And so he became Edwin Carewe. He was christened with a bottle of beer—real beer! Oh, it was quite all right. It was long before prohibition.

On Monday morning Eddie returned to town, walked into an office and was greeted with the words, "Oh, Jay, I have been trying to get you for ten minutes." He stepped into a job that day as leading man in a play that ran all season, the first time he had ever experienced such prosperity. Since then the re-baptized Eddie has never had a moment's financial worry!

* * *

Along with all the other worries a director has, just try to tie this one. You may think, 'Applesauce!' when you read it, and declare that a day's growth of beard would not matter. But John's beard grows very quickly and he usually has to shave twice a day. So if you want to check up, just try it out on the boy friend and have him photographed each day and compare the proofs.

In "Redemption," the new



☞ To a million fans Gary Cooper is a great, big star; but to his mother and father he's still Sonny.

John Gilbert picture, directed by Fred Niblo, there is a sequence in which John's beard has to be watched and kept even. On Saturday they had to stop at one o'clock, because they had finished the sequence of his two days' growth of beard and didn't like to do the third days' growth because it wouldn't match up with the other scenes taken when his beard was three days old. Nor could he finish up the sequence where his beard had been one day old, and they couldn't have him shave to do the clean-shaven sequence, because on Monday came an important scene in which his beard must be five days old! So when you have to map out your schedule to keep pace with the growth of a man's beard it seems to me it can be said that you have your worries.

* *

Lois Wilson is looking very beautiful as *Princess Alexander* in "The Swan," the rôle created in this country by Eva Le Gallienne. Lois is crazy about the stage but says that she has to do at least two pictures a year to earn her living, because her stage salary barely provides her with gowns. That's the worst of moving pictures! You get used to making a few thousand a week and it is pretty hard to make the old budget stretch from pay day to pay day when



☞ A year ago Cathrine Hoffman interviewed Hugh Allan on the subject of Love. The young Pathé actor gave such a good story the interviewer took it seriously. Now they're engaged.



☞ Gloria Swanson and her husband on the set during the filming of "Queen Kelly." The Marquis now prefers to be known as plain Henry Falaise.

it returns to a normal wage.

The combination of Eddie Horton and sundry screen players whom he invites to play with him, has become an institution in Hollywood. It is *the* thing to do to see every Horton production. He leased the Vine Street Theater and played to capacity at night, but his matinees weren't so good, so he moved to Los Angeles and since then has done a smashing business. Incidentally, the Ralph Forbes fans would just love it if they could see his performance in "The Swan," as a tutor who loves a Princess. Besides his perfect diction and splendid acting he manages to be adorable!

* * *

Corinne Griffith's picture, "Prisoners," was the first to be made on the new First National sound stage. Prior to the christening, sound pictures had been made in a rather awkward fashion. A cable had to be attached to the stage and the voices were recorded at Warner Brothers, ten or fifteen miles away. Gradually sound pictures are becoming bigger and better.



☞ Victor McLaglen, adventurer, globe-trotter, and picture star, entertains his brother in his dressing-room between scenes of "King of the Khyber Rifles."

Millard Webb, Paramount director, issues a few 'Don'ts' for Hollywood aspirants as follows: Unless you are beautiful and screen well; unless you have a perfect figure and wear a callico dress as though it were a velvet gown; unless you have acting ability *par excellence*, and screen experience; unless you have personality and charm; unless you have wit; unless you sing well and know professional dancing and unless you *know* that your voice records 100 percent over the microphone—don't come to Hollywood!

* * *

Ted Wilde, director for Harold Lloyd, was handed a lunch box while on location, marked 'Special.' "For you, Mr. Wilde," the property boy said. Ted answered, "Mine—why especially mine?" "Well, it's marked 'special' so it must be for you," said the property boy, to whom the director is all powerful. Ted opened it and there in lay a few pieces of dried bread and a banana. Ted was busy thinking over his



☞ No toy dogs for Carol Lombard! She wouldn't trade her Alaskan husky 'Basco' for a whole carload of Pekingese.

story and it didn't seem to mean anything to him the first day. But the second day the same thing happened. He looked around and saw Harold with chicken and ham sandwiches, nuts and jelly and fruit and lots of other things. He had dried bread and bananas. The third day he said, "I will pass up the 'special' this time, sonny; just give me what the rest are eating. I don't like dried bread and bananas." The property boy turned white. "Dried bread and bananas, sir! Is that what you got?" "Yes, and I don't care so much for it. I'd rather have a chicken sandwich." "Well, Mr. Wilde, I don't know how it happened, but we've been looking all over for that box with the dried bread and bananas. You see—that was special for the monkey!"

* * *

Recently Patsy Ruth Miller and her father moved out of their Beverly Hills home into an apartment in Hollywood.

They had been there two or three weeks when one morning the phone rang and Mr. Miller answered it. "Good morning," said a brisk, cheery voice, "on behalf of the Better Citizens' League we welcome you to Hollywood!"

Oscar had been up pretty late the night before and thought maybe he was having a nightmare. "What's that?" he inquired. The voice repeated the welcome. "Well, you are a little late aren't you?" said Oscar. "What's that?" asked the lady, in her turn a bit puzzled. "I said you are a little late, aren't you? How long have you been here?" "Why, I've been here four years," she replied. "Well, I've been here eight," said Oscar. "However, we'll let that go. What's the gag?" "W—hy—w—hy," said the lady, taking heart once more and chirping, "The Better Citizens' League would like to take you on a little trip to Toluca Lake." Whereupon Oscar's mirth knew no bounds. Toluca Lake is a fifteen minute's motor run from Hollywood and the lake



☞ Morton Downey and his wife, Barbara Bennett, daughter of Richard Bennett and sister of Constance and Joan. Both Downeys are in talkies now.



☞ This puppy has had many movie offers but had to turn them all down. Josephine Dunn didn't raise her dog to be an actor.

itself is about as large as a gold-fish bowl! There's no stopping the pep of the realtors out here!

* * *

Al Santell says he has got to build a top floor to his Malibu Beach house or go crazy! The top of floor will be one room which will be his bedroom, living room and study, and a bath. The lower part of the house will be turned over to his guests. When he has work to do he'll mount the stairs, put a 'busy' sign on the door and let the guests make whoopee to their hearts' content.

* * *

The James Gleasons have recently put up a 'little place' in Beverly Hills. You know how hard it is for an ordinary family to worry along with one motor car, when Father always needs it in his business? Well, you can plainly see for yourself that when three members of a family are business people, it means three motor cars.

And then, of course, none of them has any time to do the shopping, so a fourth car had to be purchased for the servants. The Gleasons are nothing if not individual and as in everything else, their separate tastes are carried out even in the purchase of their automobiles. Mrs. Gleason has a Brewster town car, Jim has a Packard touring car, and Russell, their son, a Buick roadster. For the servants to run about in they picked up a Pierce Arrow for about \$100.00. All four cars were sunning themselves in the back yard one morning, while the chauffeur dusted them off. When Mrs. Gleason appeared he said, "Lor, Mis' Gleason, I declare to goodness this place looks like a used car lot on Hollywood Boulevard!"

* * *

Grauman's Chinese Theatre was turned over to a pre-showing of "Alibi" one morning, and filmland packed the house to capacity to see this Roland West production. There was deafening applause at the end for a minute or two during which Chester Morris, who plays the lead, and his lovely wife, who was Susan Kilborn, dashed up the aisle looking as though all the cops in the country were after them. Sue's hands were icy cold and her eyes had that detached look one has when afraid of



☞ Neil Hamilton and his wife, Elsa, with Neil's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Hamilton, in Hollywood for a visit.

missing a train. Chester was even worse—he didn't stop for a hand clasp—just gave a hurried 'hello' over his shoulder and raced for his car.

This was Chester's first picture, so you can understand how upset he was. All day Hollywood buzzed with the fine performance of Chester Morris and the next morning Roland West called him up. "Well, Ches," he said, "are you packed?" "How did you know I was leaving?" Chester demanded. "Because that's just how well I know you," said Mr. West. "You gave one of the finest performances Hollywood has seen for a long time, but I knew perfectly well that you would think you were rotten and that you would be all packed by now ready to board The Chief for the East." "Well, I did think I was rotten!" said Chester. "I never went through such an ordeal in my life and Sue was as nervous as I was. I'm not going to wait to be booted out of town—I'll get out while I can still ride."

However, United Artists do not agree with him and they argued so long and so sincerely that he decided to take them at their word. They are now trying to sign him to a contract. Chester has decided to stay out here and try 'to make good' in his own eyes, as he puts it.

* * *

"The Iron Mask" opened. The star was Douglas Fairbanks—the picture one of United Artists. That's all anybody has to know to realize that it was one of the social events of Hollywood. Doug and Mary were there, Mary looking very lovely in white charmeuse embroidered in crystal. Conrad Nagel announced that Doug wasn't going to appear that night and Roy Miller, Manager of the Carthay Circle Theatre, said the only way he could be persuaded would be to tell him that they were going to introduce Mary, his wife. Young Doug and Joan were there; Vilma Banky and Rod La Rocque—Vilma looking as beautiful as ever; Colleen Moore and John McCormick, Jack Gilbert, Lilyan Tashman, Edmund Lowe, Joan Bennett and Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hornblow as guests of Carey Wilson; Bebe Daniels, with Ben Lyon; Pauline Garon with someone we didn't recognize, and a list of others too long to chronicle here. Of course Alan Dwan was there—he directed the picture.

* * *

Before Dr. Timothy Ken left his country he asked a Chinese Minister what he would like to have from the States. Without hesitation the diplomat replied, "Bring me the best picture you can find of Gloria Swanson!" American moving pictures have changed living conditions in China vastly. For one thing, the young women no longer want to live with their mothers-in-law.



Q Merna Kennedy, featured in "Broadway" with Glenn Tryon and Evelyn Brent. Merna was discovered by Charlie Chaplin. Thanks, Charlie.



Q While in Mexico Dick Barthelmess was entertained by Don Antonio Canera, heap big bullfighter. Here's Dick dressed in the Andalusian costume of 1830. My goodness!

They want homes of their own. Gradually pictures will bring unity to the world and make us all one big, happy family!

* * *

An interesting fact will be brought out in the wedding scene in "Redemption," which is that Russia is the only country in which the wedding ring is worn on the right hand. They have no engagement rings in Russia, but the wedding ring is given to the bride-elect as an engagement ring. She wears it on her left hand and at the ceremony the same ring is transferred to her right hand. John Gilbert is the bridegroom and Eleanor Boardman the bride.

Renee Adoree plays the gypsy in "Redemption" and of course is loaded with bangles and beads and bracelets and what-not. Mr. Niblo realized that in the sound production the beads and bangles jangling together would completely drown Renee's voice, so the ornaments that you will see are pasteboard beads, and the bangles are gilded poker chips!

* * *

I don't know whether it means



☞ Thelma Hill, pert and expert comedienne, has excellent taste. She reads SCREENLAND because she likes nice things.

anything or not, but Lita Grey Chaplin was very busy having a voice test made at Warner Brothers the other day!

* * *

Kay Johnson, leading woman in "Dynamite," the new Cecil De Mille production, committed the worst crime in the moving picture calendar. She held up production for three weeks! However, she was forgiven, because she couldn't help it. She was operated on for appendicitis and is still in the hospital, though the report came today that if she continues to improve she can return to the studio in a few days. She was in every scene, so there was nothing Mr. DeMille could do except wait. But Kay, I hear, is well worth waiting for. A beautiful blonde and a splendid actress.

* * *

Patsy Ruth Miller is certainly in a dilemma! She is playing in "Twin Beds," a First National production, directed by Al Santell with Jack Mulhall in the cast, and they have been working only one week. When Pat did the first scenes she wore an ensemble, but soon shed the coat. Next day off came the dress, which was very heavy silk. This was replaced by a thin lace gown. About the third day on the picture, off came the lace gown and the scenes were taken with Pat in a teddie and

very sheer negligee. Then off came the negligee. And the teddy!—to be replaced at the end of a week's shooting by a night gown. The picture will take three more weeks to finish—imagine Pat's embarrassment by that time!

* * *

It seems to have taken a long time for the chief executives in Hollywood to appreciate the charm of the foreign accent, but now it seems they have all fallen for it in a body. The excitement about whether Jannings was going to be ousted from America, or the question as to whether Garbo and other charming ladies in our midst were to be kept silent, is settled. I don't know whether the knock-out performance that Maurice Chevalier gives in "Innocence of Paris," made

up Jesse Lasky's mind or not, but anyway, Mr. Lasky steps forth with a statement saying that the foreign accent is a decided asset rather than a detriment and that Mr. Jannings' next picture will be an all-talking production of "The Concert," one-time stage vehicle for Leo Ditrichstein.



☞ Edwina Booth, chosen to play the only girl in the cast of "Trader Horn." Edwina has gone to Africa with the W. S. Van Dyke company to make the picture. Take good care of yourself, 'Wina!

Victor Shertzinger will direct.

* * *

Mack Swain has always been cast for comedy roles. Four years ago Fred Niblo, who is directing "Redemption," starring John Gilbert, said that some day he was going to put Mack Swain in a part that showed his dramatic ability. Mr. Swain is the judge — a heavy dramatic rôle, which he plays superbly, I hear.

The Stage Coach

¶ *Sprightly Comments on the Current Broadway Plays*

By Morrie Ryskind

The Lady from the Sea

MR. Henrik Ibsen, who bobs up with almost as many plays as Owen Davis, is being represented at the Bijou by "The Lady from the Sea." And, if you ask us, pretty well represented, too.

Now wait a minute. This is no highbrow speaking. Like yourselves we have a sophomoric aversion to anything that resembles the classics. And we had, if that will make you feel better, never even read this play before, let alone seen it.

But there is something about Ol' Man Ibsen that rouses our admiration. Even when the wheels of his machinery creak and wheeze. Even when he assays some humor. Even when the settings are as antiquated as those in this show.

In this tale of the lady who gave her heart to a sailor and married a land-lubber, Ibsen keeps crying out for the liberation of the ego. His story is incidental. It is people he is interested in. And in his characterization of the lady who demanded freedom (in an age when Jung, Adler and Schmalhausen were unknown names), in his picture of the nasty little girl who was nasty because she was too proud to tell of her love (and this in an age when defensive mechanism meant only guns), in his characterization of the gentle little housekeeper whose one thought was to get away from the house—Ol' Man Ibsen showed himself a far better 'scientist' than Jules Verne. Our suggestion of the month is that Gene O'Neill stop writing for a week or so and re-read his Ibsen. Blanche Yurka plays the leading rôle in a manner worthy of herself and Ibsen.

Conflict

One by Warren F. Lawrence, kid brother of Vincent Lawrence, who writes almost as well. And when you admire Vince Lawrence's dialogue as much as we do, you're saying something. Or, rather we are.



De Mirjian

¶ Blanche Yurka has completed, practically single-handed, an entire Ibsen season on Broadway. This great actress has successfully directed and starred in "The Wild Duck," "Hedda Gabler," and "The Lady from the Sea," which Mr. Ryskind reviews on this page. Miss Yurka's success makes Bernard Shaw's dream of a real Ibsen Theater come true.

And we mean to. Here is, in a season, when dramatic shows have been not so hot, one definitely worth your attention—and your attendance. It deals with a clerk who goes to the war to become a war hero and return a clerk.

No, it's not a war play. Don't get sore. Let's see if we can't make it more modern sounding for you. Just a minute. Yes, it's about a man who is unable to adjust his psyche. How's that? That's right, children. Gulp it right down.

Well, Dick Banks is a clerk when the war breaks out, engaged to the little stenog in the office. He doesn't want to go to the war, but the draft gets him. When the war's over, he's a leading ace and a hero. He marries—not the little stenog—but a society girl.

And then the war is forgotten. And he's no longer a hero. And nobody wants to hear about the war. He's just a man who would make a good clerk. But he can't do that any more. He's used to giving orders, not taking 'em.

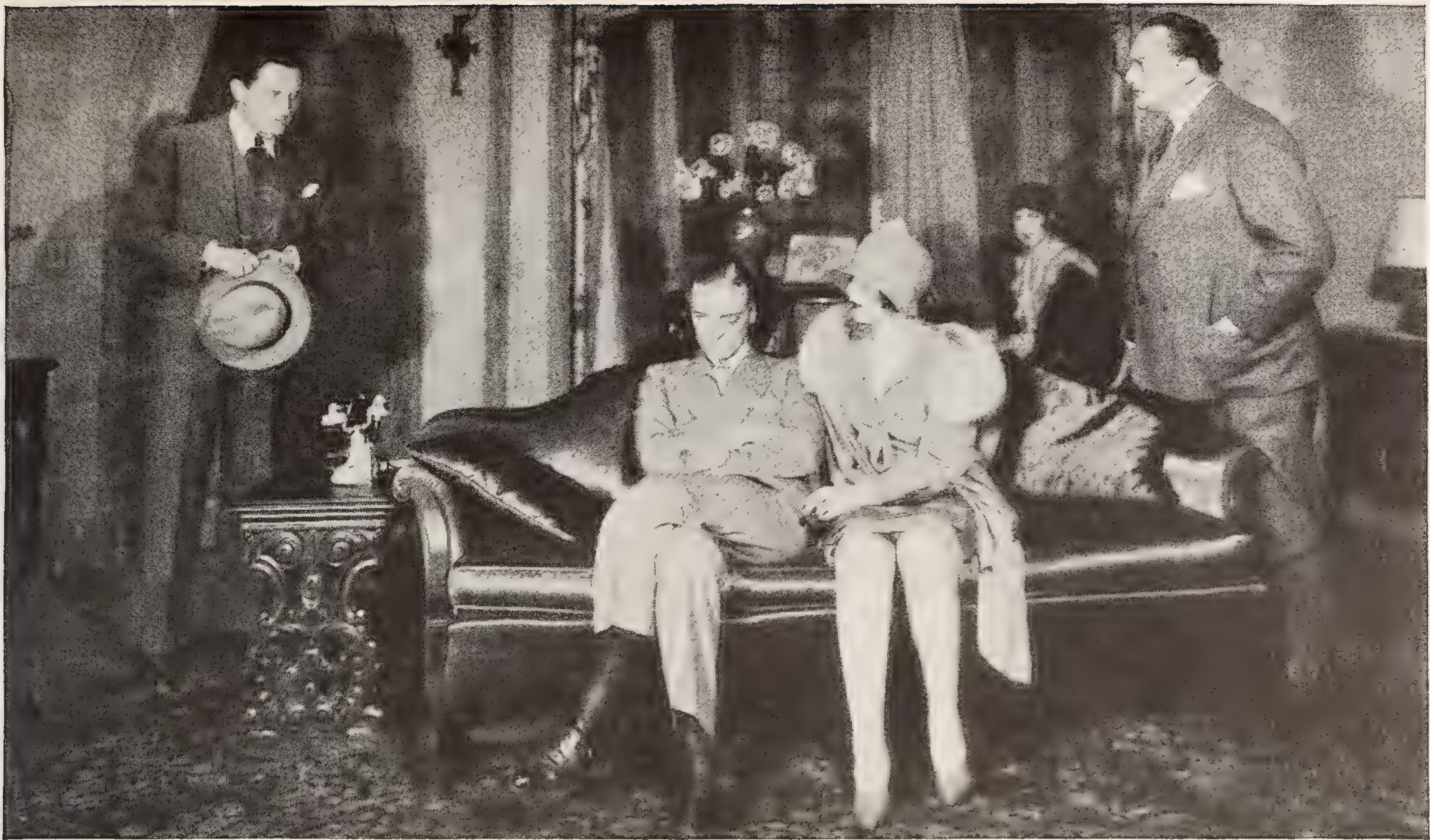
The glamour gone, his marriage disintegrates, and he realizes that he must give up his wife. The war is over. So is he.

A little perhaps of "The Admirable Crichton." Even so, a brave play in its own right. Exceedingly well acted by George Meeker, Peggy Allenby, Spencer Tracy, Seth Arnold, Frank McHugh and Albert Van Dekker.

Buckaroo

In a month of theatre-going where the muses haven't been over-lavish, "Buckaroo" provides a comparatively decent entertainment. Maybe it's on account of the settings, and the feeling of space you get from an amphitheatre; but whatever the reason, we're grateful.

Anyway, here's the rodeo at Soldier Field, Chicago. And here are cowboys, cowgirls, banjo players, stilt walkers, knife throwers, Indians, society men and women (pretty bad caricatures, these), Chicago gunmen, Chicago



Apeda

⌘ A scene from "Conflict," an interesting new play. From left to right, Spencer Tracy, George Meeker, Peggy Allenby, Dennie Moore, and Edward Arnold. Movie fans will remember Mr. Meeker as a Fox film player.

underworld vampires—here are all the elements of either a swell show or a good dime-novel.

"Buckaroo" turns out to be just a dime-novel. And yet we can have a pretty good time with that. It has, helped by its settings and atmosphere, a tang of the circus in it, and, though diluted to some extent by none-too-clever plot manipulation, that tang remains. Maybe it's cut a bit, but the label is genuine or such a swell imitation that only a killjoy would bother to tell the difference.

James Bell as the cowboy who gets roped in by the Chicago moll gives a grand performance. He may not be the authentic, but for those of us who reveled in "Chip of the Flying U" and other tales, he is the ideal cowboy: at any rate, his impersonation of a decent, kindly and dumb-witted male is superb. And so, to our way of looking at it, is Nydia Westman's as the protective young woman who washes him behind his ears, and then goes out and in an exciting hair-pulling match gets his money back for him from the come-on lady.

You can do a lot worse this month than see "Buckaroo." Heaven knows we did a lot worse—as Delight Evans is our judge!

The Town's Woman

Another curious mixture

of inept writing and occasional bright lines. Not so curious, however, that you have to waste an evening at it, the way we did. There is, though, a blonde called Helen Baxter who, from where we sat, looked to be worth an evening of any man's time. But not with this show.

Indiscretion

Well, here is Myron C. Fagan with a new play. One that doesn't quite measure up to his others. And you know what we thought of *them*.

It is a little unbelievable and totally indescribable. That sounds harsh, we know, but what are you going to do about it?

It begins eighteen years ago in Venice. Ah! Venice! The moonlight nights, the strains of the gondoliers floating above the water, and the hooey dialogue! The second act is eighteen years later, and takes place in the dressing room of a New York theatre that has impressionistic furniture. Ah, New York, with its great towers rising from the sea, with its actresses who have the town at their feet, and the hooey dialogue. "A woman . . . is like a rose. Once the petals are crushed . . ." Well, once the petals are crushed, you have a play by Myron C. Fagan. And you can keep it.

(Continued on page 108)



De Barron

⌘ Gertrude MacDonald, one of the prettiest and most gifted girls on Broadway, sings and dances her way into the good graces of "Lady Fingers" patrons.

ON THE TRAIL



Photographs by
Clarence Sinclair Bull.

Edwina Booth, the blonde girl chosen from hundreds of applicants for the leading feminine rôle in "Trader Horn," will wear the costume, pictured above, of monkey fur and a feather or two when she plays Nina T.



Edwina with an armful of electrical accessories for her jungle boudoir in the interior of Africa.

Duncan Rinaldo, Harry Carey, and Edwina Booth, of the "Trader Horn" troupe, before sailing.



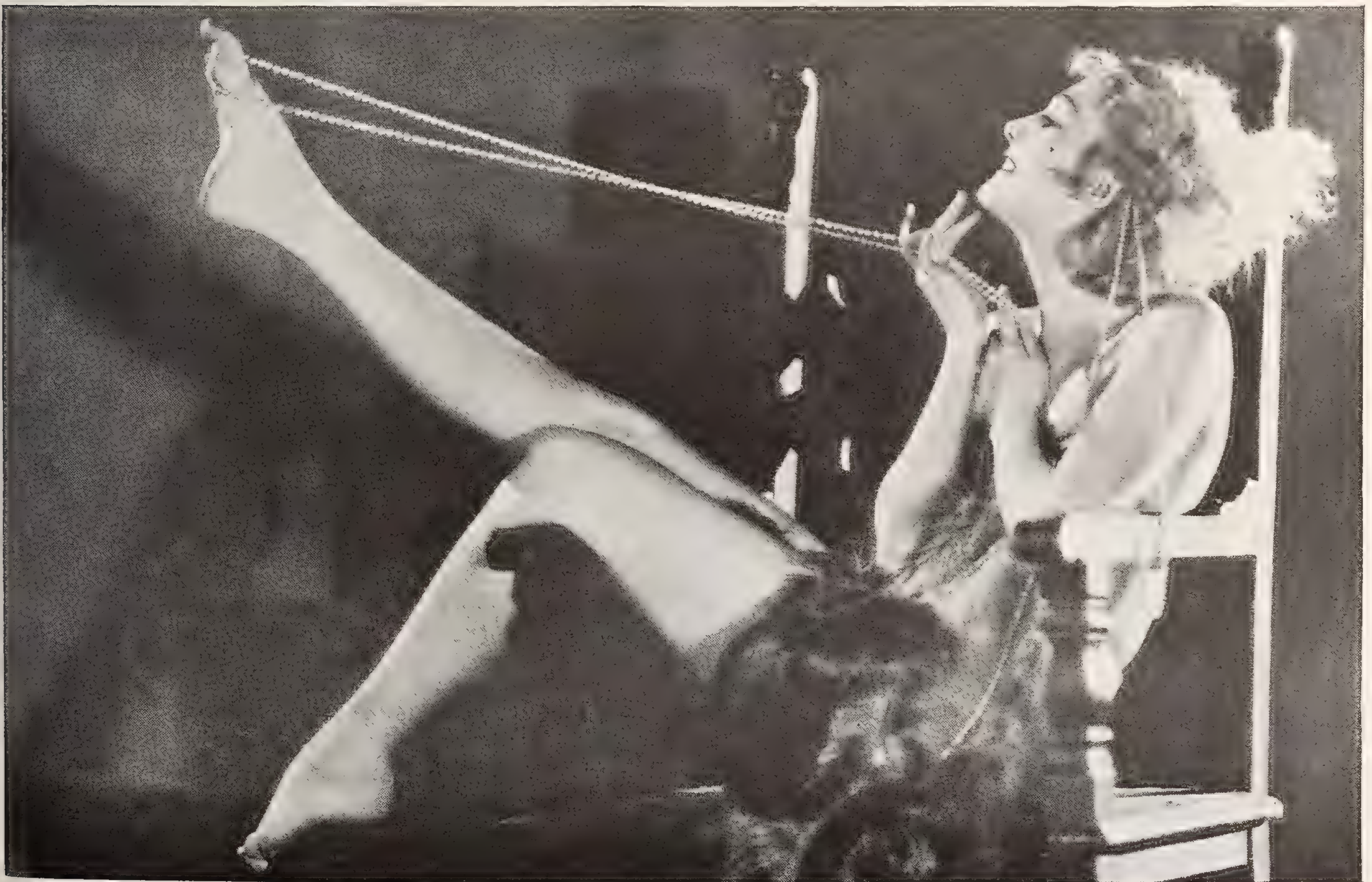
OF TRADER HORN



☞ Miss Booth, above, demonstrates what the well-dressed young lady will wear when she goes exploring in Africa. Miss Booth, below, demonstrates daring.



☞ Director W. S. Van Dyke discussing with Edwina Booth and Harry Carey the script of "Trader Horn." Carey plays the title rôle. The company are now on their way to South Africa, where they will penetrate places never before caught by a movie camera, braving heat, homesickness and hungry lions to make a faithful screen version of a famous book.



Sonny Boy Steps Out



“Let’s see your license!” says the special cop of the studio to the youngest racing driver.

HIS fans need not worry that fame will spoil little Davey Lee. Before his first salary check as a star was duly

banked by his mother a little of it was solemnly handed to the child to buy what he pleased with. Now Davey is a normal healthy kid and there are lots of things he likes—candy, for instance; and a special kind of scooter; and a toy ortermobil’. But he spent his money on none of these things. He trotted up to his big brother, Frankie, and said: “Here.” And thrust into Frank’s hand a tightly wadded ten dollar bill! Davey’s first thought was for his brother. And maybe Frank isn’t proud!

Davey had his reward not long afterward. His bosses, the Warner Brothers, presented him with a nice, new, shiny sports model car, in which he can skim around the walks of the studio lot and have a grand time!

Not since Jackie Coogan has a child won such applause as that accorded Davey Lee! And no wonder.



“Davey Lee, the child wonder of ‘The Singing Fool,’ known to the world as ‘Sonny Boy,’ with his brother Frank, who used to be a kid star himself—the Frankie Lee of ‘The Miracle Man.’”

It looks as if Davey Lee has taken up golf in a serious way, emulating his idol, Al Jolson.



☞ The Mary of today—famous in the Follies for beauty and in the films for beauty and acting ability—the unbeatable combination.



☞ When Mary Nolan was only nine!

☞ As a Little Girl Mary Nolan Faced the Camera with a Smile. Today She Looks the Other Way. But It's All Right With Us, Just So She Keeps On Having Her Picture Taken!

Mary,
Mary,
Quite
Contrary!



☞ Carmel Myers reading her favorite magazine. Well, Miss Myers, SCREENLAND always liked you pretty well, too!

LOT Talk

☞ *The Very Latest
Chatter from the
Stars and Studios.*

Sue Carol, according to report, won her case against Douglas MacLean, who had her under contract and forgot to renew the option, which let him out of a pile of money. Sue is now under a long-term contract to William Fox. Her first individual starring picture will be "The Exalted Flapper." It is a strange coincidence that Sue begins to work on this first individual starring picture two years almost to the day that she did her first extra bit at the Fox Studio. During those two years she has played in practically every studio in Hollywood.

* * *

For some reason no one ever thinks of Sue without thinking of Nick Stuart, so Nick's news is that he has been forbidden the basketball team on the Fox lot. He wrenched his knee a year ago at this game and every time he plays he gives it another twist, which holds up production, so Mr. Fox told Nick he couldn't play any more. As a matter of fact, I think they have got a second Dempsey in young Nick, because the day I was over there a carpenter and scenic painter were laboriously trying to fill in a patch on one of the walls and they couldn't get the paint to match. "I did that," said Nick, brightly. "I was so surprised! Just as I passed that pillar I put my fist out, not with any force at all—I was just stretching, and it went straight through the scenery!" It was made of pretty thick beaver board so Nick must be some kid with the biceps.

* * *

And what do you think Lois Moran is doing? She and her mother have opened a pajama shop in Beverly Hills! There isn't a good shop in town for stunning feminine pajamas and this will come as a bit of glad news to those who wear them. They employ several girls, one Mrs. Moran has had her eye on for over a year, who does beautiful work and has been employed by one of the best shops in the city. The finest materials are used and the prices are reasonable.

* * *

The talking pictures are certainly creating havoc in the social life of the screen colony. An absolute catastrophe is the fact that Betty Compson and Jim Cruze have shut down on their Sunday afternoon open house! Betty was working night and day and Jim has been working for the last six Sundays. For a while they just turned

CONTRARY to rumors that have been current about Hollywood's newest romancers, Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon, that Bebe has vetoed Ben's flying propensities, it seems that it is just the other way around. Bebe is fast learning to fly herself, receiving daily instruction from Capt. Roscoe Turner, former war ace, and Ben is studying navigation. They are perfectly sincere in planning an air honeymoon. They both think that aviation is the greatest thing that has hit this world for some time, and seem to be earnest and constructive enthusiasts.

* * *

M. G. M. seems to be wiping off the old slate and starting fresh with three new pictures, and the fourth taken in New York. Lon Chaney will be the star of that, the title of which is "Thunder," a railroad story directed by William Nigh. Phyllis Haver will play opposite Mr. Chaney. The other three which started today will be: "Wonders of Women," with Peggy Wood, the popular stage and musical comedy star, and Lewis Stone; "Redemption," the Tolstoy novel, which John Barrymore did on the stage, and which will be a talking picture with John Gilbert, Conrad Nagel, Eleanor Boardman and Renee Adoree; and "Marianne," starring Marion Davies.

* * *

Just before stepping into a scene, Julia

Fay was seen shaking her hands violently. You know how you do when something sticks to your fingers and you want to get it off? Well, that was what Julia did. We asked what the trouble was and she said that a famous stage actress told her that this was the thing to do to make her hands photograph well. It sends the blood tingling to the finger tips and takes away the waxen look.

* * *

Charles Bickford, who plays the lead in "Dynamite," has taken such a shine to Hollywood that he is sending for his entire family and is looking about for a home to put them in. We thought our climate, our sea and mountains had something to do with this until, visiting the set that afternoon, we saw Mr. Bickford rehearsing a scene in which he was kissed by twenty girls all at once!

* * *

At the last moment, two days before the picture started, in fact, it was decided that a blonde should play the part of the wife in "Redemption" opposite John Gilbert, as a contrast to the gypsy girl played by Renee Adoree. Those who had looked forward to seeing Virginia Valli in a part that suits her to her finger tips, will probably be disappointed. Virginia seemed the ideal type to her fans.

the place over to whoever came, even though they themselves couldn't be there; but this didn't go so well, so they decided to shut down until both have the leisure to receive their guests.

* * *

History repeats itself in a different form, they say. Certainly it has happened to Marian Nixon, who will soon be seen in "Headlines," a story written by Jimmy Starr. In 1922 when Marian first came to Hollywood, Jimmy Starr, who was on a newspaper at that time, gave her her very first publicity. Marian is at present playing the lead in Al Jolson's picture, "Mammy." She is the only girl in the cast and is playing the role of little Davey's mother.

* * *

Just to prove that you can't escape your fate—Chester Morris was playing in "Fast Life," with Claudette Colbert, in New York, when Joseph Schenck took a notion to cast him in "The Alibi," the new title of "Nightstick." He wired to Al Woods who said he couldn't release Chester, but apparently Mr. Schenck has a single-track mind. He was going to do "The Alibi" and there was nobody in this world who could play it except Chester Morris. So all hands finally came to terms; and at a fat salary, Mr. Morris stepped out of the cast of "Fast Life" and into the cast of "The Alibi," and he took to Hollywood like a duck takes to water. Incidentally, if he ever got on his uppers, he could make a good living as a prestidigitator. He knows a number of clever card tricks and what he can't do with three aluminum cups, is nobody's business. It is a case of 'now you see it now you don't,' and where they go, nobody knows. Chester has also a very charming wife and an adorable baby, only a few months old. He—Chester, not the baby—is becoming famous in our town for barbecued steaks. It's quite a trick to barbecue a steak. For one thing you have to do it out of doors, over a charcoal fire; then you put a layer of rock salt in a pan, then the steak, well peppered and rubbed with garlic, then another layer of rock salt and another layer of beef; then you cover this with another pan. You then set it on the hot coals, while it loses all control of itself and becomes a thing to dream



☞ Gwen Lee's grandmother gave her these cameos and now Gwen has a ring on her finger and bells on her toes—beg pardon, a new earring.

about. Of course the steaks disappear, as the aluminum cups do, but I don't suppose it would take very much figuring to decide where they go!

* * *

In Louisiana there is a little town called St. Martinsville. Perhaps two-thirds of the population of America have not heard of it, nor do they know that it is sacred to the memory of Evangeline, the Canadian girl immortalized by Longfellow, who traveled so far and so faithfully to find the sweetheart she had lost. For years she stayed among the people of St. Martinsville and became loved and revered because of her many deeds of kindness. There is an Evangeline Parish, an Evangeline Hotel, an Evangeline Highway; there are even Evangeline gas stations and every sort of business named after the woman who is regarded almost as a saint in this bayou district.

Edwin Carewe and his company went to St. Martinsville to film some of the scenes of his picture "Evangeline," starring Dolores Del Rio. It should be intensely interesting because Louisiana has never been a location for a picture before.

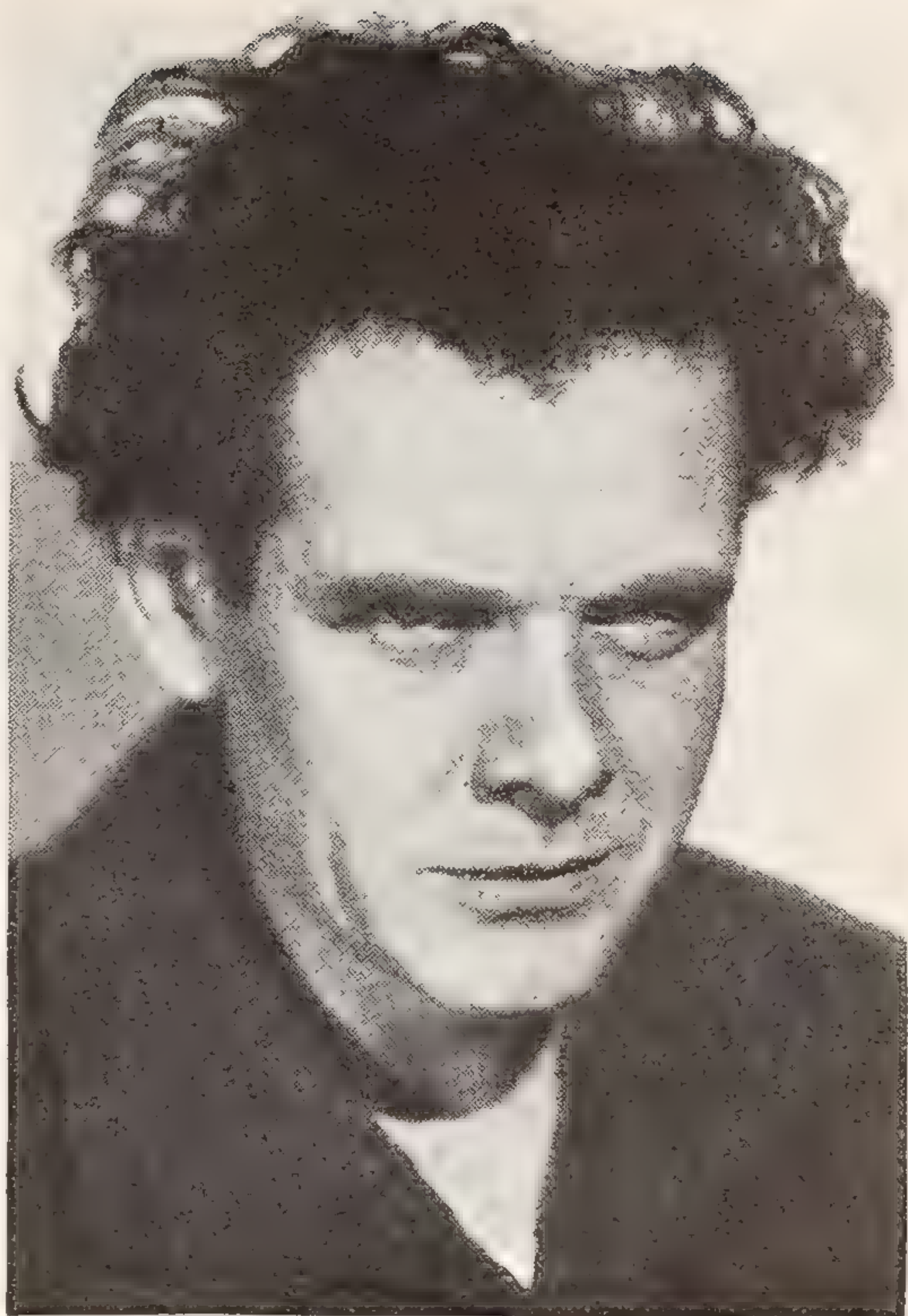


☞ How doth the little ocelot improve each shining hour? By being adopted as a pet by Lupe Velez, is the right answer.

We so often hear the thoughtless things picture people do, or the temperamental things, or the negative things; but we do not very often hear of their hidden kindnesses. I was talking with one or two members of the "Evangeline" company, who returned early, and they told me how stirred Dolores Del Rio, Edwin Carewe and Alec B. Francis were over the atmosphere of this quaint town. They saw that Evangeline's grave needed attention and voluntarily they created a fund to restore and preserve its original beauty. This the town's people had in mind to do, but as it was a pretty expensive affair they had not as yet been able to carry it through. I don't know just what amount each gave, but I believe Dolores contributed a thousand dollars to the fund and she probably won't thank me for recording it. But perhaps it will serve to give an insight into her generous heart, which I know her many fans will appreciate.

* * *

For the second successive year, Ronald Colman, Samuel Goldwyn star, was voted the most popular picture actor in a poll of over 250,000 British picture fans, as revealed in the results of the 1928 vote recently published in London. Richard Dix,



☞ Charles Bickford as he will look made up to play Greta Garbo's boy friend in "Anna Christie," Garbo's first talkie.

Douglas Fairbanks, Adolphe Menjou, Syd Chaplin and Charlie Chaplin were voted next in popularity in the order named. Colman's first dialogue picture for Samuel Goldwyn, "Bulldog Drummond," a screen version of the famous English comedy melodrama, will be released shortly.

Vilma Banky, Samuel Goldwyn's Hungarian player elevated to stardom last year at the same time as Colman, ranked fifth in the list of women stars, being surpassed in popularity only by Dolores Del Rio, Betty Balfour, the English screen star, Clara Bow and Esther Ralston.

* * *

One of the best-known pair of screen lovers has been divorced, cinematically speaking. Jack Mulhall and Dorothy Mackaill have just launched separate starring vehicles at First National-Vitaphone Studios, after making fourteen successful pictures together during the past several years.

Miss Mackaill's new starring vehicle is now called "Hard To Get," which is a temporary title. Charles Delaney plays opposite her, although there are several other leading men in the picture, including Edmund Burns and Jack Oakie. Louise Fazenda plays a very important role; and William Beaudine is directing.

"Twin Beds" is Mulhall's first individual starring vehicle. Patsy Ruth Miller is playing opposite the genial young Irishman in this picture, which Alfred Santell is directing.

"Children of the Ritz," "Waterfront," "Ladies Night in a Turkish Bath," "Two Weeks Off," "Man Crazy," "The Crystal Cup," "Smile, Brother, Smile" and "Lady Be Good" are among the Mulhall-Mackaill screen romances.

* * *

Joan Crawford will scintillate along with William Haines, Conrad Nagel, Gus Edwards, Karl Dane, George K. Arthur, Natacha Natova, the Brox Sisters, and other stars of screen and stage in the forthcoming M-G-M "Revue of Revues." Miss Crawford will do a special song and dance number in this musical extravaganza, which Christy Cabanne is directing, with Sammy Lee, Broadway ensemble director, handling the dances.

ASK

ME

*An Answer
Department
of Informa-
tion about
Players and
Pictures.*



*By
Miss
Vee
Dee*

Miss Vee Dee will be glad to answer any question you may care to ask about pictures and picture people. Please be patient if you do not see your answer in these columns immediately. Remember there may be many other letters before yours. Every letter must await its turn. If you wish a personal reply by mail, please enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Address: Miss Vee Dee, SCREENLAND Magazine, 49 West 45th Street, New York City.

Janet Gaynor is the Girl of the Month! Not only is she the girl on SCREENLAND's cover, but she is the favorite star among Miss Vee Dee's correspondents. You may have noticed how SCREENLAND anticipates the public taste—here's more proof! Little Janet's latest picture is "The Lucky Star." Let's thank ours!

MARY M. of Frankford, Penna. Keeping my hair light and my age dark causes me more trouble than all the questions I get from you fans. Nena Quartaro's real name is Gladys. She was born March 17, 1910 in New York City. She has black hair and eyes, is 5 feet 3 inches tall and weighs 108 pounds. Charlie Farrell was born in 1902 at Onset Bay, Mass. He is 6 feet 2 inches tall and weighs 170 pounds. He is not engaged to Janet Gaynor. Janet was born October 6, 1906. You can write to Audrey Ferris at Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal. Audrey was born August 30, 1909, in Detroit, Mich. Two of her latest releases are "Little Wildcat" and "Fancy Baggage."

Geode of Wisconsin. Here's a warm smile and a cheery hand-shake, especially flashed to you for the shortest question of the month. Ramon Novarro's new film is "The Flying Fleet" with Anita Page, Ralph Graves, Carroll Nye and Eddie Nugent. Address Ramon at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

A Dix Fan from Milwaukee. Of course the stars notice their fan letters and who would fail to respond to a swell letter like yours? Just keep cool and let the old heart beat in the usual manner, for Richard Dix, Gary Cooper, Lane Chandler and William Haines are still single and as far as I know, are not thinking of taking on any excess baggage. Your favorite, Richard Dix, is making a picture in the east, "Nothing But The Truth" and as far as I'm concerned he can stay right here. There, my cards are all on the table—I'm goofy about him too.

F. G. P. of Buffalo. I can tell you about "Fighting for Love," "Fighting for Honor," "Fighting for Gold" but I'm all washed up when it comes to "Fighting for Fame." Sorry but I haven't a record of that film. Cullen Landis was born in Nashville, Tenn., on July 9, 1895. Dorothy Kitchen who is now Nancy Drexel in pictures, was born in New York City. Eugenia Gilbert was born in East Orange, N. J. Tom Tyler was born about 25 years ago in Port Henry, N. Y. He has black hair, brown eyes, is 6 feet 1½ inches tall and weighs 190 pounds. Tom's latest film is "The Avenging Rider." Bill Cody was born in Winnipeg, Manitoba.

Helen and Bernice from Topeka. You want me to tell you a lot of jokes, do you? What's the use, you'd only laugh at them. Harold Lloyd can be addressed at his own production plant, 1040 Las Palmas Ave., Hollywood, Cal. Bobby Vernon is with Christie-Paramount Studios, Hollywood, Cal. The last address I have of Kate Price is 1475 Scott Ave., Hollywood, Cal. Fay Wray can be reached at Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. Glenn Tryon is one of the popular Universal stars and can be addressed at Universal City, Cal. Glenn made his first screen appearance in two-reel comedies for Hal Roach in 1924.

Blossomtime of Bayside, N. Y. Between you and lilac time, I'm blushing like a rose over your declaration of admiration. But as long as it's 'my adorable corner that you're in love with' I won't stop you. I have described Charles (Buddy) Rogers so often my typewriter slips into high, the gears refuse to shift and I can't hold the darned thing. He uses his own name in pictures and why shouldn't he? It's a nice name most any girl would be proud to

annex. If you want a photo of Buddy, write him at Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. William Collier, Jr. gets his fan mail at Tiffany-Stahl Studios, 5416 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal. Neil Hamilton is in "What a Night," playing opposite Bebe Daniels; and in "The Woman Who Needed Killing" with Baclanova and Clive Brook.

Teddy of Eau Claire. Woof, woof! Aren't you the bear for asking questions? Mary Pickford's "Pollyanna" was released in 1920 and playing with her were William Courtleigh and Gordon Sackville. Lillian Rich was born in England. She has blonde hair and blue eyes. As far as I know, she hasn't made a picture in America for quite some time, but is working at a London studio. Harriet Hammond played opposite Ramon Novarro in "The Midshipman."

"It" from La Porte, Ind. Happy greetings and a finger wave to you. Go ahead and tell the world how much you like SCREENLAND and I'll second the commotion. The approved and highly meritorious manner in which to solicit a picture from a star, is to write a sincere letter, devoid of gush, then hang your dignity on the hat rack and wait. That's my formula and it works beautifully—sometimes. Clara Bow and Ruth Taylor are at Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. Mary Astor at Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal. Norma Shearer and William Haines at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal. Sue Carol's latest film "Chasing Through Europe," is a Fox production. Richard Barthelmess can be addressed at First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Blue Eyes from Pittsfield, Mass. No matter what color, the eyes have it. You can

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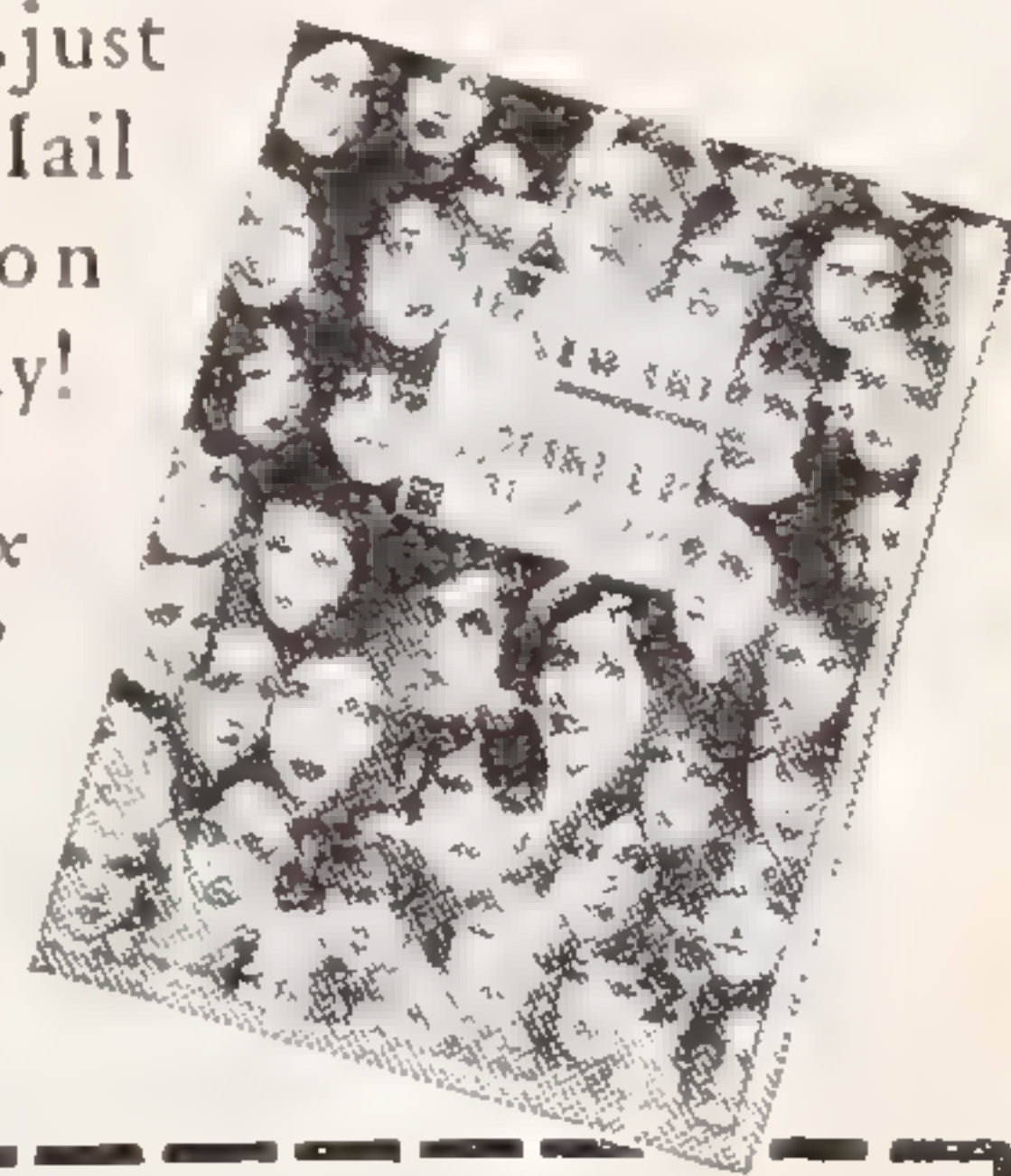
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Complexion	Color of Eyes	LIPS
Light		Moist
Fair	Color of Lashes	Dry
Medium		SKIN
Ruddy	Color of Hair	Oily
Dark		Dry
Sallow		Age
Olive	Answer in spaces with check mark	

4-6-15

For the Sun Tan Fashion—Max Factor's Sum'r Tan Make-Up—At Drug and Department Stores



☞ That smile! How could anyone ever call Mr. Farrell anything but 'Charlie' when he looks at you like that? No wonder he's the boy most in demand with the 'Ask Me' readers this month. And he's Janet's leading man again. Great!

address Charles Rogers at Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. Dolores Costello and Louise Fazenda at Warner Bros., 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal. Alice White at First National Studios, Burbank, Cal. Jeanette Loff at Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Mary K. of Clinton, Mass. Here is the place for all new-comers. Drop in as often as you like—stick around and have a laugh on me. Ralph Graves was born in Cleveland, Ohio. He is 6 feet 1 inch tall, weighs 170 pounds and has light brown hair and blue eyes. He plays with Jack Holt in "Submarine" released by Columbia Pictures, 1408 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Blue Eyes from Detroit. Can I imagine acting in the movies with Gilbert Roland? No, I can't imagine anything so grand as that. But I can't make up my mind which style of films I'd rather work in—the silent or the loud speakers. I'd be a sensation in either and that's something to laugh about again. Gary Cooper and Richard Dix are receiving their fan mail at Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. Philippe De Lacy was born in France, July 25, 1917. He plays with Dolores Costello and Conrad Nagel in Warner Bros. production of "The Redeeming Sin."

Battling Andy Kelly from Greenpoint. I've crossed my heart and fingers so lay off that foot work—I fight all my battles single-handed. Eva Novak was born in St. Louis, Mo. One of her latest releases is "Duty's Reward." She is a free-lance player and I haven't her studio address. You can write to Mary Brian at Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. Mary was born February 17, 1908 at Dallas, Texas. She is 5 feet 2 inches tall, has brown hair and blue eyes. She played with Clive Brook and Jack Luden in "Forgotten Faces." Her film with Buddy

Rogers, "Someone to Love," was released in January.

Kay of Minnesota. You hope I'll keep up with my department. It's trying to keep up with it that gets me so far behind but I get the idea which is a good one to follow. So that puts me ahead again. James Murray is under contract to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal. but was loaned to Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal., for "The Play Goes On." Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. appears in "The Jazz Age" with Marceline Day and in "A Woman of Affairs" with Greta Garbo and John Gilbert. You'll hear and see Doug Jr. in "The Barker" with Milton Sills. You just can't keep young Doug down and who wants to?

32 of East Orange, N. J. Of course I don't think you're 'nosey'; you're just curious to know what SCREENLAND would do without me. What would you do without this precious package of that? Lupe Velez was born in Mexico in 1909. Her real name is Maria Villabalos. Sonia Karlov's real name is Jeanne Williams. Phyllis Haver's name was O'Haver before going into picture work. Nancy Drexel was Dorothy Kitchen. Molly O'Day's family name is Noonan. Marion Douglas was Ena Gregory. Ramon Novarro's real name is Ramon Samaniegos. Double-dare you to pronounce it!

Just Bobbie from Pasadena. Sorry I could not answer you in the next issue out, as you requested, I have hundreds of letters to answer for I'm a very popular person and I say that without fear of contradiction, if a big bunch of letters mean anything and I hope they do. You can write to Joan Crawford at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. at the same studio address.

Edna R. of Butte, Montana. You think Gary Cooper is a swell guy, do you? I could sling a few neat phrases about the boy, too. Ever since Gary appeared in "Legion of the Condemned" I have been swamped with letters about him. He plays with Lupe Velez in "Wolf Song." Then he has to his credit, "Lilac Time" with Colleen Moore and "The First Kiss" with Fay Wray. Lupe and Gary are engaged, I hear.

Joan from Brooklyn. Here's a record that's hard to beat. Joan has never missed a Harrison Ford picture. Take your bow, Mr. Ford—and I don't mean Henry. Your favorite was born in Kansas City, Mo. He weighs 160 pounds, is 5 feet 10 inches tall and has dark brown hair and brown eyes. He doesn't give his age. He has been leading man for Norma and Constance Talmadge, Marion Davies, Bebe Daniels and Marie Prevost. His wife was Beatrice Prentice.

Inquisitive Miss, Hamilton, Ontario. Even though we've never met, you know a good answer lady when you see one, don't you? James Hall can be reached at Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. Jack Mulhall at First National Studios, Burbank, Cal. Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell at Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal. May McAvoy at Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal. John Mack Brown at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Two Little Bo-Peeps from Indianapolis. How is Rod-La Rocque pronounced? If

you mean his name, that's easy—cut off the que and you have Rock. Gloria Swanson has never changed her name for pictures. Ruth Taylor was born in 1907. She is a real blonde with golden hair and blue eyes. She played with James Hall in "Just Married." Molly O'Day is 18 years old. She hasn't made a film for some time. Just now she is touring in a presentation act in California picture theatres.

Mary R. from Ottawa, Canada. I'm sorry you have waited so long for your name to appear in print but Mary's a grand old name no matter when or where. Phyllis Haver was born Jan. 6, 1899, in Douglas, Kansas. Clara Bow uses her own name in pictures. She was born Aug. 8, 1905, in Brooklyn, N. Y. Ramon Novarro was born Feb. 6, 1899, in Durango, Mexico. Gilbert Roland was born in 1905 in Mexico. His real name is Francisco Alonzo but he started his picture career under the name of Luis Alonzo. Gilbert has signed a new contract with United Artists.

Scotty from Tacoma, Wash. They say a ring on the hand is worth ten on the telephone but what's that got to do with talking pictures? The talkies are here to stay; they haven't just dropped in for a little chat. Ralph Forbes played opposite Norma Shearer in "The Latest from Paris." Nena Quartaro appeared in "The Red Mark" filmed at Pathé Studios, Culver City,

(Continued on page 96)



☞ Although Norma Talmadge hasn't been seen on the screen so often lately, her admirers have not forgotten her—far from it! Miss Vee Dee says the Talmadge fans are rallying round asking when they'll see their Norma again. Well, she's making her first talkie, "Tin Pan Alley," with Gilbert Roland.



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Words and Music by
Archie Gottler
Con Conrad
and
Sid Mitchell

Story and Direction by
David Butler
▼
Dialog by
William K. Wells

Revue Directed by
Marcel Silver
Ensembles by
Edward Royce
Archie Gottler and
Fanchon & Marco

Cal. Gladys Brockwell was in "The Lights of New York" the first all-talking picture. I haven't her home address but you can reach her at Warner Bros., 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

J. of Statesville, N. C. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., again! He was born Dec. 9, 1910. For his address, see Just Bobbie. William Boyd was born in Cambridge, Ohio, in 1898. He is 6 feet 1 inch tall, weighs 170 pounds and has light brown hair and blue eyes. You can write him at Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Marjorie C. of Berkeley, Cal. You have to hide SCREENLAND from your family to be able to read it by yourself, do you? Why not a SCREENLAND for every member of the family? Then there would be no hard feelings. Claire Windsor is 32 years old. Betty Bronson was born in Trenton, N. J., about 22 years ago. She is in "The Singing Fool" with Al Jolson. In her next picture, "Sonny Boy," you'll see that adorable Davey Lee who made his first screen appearance in "The Singing Fool." Davey was just four years old on Dec. 29, 1928.

Kitty of Pennsy. Chester Conklin does not give his age but he was born in Oskaloosa, Iowa. He has brown hair, blue eyes, is 5 feet 5 inches tall and weighs 140 pounds. Chester has been happily married to the one and only wife for years. He has been a circus clown and was on the stage before entering pictures. Esther and Jobyna Ralston are not related.

Curly of Rochester, N. Y. You want personal descriptions, addresses and the latest films of twenty-eight stars. What's the trouble, Curly, don't you like the other 9,000 or so? Vilma Banky was born in Budapest, January 9, 1903. Her hair is golden and her eyes are blue. Write her at Samuel Goldwyn Prod., 7212 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Cal. Irene Rich was born in Buffalo, N. Y. She has brown hair and eyes, is 5 feet 6 inches tall and weighs 135 pounds. She has two interesting daughters. Address her at Warner Bros., 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal. Renee Adoree was born in Lille, France. Her real name is Renée de la Fento. She has dark brown hair, dark eyes and weighs 120 pounds. She plays in "The Pagan" with Ramon Novarro. You can reach her at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal. Edna Murphy is a native New Yorker. She is 5 feet 2 inches tall, weighs 118 pounds and has blonde hair and blue eyes. Larry Kent, whose real name is Henri Trumbell, was born Sept. 15, 1900. He made "The Spirit of Youth" at Tiffany-Stahl Studios, 4516 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

Miss Agnes from Memphis. Give me your ears and we'll make more talk about Buddy Rogers. He will be 24 years old his next birthday and he is not married. Give the boy time, say you not so? Bob Steele is still a single man and has reached the ripe old age of 22 years. Get out your address books, girls; Phyllis Haver has gone over to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal., to make pictures and get the old pay check.

Henrietta M. of Chicago. Right on the firing line with a couple of quick ones. The principal players in "Stella Dallas" were, Belle Bennett, Alice Joyce, Lois Moran, Ronald Colman, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. and Jean Hersholt. The film was released in 1925. The Wampas Baby Stars for 1929 are, Jean Arthur, Doris Hill,



☞ Sylvia Fields, of the stage, in "Voice of the City." Because of her voice she's sitting pretty.

Anita Page, Josephine Dunn, Loretta Young, Doris Dawson, Sally Blane, Betty Boyd, Helen Twelvetrees, Mona Rico, Ethlyn Claire, Caryl Lincoln and Helen Foster.

A Bob Steele Fan of Winchester, Ind. Do I think you are funny? I don't think; I haven't time. How can I think and keep my mind on my work? Bob Steele's real name is Robert Bradbury. He has the reputation of being one of the best riders, trick gunmen, and ropers on the screen. Bob is 6 feet tall and has blue eyes and brown hair. You can address him at RKO Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal. Betty Bronson is not married so dry your tears.

Iola of Woonsocket, R. I. My word! How you love spooky pictures! Who does the big killing in "The Gorilla?" Search me! Everyone in the house, including Alice Day, is suspected of being the mur-



☞ Lawford Davidson who makes a movie come-back as a leading man in the talkies.

derous gorilla, but the wise-cracks of the two detectives, Fred Kelsey and Charlie Murray, saved the day—ouch! But who did kill somebody? Bob Seiter played the part of Jack Waring in "Chicago After Midnight"; Ralph Ince was Jim Boyd, the father, and Jola Mendez was Betty Boyd.

Edythe Y. of Haddonfield, N. J.. See and hear my hearty welcome. Both versions apply to all newcomers and as many of the 'old guard' as want it. Sorry I can't get you in the magazine as soon as you'd like but aren't you just paralyzed that you can get in? You can write to Charles Farrell at Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal. Renee Adoree and Nils Asther at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal. By the time you read this, the Duncan sisters will probably have signed a contract with M-G-M and you can address them there. Ruth Elder is to make a picture with Ralph Graves for Columbia Pictures Corp., 1408 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal. Her first screen appearance was with Richard Dix in "Moran of the Marines."

Bob of Kiski Prep., Saltsburg. You want me to name three of the handsomest men on the screen—why stop at three, when at twelve I'd still be counting? I'll pass along the word that you'd like more Navy films and submarine stories and less sheik parts for the 'very remarkable fellow,' Charles Farrell. Now that is settled and another brain-cell cleared for action. Colleen Moore was born in Port Huron, Ohio. Nancy Carroll was born November 9, 1906, in New York City. Her real name is Nancy Lahiff. She is the seventh in a family of twelve children. This popular little beauty has red hair, blue eyes, is 5 feet 4 inches tall and weighs 118 pounds. She is the wife of Jack Kirkland, the scenario writer.

Cherry Berry of New Jersey. Let that bounce around like no one's affair. I'm sorry I am unable to identify the little girl in whom you are interested: 'the only girl that worked for the Lamb's Gambol in 1916.' This long-lost girl played in "The House of Pretense," "Always in the Way," and "Kiddie." Speak up, girlie—we want to discover you. Many an S.O.S. from my department has resulted in first-class reunions.

Nancey of Kentucky. You couldn't drive me to distraction—too late, I'm there, and the life of the party. Many of my customers want to hear about Carol Dempster. She has dark brown hair, brown eyes, is 5 feet 7 inches tall and weighs 118 pounds. She studied dancing under Ruth St. Denis and toured the country as one of the Denishawn dancers. As far as I know, her only screen director was D. W. Griffith. Her last film was "Sorrows of Satan," released in 1926. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. was born December 9, 1910. His next release will be "Our Modern Maidens" with Joan Crawford. Right now he is making "Diversion," a First National-Vitaphone production.

Peaceful from Chicago. You bet you fooled me—I thought my troubles were brewing but you merely want the low-down on Robert Armstrong and Eddie Quillan. You can reach both at Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal. Robert plays with Phyllis Haver in "Shady Lady." Eddie Quillan and six members of his own family are in "Noisy Neighbors." The late Theodore Roberts played his last role in that picture. Bob Armstrong has completed "Leather-necks."

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Hollywood Week Ends—Continued from page 23

courses, a small eighteen hole and a large eighteen hole. There are no water hazards but plenty of others. The small course is finished and the large one soon will be. In July, by the way, there is to be a tournament and the largest prize ever offered for a golf match. It is \$25,000 and will attract players from all over the world.

An Olympic-length pool will be finished by that time and you can imagine what the swimmers will do to that. Incidentally there are hot springs near the pool which will be utilized to heat the water. The hot springs will be a feature eventually. When business became so flourishing a new hotel was built and two or three dozen bungalows beautifully furnished. In the new hotel I was told there was not one white bath tub—all are colored! Some are black with futuristic nickle fixtures. Some are lavender, or green, or yellow—all are beautiful.

There are very fine horses to ride and that is what Bebe Daniels, Marian Nixon, Corinne Griffith, Laura La Plante and Bill Seiter do. The horses are all prize show horses from the Carnation stables, said to be one of the finest in California.

Almost everyone drives over to Tia Juana and watches the races even though they don't bet. Marian Nixon is one of these and had been going down for years, long before the Caliente Hotel was built. Last fall the friends she was with kidded her about never betting. "It isn't any use," said Marian. "My money on a horse would make him run backwards." They finally got her to bet \$5.00. "You won't miss it if you do lose," they said. So for the first time in her life Marian put money on a horse—and believe it or not that pony actually turned around and ran the other way! He was a fine racer, too—no one has ever known why he lost his head that day.

And then there are the players who have yachts and think time is wasted when they go anywhere else. Among these are Belle Bennett, who entertains every week-end that she can be on her yacht, the 'Wee Dove'; and Conrad Nagel likewise on the 'Tiberon.' Among others who have yachts are John Barrymore, John Gilbert, Douglas MacLean, Cecil DeMille, Robert Ellis and Richard Barthelmess. They are not pretentious, about seventy-five feet long. All the Hollywood sailors visit and borrow back and forth. If it happens that they anchor within hailing distance of each other they have swimming matches from one boat to the next. Mr. and Mrs. Conrad Nagel were entertaining Lois Wilson and Leatrice Joy. They were having breakfast on deck when they heard, "Ship Ahoy," and there was Douglas MacLean chugging up in a dingey. Everyone uses nautical terms and very formally too. "Got any gas?" asked Doug. "Sure," said Conrad, "Come on and have some breakfast and I'll give you some afterwards."

A popular beach is Malibu—a little stretch of sand twenty miles down from Santa Monica. Far enough away to avoid the usual Sunday motoring. Clara Bow, Virginia Valli, Ronald Colman, Richard Dix, Herbert Brenon, Louise Fazenda and about a dozen others have cottages there. Some are comfortable enough for week-end parties all through the winter months; others are just small cottages. Ronald Colman hasn't even electricity in his because he likes lamp light. The cottages are built very closely together with yards or tennis



Connie Talmadge and "Venus."
What a combination!

courts in the back and the beach for their front yard. They are all as close to the sea as safety permits, but imagine the embarrassment of Patsy Ruth Miller when, bidding good-bye to a guest, she saw a huge green billow blot out the sky and come hurtling toward the guest and the open door! Pat hadn't time to explain—she just jerked her friend unceremoniously into the room and banged the door in the face of the aggressive wave. The ocean has not misbehaved since and Winston, Pat's young brother declared, Father Neptune had taken a shine to the young lady!

Pat and Winston and their friends like to have a set of tennis, then play medicine ball, then plunge into the surf and ride the waves on surf boards. Virginia Valli likes to laze around in the sand and then have a brisk swim. You have to be pretty brisk in the Pacific surf, too. It certainly is frisky.

The talking pictures have kept the players on such a stretch of work that most of them want complete relaxation, and for this Palm Springs and Arrowhead with its vapor baths are the popular resorts. There is everything to be found at both spots only Arrowhead is in the mountains and Palm Springs is a tiny oasis near the Painted Desert. There, amid burning sands and cold and starry nights, one can ride, dance or swim in the pool; or one can benefit by the mud baths which for generations have been maintained by a family of Indians. The father of the present manager, it is said, refused a hundred thousand dollars from Fleishman Baths. The old Indian declared that a quarter was high enough to pay for a bath and he wouldn't know what to do with so much money. All he wanted was his hammock, his palm leaf fan, and enough tobacco to smoke. And although his son dresses in American clothes, he keeps up the traditions of his family in the management of the place.

Many years ago the oasis used to be on the other side of the mountain and then, as the Indians put it, Taqua 'talked' and the baths and oasis disappeared to be found

months afterward on its present site. The baths are a volcanic disturbance in the earth. They occupy a space of about eight feet in circumference. A board partition is driven down in the center and over both divisions is built a large bath house having a dressing room on either side of the partition—one for men and one for women. Sally Blane said it was a weird feeling to have the mud creep up, up, up. Sometimes you can't sink further than your knees; sometimes just above the waist. No one has ever been known to sink lower than the chin. Sometimes it is swirling sand, sometimes it is quiet; and there are about two feet of crystal clear water above the sand.

Palm Springs is a great location site, too. The surrounding canyons offer admirable retreats for sham battles and 'westerns.'

Lilyan Tashman and Edmund Lowe like Arrowhead when they need a rest from the studio grind. Not that they complain about the hard life they lead, because they adore it. But just the same it gets to be a bit thick when you have to study dialogue at night for the next day's work. Eddie grudges every dinner party Lilyan gives, because he has to walk out on his guests.

When they go to Arrowhead they walk and ride and take the vapor baths. They live in one of the bungalows rather than the hotel because it is quiet and they don't meet anyone. At that Lilyan and Eddie were returning to their bungalow one late afternoon, when suddenly right in the middle of the path they saw an enormous wildcat who stood and stared solemnly at them. Both were so surprised they could only grab each other's hands and stare back. And then the animal, after looking them all over, bolted into the wood.

Arrowhead is very popular too, especially with the Swedish and Hungarian element in Hollywood. Vilma Banky and Rod are often there, and the Lubitsch's. Baclanova has a house near the resort and spent her honeymoon there. John Gilbert likes it too, but Greta Garbo is perfectly satisfied with the sands of Santa Monica. So is Camilla Horn. She has a beach house in which she lives all year round.

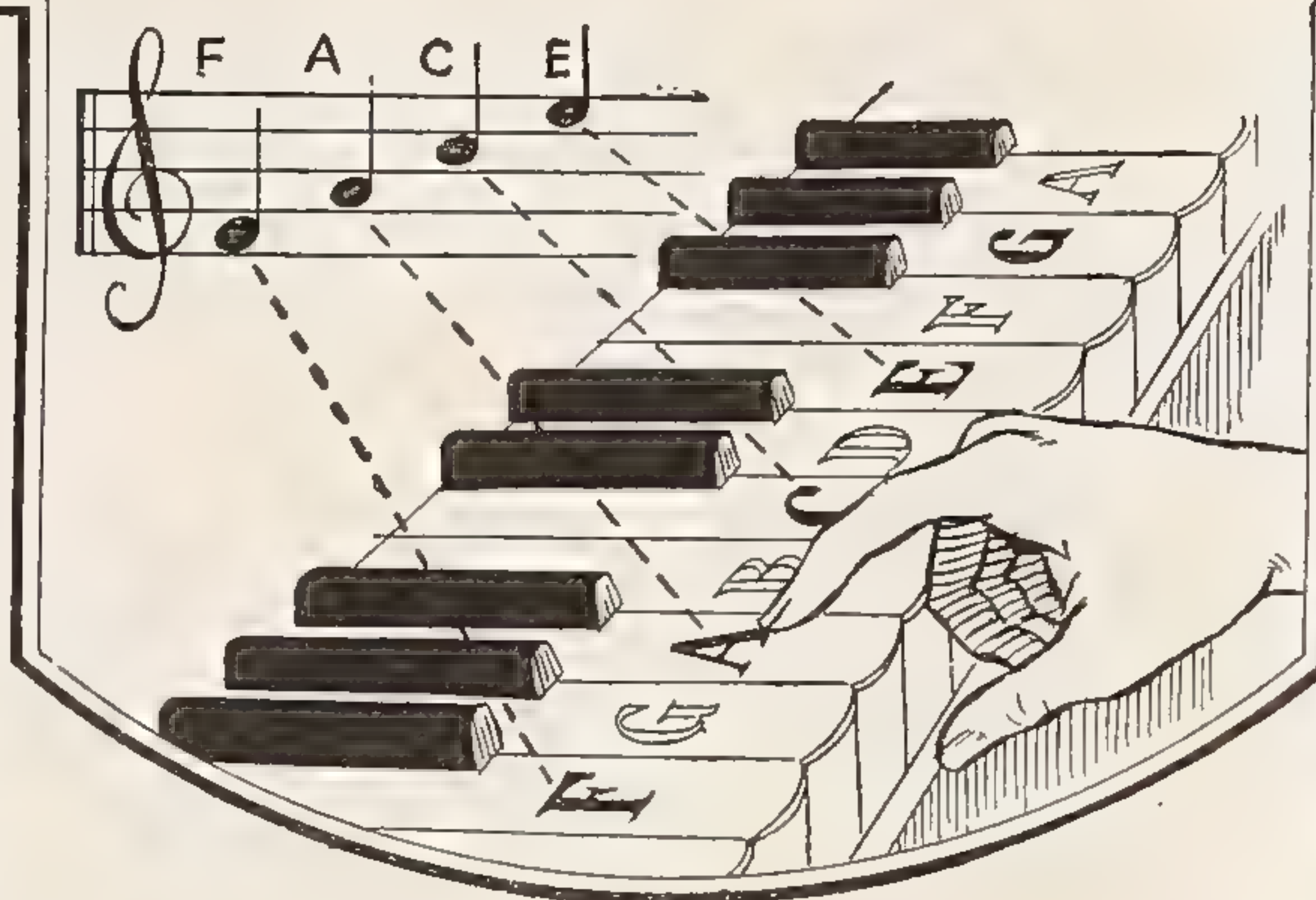
Reginald Denny and his bride retire to the fastness of his mountain cabin in the San Bernardino mountains. There is snow there the greater part of the time and Reg likes to carry provisions home on a dog sled himself. He skis and skates and in the summer there is tennis and hiking and trout fishing.

Corinne Griffith made "Outcast" in San Francisco, but was working so hard she didn't have time to visit Chinatown, or play a game at the Pebble Beach Golf Club on the way home. As soon as she had a breathing spell she and her husband Walter Morosco climbed into their roadster and beat it to San Francisco for an extended week-end to take in these two things that had been lingering in Corinne's mind, making her feel thwarted.

Of course, Agua Caliente is the place to go! It is to Hollywood what Coney Island is to Harlem and the Bronx. When Hollywood really wants to play it goes there. The principal fascination, taking it by and large, is the roulette and other gaming tables. Some of the girls and boys in Hollywood have been to Monte Carlo, but I think the sum of those who haven't is in the majority, so when they find themselves in a casino their excitement knows no

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bounds. Clara Bow had never seen a roulette wheel until she went there and she couldn't be torn away from the table the whole evening. She put her money any old place, not knowing anything about the game, and of course she lost a good deal; then luck came to her and she broke about even. I'll bet that Casino remembered Clara's eager shining face and beautiful flaming hair that stands out all over her head when she is excited, for many a long day. And the next morning she rode and played outdoor games and didn't go near the table. It is just like reading a thrilling novel, but you don't want to read too many or else you surfeit. And Clara has only been twice to Caliente.

Bebe Daniels plays a hard game for about an hour after she arrives and then she's through. The Casino sees no more of her, but the horses do. Not the race horses but the steeds. She spends hours in the saddle. So does Ben Lyon.

Caliente is becoming a popular place to be married in. Priscilla Dean held her wedding at the 'Wishing Well' outside the Casino. Evelyn Brent was married in the Governor's suite in the new hotel. So was Jackie Logan. The living room is hung in red damask and the bedroom in green and gold. But the bathrooms in Caliente are like wedding cakes. The men look at them and say, 'very nice.' The women squeal with delight. Such tilings and such color!

The thrilling thing to do is to fly down

and most of the stars do it, if they haven't a large party. It is a comfortable hour and fifty minute spin, on top of the world. And after the first trip you can't bear to think of riding in the smoky old poky trains. You feel so safe in those Maddux tri-motored Ford monsters and when you know that the slight bumping and jolting you get occasionally is because you are passing through a cloud or crossing a canyon, and not that the plane is going to turn over, you don't bother about it. It's just like riding over a bad stretch of road in an automobile and you don't notice it after awhile. The earth, from an altitude of 2200 or more feet, looks just like a perfect world should, very neat and orderly. The ploughed fields are like corrugated rubber carpets, the orange groves like fawn-colored squares covered with tiny green polka dots about the size of the head of a pin. The trees that have not leaved as yet resemble little tufts of lavender-gray feathers; ten-acre fields look like postage stamps stuck all over a map. Oh, it's a lovely world, twenty-two hundred feet above the earth! Marceline and Alice Day love to travel by air because it is so neat and clean that way, and these girls are the last word in order. And they and Betty Bronson like to dance in Caliente better than anywhere else. They never go near the Casino or the races—just walk, and dance as soon as the music starts.

Of course the crepe hangers never fail

to make some crack just before you board, such as, "Well, you'll have plenty of sunlight to guide you to Heaven!" Bill and Mrs. Powell were told that it was 'so interesting for a husband and wife to have a chance to die together.'

I suppose the same cheery things were said in the first days of the steamboat and the railway. And I can remember when the wise-acres shook their heads over the stupidity of anyone thinking they could ever depend upon a motor car to do anything but blow up or break down. Now look at the darn things!

In twenty years, or even sooner, planes will be just as common.

The Maddux planes stop at San Diego to discharge and take on passengers and then a few minutes afterwards make a perfect landing right in front of the Agua Caliente Hotel on the new flying field. Taxies meet them to take the guests to the hotel. Then you have lunch in the open patio while sweet-voiced Mexicans sing and play stringed instruments.

It is the funniest thing how different you feel the minute you put your foot across the border. Do you remember how, when you were very little, you went to the house of one of your friends that you liked very much? You felt as though you could be yourself for awhile and laugh and have fun without being scolded. Well, stepping into Mexico seems to make you feel the same way.

James Montgomery Flagg Looks Them Over—Continued from page 25

standing just inside the entrance, dressed in a magnificent Spanish costume, holding a rose between her soft lips.

"Good evening, Miss Davies," I said.

"I am nod Mis' Daveez!" she replied, stamping her foot and angrily unfurling her fan. "I am La Negri!"

"And then she went into such an uncanny imitation of Pola Negri, so excellent and yet so comic, that I laughed until the tears came.

"The time I sketched Jannings stands out in my mind," Flagg told me. "When I went to the Paramount Studio and was led to the set where he was working, on the 'Sins of the Father,' I believe I was astounded. Absolute quiet hovered over the place. And the picture wasn't a 'talkie,' either. Mechanics, electricians, assistants of all kinds, tiptoed softly around. It seems perfect stillness is essential for Jannings to give his best. And so much do these people respect the man and his art that his wishes are complied with down to the most insignificant detail. Not that keeping a large gang like that quiet is insignificant.

"Into this stillness I was introduced, and began my sketch. What a joy it was to transcribe his face to my paper. Women, beautiful women, are interesting to draw. But here was a character! Many characters! The lines that life had carved in his face absorbed me. How long I worked I don't know. But when I finished the sketch and was leaving to go on to another appointment, I handed it to him. And I couldn't help saying: 'it is an honor to have had the opportunity of sketching such a great artist.'"

But here is something which even Mr. Flagg doesn't know. When Jannings had completed the scene on which he was working, he sat down, side by side, with one of his close friends. Taking the sketch in

his hands, he looked at it for some moments. Then he said in his beloved German: "Ich habe die Ehre. Der Flagg selbst ist ein grosser Künstler." Or, "It is I rather who has the honor. Flagg is himself a great artist."

"Of all the girls I sketched in Hollywood," Mr. Flagg says, "Virginia Valli was the most sympathetic type to me because she more nearly approaches the type I love to draw—that perfect and extremely rare Anglo-Saxon beauty, with the tip-tilted nose, and the little droop to the nostril. There is a sweetness about Valli, a sympathy that one carries away and remembers."

Next Mr. Flagg spoke of Greta Garbo: "I thought I would find Miss Garbo very weary after her long day in the studio. And weary she did seem when I first spoke to her. But the moment I got out my pencil, she flung back her head in that loveliest and most irresistible gesture a woman can make. It implies pride, surrender—a man can read almost any meaning into that gesture. And a man can read almost any meaning into Garbo, too. For she is the most beautiful and at the same time the most enigmatic woman I have ever painted or seen. For sheer perfection of features, I know nobody to approximate her. She is the Nordic Mona Lisa. Perhaps that is the reason she holds her fascination. She is the eternal riddle of the Northland. And so long as a man cannot guess a woman's inner meaning, he is bound to adore her.

"That word 'adore' reminds me of Billie Dove. She is a jolly little person and adorable. There is no other way to define her. Those four syllables circumscribe all her sweetness.

"There is one other woman I must tell you about before I leave" We were in Mr. Flagg's studio and his time was limited, since there were many matters awaiting

his attention after his long absence in Hollywood—"and that is Maria Corda. In some ways, she is the same type of beauty as Garbo. And if ever a woman was constructed for the expression of drama, Maria Corda is. She typifies the 'continental type' of femininity at its best. She has all the lure and mystery of the foreigner and yet she retains the loveliness and naiveté of an ingenue.

"I could stay on talking here for hours," Flagg concluded, "for I have been a movie addict for years. I'd like to tell you of my impression of John Gilbert, of Jack Dempsey and many others. But that must be another time."

Before we left the studio I glanced about me. I had always had a vision of the kind of studio a famous artist would have. I thought it would be the sort you see in movies—a seductive cathedral of color, where deft-handed man servants spring from nowhere with dangerous liquors and dreamy cigarettes; where just out of sight a fountain plays, and just out of hearing some one bows minor music on an old violin.

But I was wrong. In the first place we mustn't speak of Mr. Flagg's workshop as a 'studio.' A studio is a place where people sit around and talk about the masterpieces they are going to paint tomorrow, and the great novel they are going to write day after tomorrow.

The room in which James Montgomery Flagg draws his pictures and paints his portraits is about twenty feet long by eighteen wide. On one wall hangs a portrait of Bill Hart on his favorite horse. On an enormous screen hang many sketches of movie actors and actresses. Billie Dove. Greta Garbo. Colleen Moore. Virginia Valli. Corinne Griffith. Maria Corda. Marion Davies. John Gilbert. Emil Jannings. And Jack Dempsey. I guess we can

include Jack since he's sort of related by marriage to the industry.

On the floor is a very small rug. A few chairs, a small divan, and a yellow bowl—the kind your mother mixes cakes in—complete the furnishings. Oh, you want to know what the yellow bowl is for? So did I. It is used for cigarette ashes.

There are books all over the place. And, by the way, Flagg is the author of some twelve books himself. That's another one you didn't know.

In the center of the room is an easel on which stood an almost completed illustration for a magazine. There were also lots of paint brushes and an old board on which he evidently tries out his colors.

The whole place gives a general air of comfortable negligence—as if Flagg says to himself when he comes in and shuts the door: "This is my place. I come here to work. If you don't like it, get out!"

And now that you know where your idol works, wouldn't you like to know what he looks like?

All right, I'll tell you straight off—he's handsome! He's tall and thin, too. So thin, in fact, that he looks a good eight to ten years younger than he really is. His eyes are blue-gray; his hair is gray-black, thick and virile. And his hands are the hands of a true artist. Soft, well-tended and manicured? I should say not. Long and supple they are, and well-shaped, but crusty with paint. Like the hands of all hard-working artists.

When I first began speaking with Mr. Flagg, I was a little uneasy. For I thought that like some other artists I've known, he would scorn the movies. And I had a vision of his laying a well-shaped thumb to a powerful nose and waving his little finger in the well-known Shanghai Gesture.

But, quite to the contrary, Mr. Flagg has a real regard for our industry. As he said: "You can do much with movies. If I want to paint a picture all I can do is to put marks on a piece of paper, or color on canvas. But if I am producing a moving picture, I have every art and dimension, practically, with which to work."

Ten years ago, at the suggestion of Thomas Edison, Mr. Flagg made twelve one-reelers. Each film dealt with a different kind of girl that Flagg had painted: the superstitious girl, the coquettish girl, the mysterious girl, and so on. Not only did he write the stories; he directed them as well.

These made such a hit that he next produced fourteen two-reelers—comedies, take-offs on Bill Hart. And Flagg himself played the leading role, as well as writing the scenarios, casting and directing them.

Certainly, James Montgomery Flagg's creation will not fade out. I had an unmistakable proof of that as I left the studio. Hanging on the wall, I noticed a portrait of a beautiful woman, of that Anglo-Saxon type he so loves. Beneath this woman hung the portrait of a child. A little girl of three years, with beautiful golden curls, sea-blue eyes, tip-tilted nose, with a little droop to the nostril, and a laughing, up-curved mouth. For years instinctively, James Montgomery Flagg has successfully created a type which is familiar in every little town and city throughout this country. And yet these illustrations which he turned out never quite satisfied him. He was always working for something more perfect than the last. Year after year he worked—never satisfied today, hoping for satisfaction tomorrow. He had reached the crest of his artistic achievement when at the age of forty-seven he found his perfect illustration. It is his little daughter!



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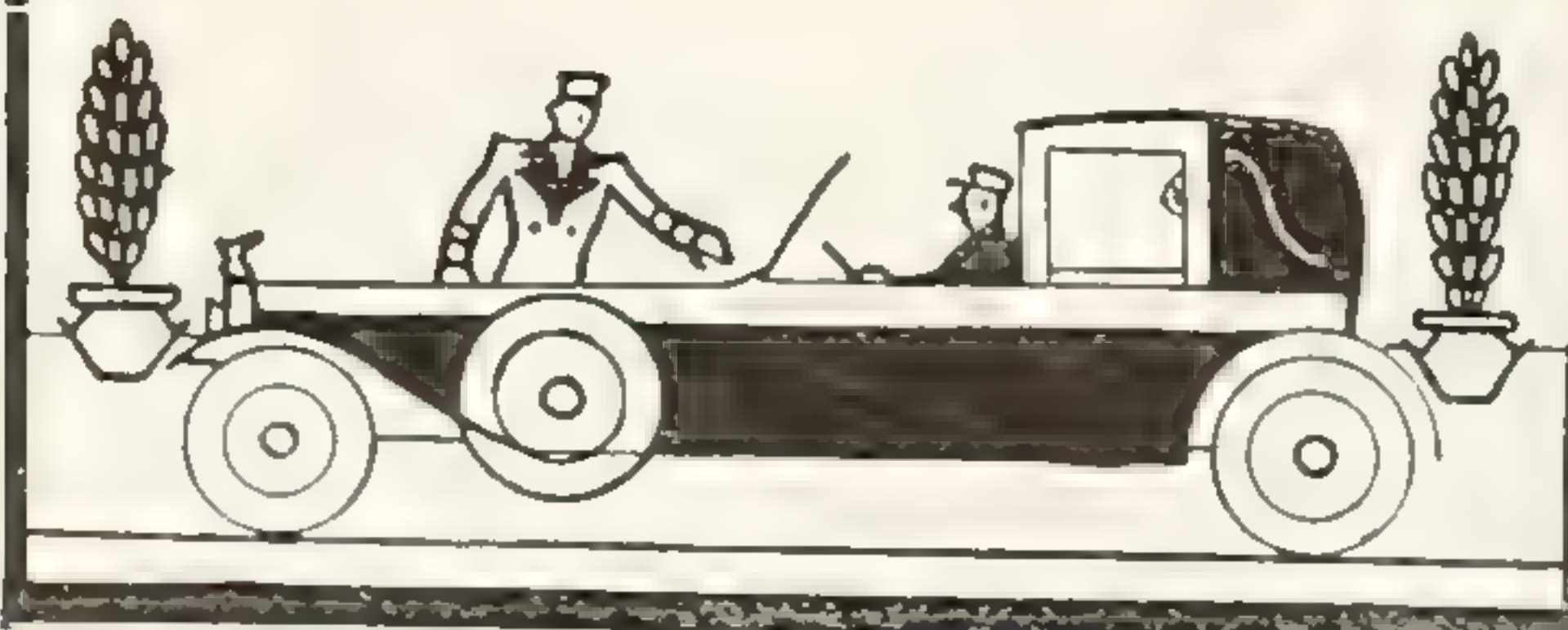
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Broadway Whoopee in Hollywood

Continued from page 32

map, because the Gleasons declare that thus only would their guests ever reach their home, which is a Spanish house on a winding road nearly at the top of a Beverly Hills hill.

Jimmy Gleason, you know, wrote and played in "Is Zat So" and both he and Mrs. Gleason were in another play of his, "Shannons of Broadway." Their charming son, Russell, nineteen, whom his fond parents had hoped to make a civil engineer of by sending him to college, just decided to be a chip of the old block, and justified himself by getting a contract with Pathé on the strength of his first picture. So all the Gleasons are in pictures now.

"Phyllis Haver is in the party, I know," remarked Patsy. "List to her laugh!"

Sure enough, even before we heard Mrs. Gleason's warmly hospitable voice, calling to us that we were at the right place and please to come up the stairs that lead through the upright lawn to the door, we heard Phyllis' contagious laugh.

Inside the house is as cosy and hospitable as its owners, and we found gathered near the big fire in the fireplace a number of guests, including Raymond Griffith and his wife, Bertha Mann, who used to be on the stage; Phyllis Haver, Arthur Caesar, who writes for Fox, and his lovely wife, a former magazine editor and interior decorator; the guest of honor, Octavus Roy Cohen, and his pretty wife; Buddy De Sylva and his lovely wife—Buddy wrote the musical comedy, "Good News," you know; Mrs. Wells Root, who was formerly a noted scientist in her own right, but who has willingly given up her own career to be home-maker for her writer-husband; O. P. Heggie, the New York actor who came west to play in pictures, with his charming wife; Helen Mehrman, also of the New York stage; Al Cohn, the writer, with his wife, and numerous others.

We chatted with Octavus Roy Cohen about his stories about colored people; but he said that all the interviews he had had since coming to Hollywood concerned the fact that he was married to his first cousin, and that his father had married his first cousin too. He said that the interviewers invariably delicately inquired if there wasn't anything strange about any member of his family, and he had replied, "Well, sometimes some of the members don't seem to think I should have been allowed to grow up, but otherwise there isn't any objection to anybody."

Phyllis Haver told us about her fiancé, Billy Seaman, of New York, and how they hope to go to Europe on their honeymoon; and Mrs. DeSylva told us how Billy had once ridden his pony right into their house on Long Island, followed by a string of children!

Phyllis says that she and her husband are going to live in one whole floor on top of a building in New York, and that there is a tennis court on the roof, tennis being her favorite game.

Robert Armstrong was there with his wife, and that clever George Abbott, who is to direct the Two Black Crows, Moran and Mack.

Raymond Griffith told us, in his husky voice which is almost a stage whisper, but which, oddly enough, registers in the talking pictures, about his honeymoon trip to Europe with his bride. He said that they met a lot of Germans walking, in Italy, so

they decided to walk, too, and that Bertha nearly fell over with weariness, but gamely kept going, because you can see so much more from afoot than you can if you ride from one point of interest to another in the big cities.

"Hash!" was called, and we all sat down at little square tables.

Patsy confided that she had supposed the 'hash' of the invitation was merely a figure of speech; but it turned out that the hash was literal. But what hash! "Heavenly hash," somebody called it.

No wonder Mrs. Gleason says that she chooses her houses according to whether the place has a room big enough for her cook, that lady, colored, being of wide dimensions.

We got to chatting about stories, and Jimmy Gleason told how he had been put to work to write an adaptation of a story called "High Voltage," but how, by the time he got through with it, following discussions with studio executives, all that was left of the original was the title, and as the studio people liked it, they had to call the hero by that as a nick-name so as to keep the name in!

Jimmy Gleason showed the golf hounds of the party his new golf clubs, and that brought up the subject of sports, including polo, whereupon Arthur Caesar pulled an immortal line—

"All the producers are playing polo. From Poland to polo in two generations!"

We voted the party a huge success as we slipped along in Patsy's car over the smooth roads homeward.

"Just all the stage actors in the world who have come to Hollywood to go into pictures are here!" exclaimed Patsy, as she, Vernon Rickard—the singer, who has been appearing in Vitaphones and singing over the Warner radio, and who formerly played the lead with the Duncan sisters in "Topsy and Eva"—and I were welcomed by Mrs. Joseph Cawthorn, whose husband is in pictures, and who was giving a party at her pretty Hollywood bungalow. She was celebrating the birthday of her composer-son, Will Kernell, who wrote that lilting lay, "Sally of My Dreams," you know. He has lately been married, and his pretty wife, who was formerly a concert pianist, was there.

Louise Dresser was there, too, with her husband, Jack Gardner, and she said she had a cold for the first time since going into pictures.

"Of course I had to have a cold now that I'm in talking pictures," she smiled. "Oh, I've had a rough time in this picture. Paul Nicholson accidentally hit me too hard in a scene, and blackened my jaw and eye—and the very next day I met the handsomest man I've ever seen! Talk about the irony of fate!"

Robert Edeson was there with his wife, and Edmund Breese and Mrs. Breese, Eddie Lowe and Lilyan Tashman, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Grapewin, Lumsden Hare, Jack and Mary Ford, Antonio Moreno, Cornelius Keefe, Mr. and Mrs. David Percy, Mr. and Mrs. Johnny Mack Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Crauford Kent, Conway Tearle and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. James Gleason, Jason Robards and his wife, William Cowen and Lenore Coffee, Kenneth Thompson and his wife, and a dozen others.

"Two heads are better than one!" we heard somebody remark.

"I'll just bet," said Miss Tashman, "that Edmund Breese is talking to my husband. He's always punning."

Sure enough, Ed Breese had topped something Eddie Lowe had said, and ended up with the pun.

We were chatting with Cornelius Keefe, and he told us about the opening of "Broadway Melody" in Hollywood.

"Two singers, a man and a woman, were singing from adjoining boxes," he told us merrily. "Spotlights were supposed to play upon them, but the spotlight supposed to illumine the man didn't work. It was placed on the stage, and he hopped out of his box onto the stage, fixed the light, and then got back into its rays and sang!"

"He should," Vernon Rickard suggested, "have turned the lady's spotlight on himself. That would have made it perfect."

Eddie Lowe told us about hobnobbing with a stranger in a Turkish bath, both of course mainly in the altogether, and how the stranger had complimented him on a certain performance in a picture, without knowing he was talking to the actor himself.

"He didn't know the best dressed actor in Hollywood," Eddie laughed, "without his clothes."

Being a collection of stage people, of course there was a lot of delightful entertainment. David Percy sang some of Will Kernell's songs in that splendid voice of his, Vernon Rickard sang in his heavenly tenor, Crauford Kent and Mrs. David Percy whistled a duet, Joe Cawthorn sang some of his famous old musical comedy songs—"which show up these new songs," declared Patsy; Mrs. Cawthorn, who used to be the famous Queenie Vassar, you know, sang in a voice still clear and lovely, and Conway Tearle's wife, Adele Rowland, sang.

There was a wonderful buffet supper, and presently guests began to leave, but not until we had become acquainted with the other member of the Cawthorn family, the beautiful big police dog.

"Well, they're letting in the dog—it's time to go home," said Vernon, and regretfully we sought our hats and coats.

"Do you suppose," inquired Madge Bellamy whimsically, "that Claire Windsor really knows everybody at her party?"

We had gone over to the Breakfast Club, where Claire was giving a huge party, and were pausing in the Dog House to have Hors d'œuvre and powder our noses before descending upon the big pavilion where the dining and dancing were to be done.

Madge, looking very lovely in a white silk gown, was sitting on a sofa, entertaining a crowd of men including Henry Morgenthau, the Turkish Ambassador, and Adolph Ochs, New York publisher. Both had been Madge's escorts to the party.

Madge was smoking, but said that she "smoked only in public."

That, Madge explained, was just so people wouldn't think that she was quite too ingenuish for anything.

Claire was looking heavenly lovely in a white silk dress made up of tiny stitched leaves, fastened together. She had come alone, she said. Grant Withers, with whom she has been going about a lot lately, wouldn't come because Buddy Rogers was to be there! These two are rivals for Claire's affections, you know.

Buddy had come alone, but we have a suspicion that he later accompanied Claire with William and Roscoe Fawcett and their wives, down to Tia Juana, where Claire said they were going as soon as they could

change their clothes after the party.

Everybody seemed to gather around Madge Bellamy's sofa, and she told us how she was smoking this evening to drown her terrible disappointment.

"It was too dreadful," Madge told us. "I was talking to a man this afternoon, and he seemed quite devoted. He began most auspiciously—'Will you——' and hesitated. Naturally I thought he was going to propose. But he ended up with—'loan me ten dollars!'"

"Oh, well, that was a narrow escape," put in Buddy Rogers. "A man who would want to borrow such a small sum as that—"

Just then Eleanor Boardman came in with her husband, King Vidor, and we all paused to exclaim because she had bobbed her hair. Her husband never would let her before, you know, but she explained that she had had to do it for a picture, and she looked so pleased about it that we had our suspicions about that bob. After all, some directors are nice about taking suggestions.

Lois Weber was there with her husband, Captain Gantz; and Johnny Hines arrived alone—"a la carte," as he explained it. He said that he meant by that if he came alone he could order what he wanted in the way of company, whereas, if he brought a girl—arrived table d'hôte so to speak—he had to take what he had handed himself.

"But supposing that the party is out of what you want," suggested King Vidor.

"Oh, couldn't be at a party like this," responded Johnny.

However, we found out that the real reason Johnny came alone was because he is deeply interested in a beautiful young non-professional girl, who was at home ill with the flu.

"Oh, there's the No girl with the Yes smile!" exclaimed Johnny, bantering Jane Winton, who had just come in with her husband, Charles Kenyon.

Dolores Del Rio, we found had been invited, but simply has gone nowhere since her husband died.

Don Alvarado was there with his wife; and there was Loris and Finis Fox, Isabel O'Neil, Doris Arbuckle and Hal Battley, Ben Bard and Ruth Roland, Billie Dove and Irvin Willat, Daphne Pollard; Vernon Rickard, who had brought Nancy Drexel, to whom he seemed very much devoted, and who looks so much like Bessie Barriscale that it is startling; Nils Asther and Seena Owen; Frances Marion, who had come with Victor Fleming, that old friend of herself and her late husband, Fred Thomson; Sharon Lynn and Paul Page, with whom Sharon goes about all the time; Lloyd Pantages and Mary McAllister; Agnes Ayres and Roger Marchetti, the lawyer; Jeanette Loff and Eddie Silton; John Considine and his fiancée, Carmen Pantages; Jean Arthur and Carter Herman, and a score of others.

The favors were amusing. They were cardboard picture frames enclosing a blank white sheet, below which was a little white oval. This oval you moistened with the finger tip and rubbed over the blank space in the frame, whereupon your supposed future husband or wife appeared, the oval containing some sort of an acid that brought out the picture. Of course the pictures were awfully funny looking, and everybody had a big laugh.

"Mine," announced Jeanette Loff, "looks like a caricature of John McCormick grown old. I'm going to warn Colleen Moore!"

And it was terribly late when we left for home!



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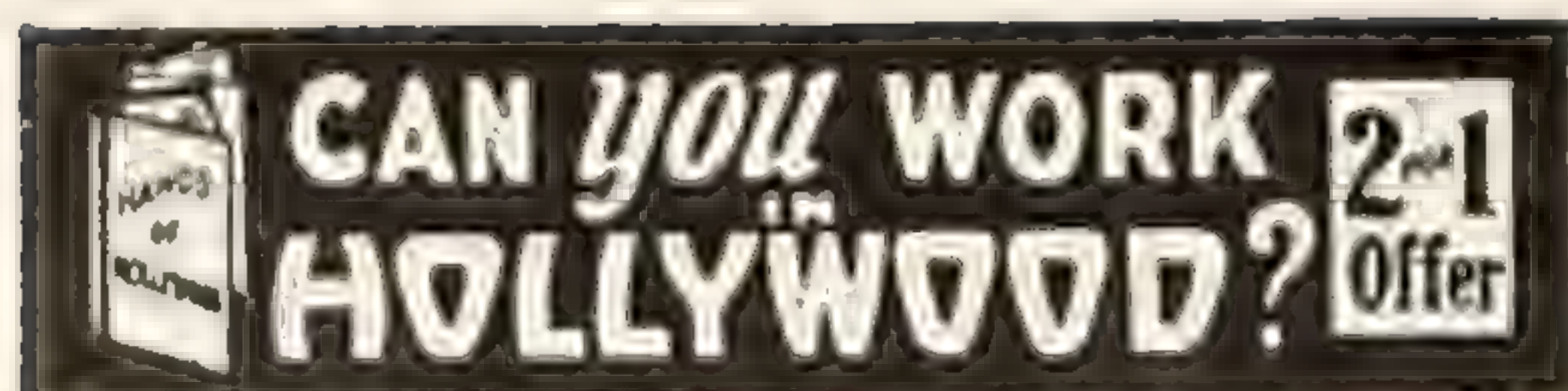
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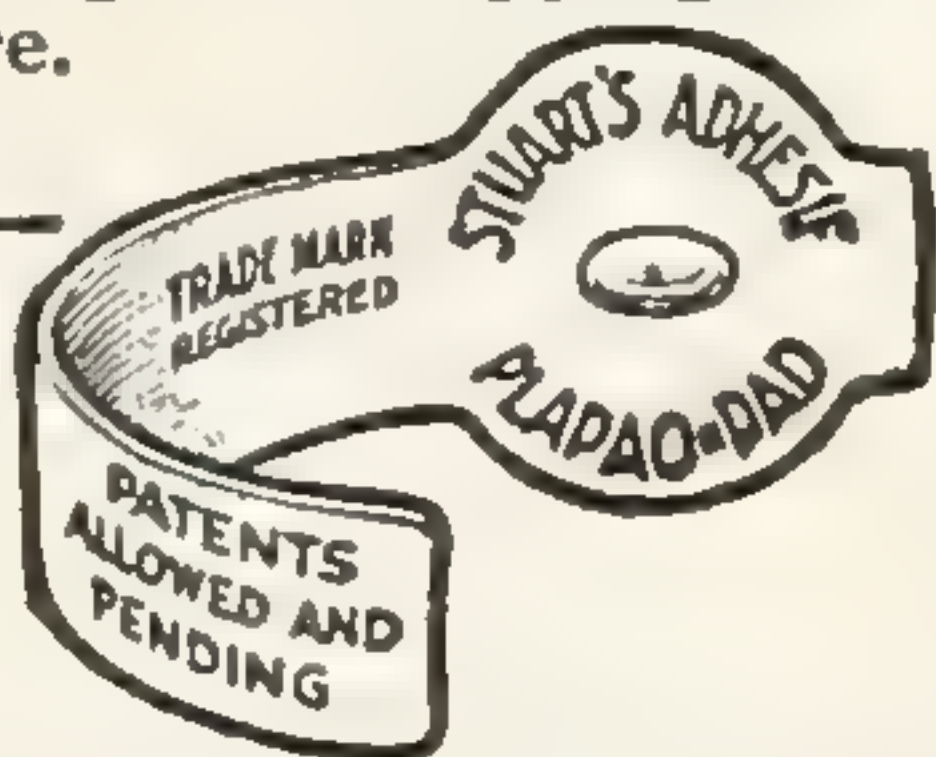
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On Location With Eve Southern

Continued from page 47

gracefully spreading live oaks. The air was balmy and lazy.

Two enormous standards about fifty feet high were placed at either side of the camera zone and a dozen or more smaller side sprays were scattered about. Four fire hoses were attached to plugs and stretched beyond the first row of houses.

"What's all that for?" I asked.

"That's for our rain storm," Eva smiled. "All those people are on their way to my house on the hill when the rain starts and they have to run for shelter. Then they arrest me for a public menace."

"Shall they get wet?" I asked.

"Not only wet but drenched," Mrs. Todd replied.

I was thankful that it wasn't I who was scheduled to get wet! It made me shiver even to think of it. There was only an intermittent sun, and it is certainly cold out here when the sun doesn't shine. That's why I never mind the everlasting sunshine some easterners complain of. There can't be too much for me.

Mrs. Todd showed me around while Eve changed her dress and put the finishing touches to her makeup. I noticed that she limped as she walked away. "What happened?" I asked.

"Someone gave her a push yesterday in the crowd. Her foot slipped on a stone and she sprained her ankle. She was game to drive her car but she thought the exercise would do her good. She had hot and cold bandages on most of the night to get the swelling down."

And I hadn't even seen her wince while she was driving!

There was a fountain in the middle of the public square and around it sat the villagers in stylish clothes and ragged clothes, good clothes and bad clothes, representing the different classes of people who came to see the 'miracle woman.' There were Packard cars and little tumble-down donkey carts with people stretched out in them, paralyzed or legless or something. Some of the 'invalids' were carried up the hill on stretchers by two men, but when the scene was over the boys made the 'invalids' walk down! "You dames get break enough riding up this hill!" one of them said.

"You ought to practise up," one of the girls razed him, "so when that tin lizzy of yours quits in the middle of a hill you can help out a little."

"It would be a good time for a fire," someone said, "with all these water machines on the job," and not two minutes afterwards smoke was seen pouring out of the church belfry! "Oh boy! What a break for our side!" a boy yelled and grabbing the nozzle of a hose, started for the scene of action. But alas and alack—the hose was dry! A signal was to have been given when the water scene was ready and until then the water was turned off the back lot, so an SOS was telephoned to Universal's own private fire department and in due time the ladder and hose clattered up drawn by man power. By that time the blaze had had a swell time with the whole belfry and far side of the roof, but they got it out before too much damage was done to the front of it. In the rain sequence the charred belfry wouldn't show, but the next day's scenes were menaced by it.

"There's our ticket to a night's work," said one of the carpenters. "That's a fine job to patch up in twelve hours."

There was a little dog who couldn't make up his mind what it was all about. He ran around from one person to the other with an enquiring look in his brown eyes, trying to show that he was all for one and one for all, if someone would only tell him how he could help matters along.

Walter Pidgeon, who plays Lord Garys, called him over, "What you need is a drink," he said, and the pup wagged his enthusiasm over this remark until his body was in danger of parting company, while Walter tipped a ten-gallon milk can filled with water into a paper cup and patted him on the head. He gave Walter's hand a swipe with his little red tongue in gratitude for his thoughtfulness and bounded away.

"Always know when a dog is thirsty," said Walter. "Been that way myself and you get to know the ear marks."

You know Walter has a very fine singing voice which you will hear in this picture. He is an artist, too, having studied in Paris and has some really interesting sketches to his credit. He was in the war and was a broker for years before he went into pictures. He is also a graduate of Dalhousie College in Nova Scotia. Also, he is very wealthy—and a bachelor, girls!

"What are you doing to our lot?" asked one of Universal's men, jokingly, who had hastened out to see how much damage the fire had caused.

"Oh, just brightening it up a little, said George Archainbaud, from his perch on the camera platform. This one had a covering so the rain wouldn't drench the cameras.

"All ready, Eve?" Mr. Archainbaud called when the excitement over the fire had abated. "You men rush up the hill brandishing anything you can pick up and those of you who can't find sticks, shake your fists at Miss Southern."

This was the scene after the rain when the countryside comes in a body to arrest the charlatan, but because that had to be a dry scene it was taken first.

The bobbies appeared in their funny strapped hats, fighting back the crowd in an effort to keep the girl from the fury of the mob, until she got to the courtroom at least. Eve was pulled here and jerked there; sometimes a stray fist hit her head or shoulder.

I kept wondering how the sprained ankle felt about all this. After all a sprained ankle has rights and Eve's wasn't getting any break at all. But although she looked a little white she said the ankle was fine.

Again and again they did the scene and then prepared for the rain. It was getting late and the sky was hung with clouds. Also it had grown very cold.

"Looks as though they wouldn't have to use the rain pipes. Those clouds look like business," said an old man who had the rheumatism 'powerful bad'; he told me. I didn't think the rain scene would help his rheumatism any and told him so. "Wall, you can't be pickin' and choosin'," he said, "I been doin' the picture bizness for ten years and I just take what comes. Gettin' wet ain't near as uncomfortable as some things I have had to do. Just the same I'm sorry the sun went back on us."

The rain standards had whirligigs on the top just like the ordinary lawn sprinkler, only ten times their size. When the signal was given all the people started tearing

down the hill and through the square to the shelter of the public buildings. The hose played over the tops of the houses and the small standards and large standards covered the place with what looked to be a driving rain.

The first time, though, the people didn't get so wet, but after the fourth time they were sopping. I marveled at the determination they had and the fact that they were ruining their clothes for a five-dollar or seven-and-a-half dollar pay check. Aside from the discomfort of the situation there was no denying the fact that those clothes would at least have to be cleaned, if not discarded. What charm the movies have! Hundreds and thousands of people, young and old, put up with anything only to be in them.

And it was so cold! Everyone who could had grabbed an army blanket and wrapped themselves up in it, Mrs. Todd and myself among the number. Of course the ones who were getting wet couldn't wrap up, so I don't know *what* they felt like. Eve was clear across the square under cover until she was needed. They intended to work all evening with lights playing over the set so as to finish up the sequence. But I had had enough! I managed to get across to say good-bye to Eve. "Wait till I tell you about the healing scene," she said.

Eve speaks in a soft, southern drawl. She was born in Texas, but somehow she has an accent as individual as her personality. Before I came out here, after having seen "The Gaucho" and "Wild Geese," I thought Eve Southern and Greta Garbo the two most magnetic personalities of the screen; and I still think so, because they are so silent, and silence is usually mysterious.

Eve is very shy. She doesn't like to meet strange people—is terrified of interviews. So is Greta Garbo. Eve is not unfriendly—she loves people, but she likes impersonal and not personal contact, and such is human nature that people who shrink from meeting the outside world are most attractive to it!

In the mob scene when Walter Pidgeon discovers that Eve is the 'miracle woman', he immediately steps on the other side of the fence, so to speak, and defends her. A stone, intended for her, strikes his temple and he falls unconscious. He is taken home and recovers consciousness, but is found to be paralyzed.

"Anne goes to him everyday," said Eve, "and talks to him, trying to show him that a higher power can save him. He can't understand, of course. Every day she sits at his bedside and tells him that if he will only have faith in the God that made him, he will be able to walk. One day, filled with love and pity for him, she tells him again the same story and puts her hand on his shoulder. As he listens and as he feels the touch of her fingers, he moves his hand toward her. He is suddenly able to grasp the spiritual message. Tears spring into his eyes and he cries, 'Why, I am free.'"

"It sounds awfully silly to tell about it," Eve said, "but it was *beautiful*. We both felt so uplifted because we were trying so hard to think above the earth and get in some sort of touch with the divine current that we were both crying when it was over. I haven't seen it on the screen yet, but I am sure the scene should be a good one, because we put so much sincerity in it."

Eve also has a lovely singing voice. It was her ambition to go into opera, and it still is. Singing is her principal relaxation and recreation. Also it is splendid exercise. She will sing in this picture.

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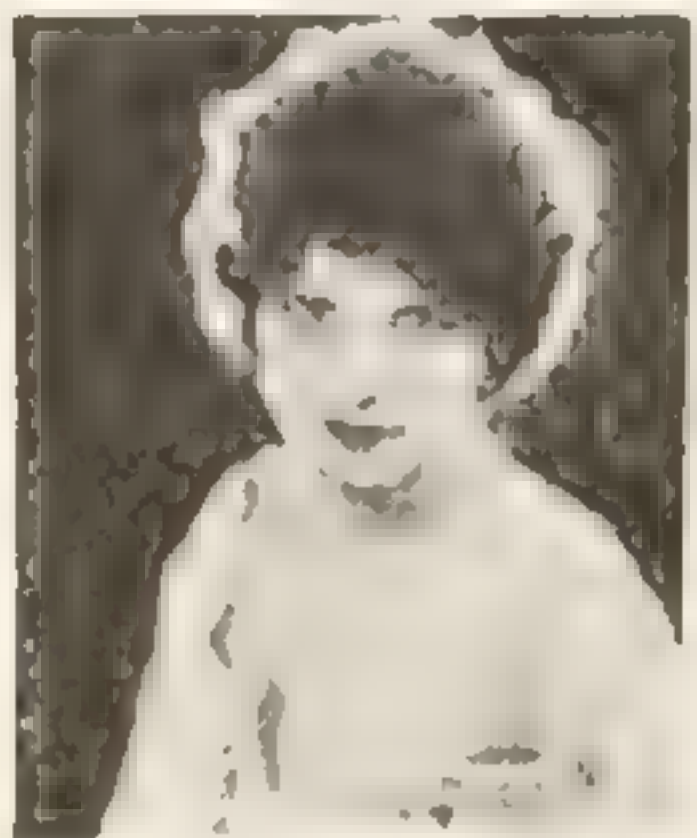
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Mary Pickford—Continued from page 29

appearance, I carefully kept any note of encouragement out of my voice, merely saying, "Proceed, please, I will be glad to hear them."

Then, without further preliminaries, and with the utmost of self-confidence, the child began voicing the lines. And as she spoke, I marvelled at the clearness of her diction, the music of her tones. There was no slurring of consonants, no nervous juncture of words. I had but to close my eyes to imagine myself listening to the clear-cut, well trained voice of some debutante graduate of a fine finishing school.

I watched her hands in the glare of the pilot-light, but there was not the slightest evidence of nervousness. The expressive fingers moved gracefully in time with her gesticulations. Her eyes gleamed with interest as she entered into the rôle she was assuming, while each of her changing postures was graceful in the extreme.

I was sincere when I said, "That's very good," at the end. She had made a splendid impression under the most trying conditions. I knew then that I had found my Betty Warren, and I told her to come to the studio the next day.

"But what a name for the stage!" I exclaimed when she appeared and announced simply, "I am Gladys Smith."

"Yes, it is pretty terrible, isn't it?" she asked, laughing merrily after she had settled herself in one of my largest chairs, "but Daddy's name was 'Smith' and Mother chose the 'Gladys' part of it—so I'm helpless."

"Possibly not as helpless as you think," I rejoined. "We must find a name expressive of your personality and your fine voice."

"If I could have had a choice, I would have selected 'Mary,' for I love that name best of all," the child replied, "but I do not like 'Marie.'"

"Very well," I replied, "but 'Mary Smith' isn't helping any. We must find a suitable last name, something like 'Fairfax' or 'Tolliver' or 'Hardin'—"

"One of my relatives married a man named 'Pickford,'" she suggested tentatively.

"Mary Pickford," I ejaculated. "It was made to order for you. That is it: the perfect name!"

It was thus she was christened in the name which has become so famous throughout the world.

Already I was under the spell of the child's winsome personality and remarkably musical voice, but I believe it was the latter quality which attracted me most. There was an indefinable 'cello' note in her lower registers, and a flute-like clarity and sweetness in her overtones, which told me beyond the question of a doubt that she would score as the daughter in my play. Master Richard Story also came to me providentially at the same time, and I do not believe there ever were two sweeter child characters in productions.

The newspapers in those days paid scant attention to other than headlined players, but the critic of the *New York Press* wrote after our home premiere:

"A charming personality was revealed in little Mary Pickford, a child whose natural grace and beauty of voice should be cultivated."

Subsequently, when the play went to Boston, *The Globe* had this to say of Mary:

"Not the least striking persons in the play are little Miss Pickford and Master

Richard Story as the younger children of General Warren. Both are delightful in the domestic picture of the second act. The little actress shows promise."

Washington, D. C., also paid some attention to the little player, *The Times* saying:

"Miss Mary Pickford as Agatha's younger sister is a very lovable little girl, winsome and with a big voice."

These are indicative of the type of notices given Mary during the two-season run of the play. I often have wondered why it was not ordered that critics might have second sight as well as their other capabilities. Then they could see into a future such as that of Mary Pickford, and could predict unerringly which of the younger players some day would reach stardom.

But it was not audience alone which felt the personal charm of Mary. First and foremost, I loved her. She was sweetly serious in her work, grateful and loyal to me, and always had that self-contained, dignified little smile of welcome for those she loved.

Likewise she was a company favorite. I believe she looked on the beautiful Charlotte Walker almost as a second mother, so great was the affection between them. Down to the last member of the company—as well as the stagehands and musicians of the various theatres—all seemed to feel the spell of this sweet personality.

With the close of "The Warrens of Virginia," Mary came to me and said:

"Unless you advise against it, I think I will try motion pictures for awhile. I have had some tests at the Biograph studio and Mr. David Griffith has promised me regular work. I think I will like it, but I do not want to attempt it if you think it will interfere with my stage prospects. Tell me what to do, please, for you are my best friend and adviser."

Here indeed was a problem! I knew that the child's beauty and sweetness would make her a positive success in pictures. But on the other hand the stage would be losing these qualities, plus a particularly melodious voice. But in the end I nodded approval.

"Will you make me one promise?" I asked.

"Anything—of course," she replied. "I feel that my future belongs to David Belasco. I never want to play for anyone but you."

But I pledged her to forget the speaking stage definitely for a time, and to give her best efforts in the new field.

"It may be that they can advance you more rapidly to the heights than you can rise in the legitimate theater," I told her. "But I want you to learn once and for all whether there is fame for you in the films."

She left with protestations that it was silly for anyone to think of her going onward into the future with anyone but me—and she patted my hand in farewell with that curiously old-fashioned gesture so familiar to students of the moving pictures. Her success was instantaneous and I watched her rise with pardonable pride.

But Mary came back to me in 1912 to play the rôle of Juliet in "A Good Little Devil," a fairy fantasy. And strangely enough there were cast with her other juveniles destined to score successes later. Among these were Ernest Truex, cast in my play as the Scotch orphan; Lillian Gish, Wilda Bennett and Regina Wallace. Each had an important rôle.

Mary brought back to the theater a new expressiveness of feature, her remarkable

'speaking' hands, and an amplification of her natural poise and gracefulness. But best of all she brought back every note of her superbly musical voice.

I was not alone in that realization, for the critic of *The New York Times*, commenting on her return to the speaking stage, said:

"Mary Pickford's diction is so good that it suggests the movies as a desirable place for some of our other actors to improve their elocution."

The New York Herald on the same day, paid tribute to her personal charm and talent by saying:

"As for the acting, perhaps the honors went to Mary Pickford—a remarkable find for Mr. Belasco—who gave a lovely impersonation of the blind *Juliet*."

Many and happy were the chats I had with Mary during her stay with me in the new play. Through these moments I came to know something of the fierce determination and the hard common-sense which form the basis of her make-up. She knew within the heart of her that she was a born actress—but never did she attempt the thousand-and-one little tricks of temperament so many display. In fact she was more apt to satirize them.

I remember that one evening I was chatting with her before the performance. She had a pet kitten, and the animal, jealous at being neglected, began to mew. Finally Mary smiled roguishly and said to the animal:

"See here, young kitten-cat, don't you know actresses with temperaments cannot stand silly noises in their dressing rooms?"

Once during a more serious moment, while we were discussing her future, Mary turned to me and said:

"There was a story in the papers the other day that I had been the 'daddy' of our family since I was big enough to work." Here a tremulous little smile passed over her expressive face. "And do you know I liked it. It made me think some of your own earlier struggles and made me realize you've won just because there was no force big enough to defeat you. I'm going to be like that; nothing can prevent my going to the top. And I hope it will be with you, dear Mr. David."

"We'll see, Mary dear," I replied somewhat vaguely, for even then I was coming to realize that she had made her personality too strong an influence in pictures to permit her to abandon them.

Presently when the end of the season came, Mary called on me to say, plaintively,

"Will you have a place for me next season, Mr. David dear?"

I shook my head negatively.

"Possibly never again," I replied.

Her beautiful eyes clouded, but she went on, bravely:

"Why—but why—" she said, "What have I done—"

"Everything, my dear," I rejoined. "I'm going to let you go back to the pictures where they're clamoring for you; where you have made hundreds of thousands of admirers by your splendid work. You can go equally as far on the stage, but it will take years, and in that time you can have progressed an incredible distance on the screen. I want so badly to see you on the heights that I am willing to forego all my plans in order that my little chum may find stardom quickly."

I think we both were a bit misty-eyed at the parting, but Mary walked from my studio that day to put her dainty feet on the ladder of screen fame, and joy has been mine in the passing years to know that my advice was good.

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We never have lost contact. I always think of Mary Pickford as America's Sweetheart—but my 'Little Chum.' Always I have rebelled at the loss of her glorious voice in the silences of motion-pictureland, but now it seems that even that is to be restored in "Coquette."

I read the other day of her voice tests—how splendidly she recorded—and it is sweet to know that the girl who makes this new success, still is the simple, unpretending bit of femininity who said to the kitten:

"Don't you know actresses with temperaments cannot stand silly noises in their dressing rooms?"

I know that success never has—and never could—spoil her.

Loving for a Living

(Continued from page 71)

were to watch me at my love making, either. I don't recall that she ever has but it wouldn't fuss me a bit. You see, this is work for me. And screen kisses aren't always what they are cracked up to be. A kiss isn't so pleasant when you are paid to kiss and when the girls wear grease paint and ill-tasting make-up, and when a camera and forty men are looking on, and when you have rehearsed it ten or fifteen times, and when you are tired after a hard day of work.

Mention the word 'kiss' to a young man and woman, and their first thought is of a cozy corner, hidden away; not of a crowded street. How many young men would enjoy kissing a girl on a busy downtown corner? Few, I'll warrant. The same situation exists in the studios.

The Stage Coach

(Continued from page 85)

She Got What She Wanted

A reviewer's job is occasionally a tough one, but not with this show. One paragraph more and we can call it a review.

Here is a curious compound of farce, comedy, and drama all about a little Russian girl who kept falling in love with other men before going back to her husband. An occasionally bright line doesn't remove the hash flavor. Galina Kopernak, Alan Brooks, and Franklyn Ardell wasting their sweetness on the deserted air of Wallack's.



George K. Arthur and his little daughter, Jean. Another Jean Arthur on the screen when she grows up?

Beauty While You Wait

Continued from page 73

is down in the water and see how the ache and tiredness will disappear.

You are now ready for a short rest. But first, you must prepare your face for a rest. You know about resting your mind and body, but when anyone tells you to rest your face it's a joke or an insult. Yet it's impossible for the muscles of the face to rest unless you release them from tension.

While you are cleansing your face and eyes, have a portion of skin food heating. It can be used cold, of course, but if you never have used hot skin food on your face and neck when you are tired, try it. When you feel it seep into the pores of your tired skin you will realize how comforting it is, and it is particularly good for a dry skin.

On a stand within reach of your bed place a bowl of ice water containing several pads of cotton, a jar of astringent, a bottle of witch hazel and the hot skin food. Lie down on your bed and quickly apply the skin food, smoothing it well into the face and neck. Pat briskly with the tips of the fingers for a couple of minutes, using both hands. Pat from the base of the neck to the ears, from the chin to the corners of the mouth, to the nose, over the cheeks to the temples, under and around the eyes very gently, across the forehead. Squeeze the pads from the ice water, douse generously with astringent, place one on each cheek, one on the forehead, a big pad on and under the chin and strap on with a face towel. Over each eye place a pad wet with witch hazel.

All this can be done in much less time than it takes to write it, particularly if you are careful to have everything at hand for this beautifying and rest period. And remember, if you really are going to 'rest your face' you must shut your mind against every thought of worry or hurry and think rest, peace, sleep—until it actually overtakes you.

When your rest period is over, though it is no more than ten or fifteen minutes, you will just naturally begin to feel and look more beautiful. If you don't believe it, look in the mirror. Remove the skin food with tissues or a soft towel and pat the face gently with a wad of cotton wet with astringent.

Now take a quick sponge or shower. Rub the body with your favorite soap and shower with warm water. Rub again with sweet scented bath powder and shower with tepid or cold water if you can stand the shock of cold water. Dry briskly with a rough towel and dust with talcum, and you are ready to dress.

There is another quick trick of beautify-

ing which I want to tell you about. It was told me by one of the most beautiful and popular of our screen stars. "Aside from studio make-up," she said, "I use no cosmetics except cleansing cream and a little powder. When I'm unusually tired and want to freshen up for the evening I cleanse my face and use a white-of-egg mask. I simply smooth the egg white over my face and neck, then lie down and relax while it dries. If I can, I drop off to sleep for a few minutes. In about half an hour I remove the mask with cold water, and dust on a little powder. The egg mask tightens the skin, smooths out tiny lines and gives one a fresh rested look."

This 'trick' may be included in the quick beauty treatment. Use the skin food as directed, leave on a few minutes, remove with skin tonic, then apply the mask.

When you come to the finishing touches you will be surprised to find that even your hair looks better for the rest and falls more softly and gracefully, and when you make up, you will find that you need very little. Just a bit of foundation cream, a dusting of powder—and by the way, here's another little trick I learned from a movie star. It will help to wake your eyes and take away all the appearance of tiredness if you use a darker shade of powder around your eyes, especially under them. Then powder the rest of your face with your usual shade. The darker powder must not be overdone. Make-up of any kind must not be obvious.

Finish with a suspicion of rouge, shading naturally into your normal color. Work in with an upward movement. At the edges deftly tone the color down in order to break any conspicuous outline. A skilful touch of rouge low on the chin extending back along the jaw bone will tend to soften the effect and make it inconspicuous.

If your lips have a good color, rub a white lipstick over them to make them soft and fresh. If you wish to touch up your lips with a bit of color, apply the red lipstick to the bow of the lips and with a motion to the corners, blend the color until it is not conspicuous.

Now then! Would you ever think that the radiant young person who looks out from your mirror is the same weary, dejected creature who came slinking into your room less than an hour ago? Blue looks have given way to blue skies, sourness to sunniness! You're all ready now to meet your best beau or your best beau's family, or any adventure that may present itself. And—"if you behave as well as you look," as no doubt your mother has said many times, "you will do very well!"

Lois Climbs the Ladder—Continued from page 56

to them all. All, that is, except Lois. She has never lost a minute's time nor a single fan friend in her transition from girlhood to womanhood.

Lois doesn't notice any difference between the way directors treat her now and two years ago. If there is a difference, it is slight. Miss Moran's mother had a logical explanation for this:

"Lois has always taken her work so seriously that she seemed older than her actual years," Mrs. Moran suggested. "If directors were inclined to look upon her as a child, two years ago, her seriousness

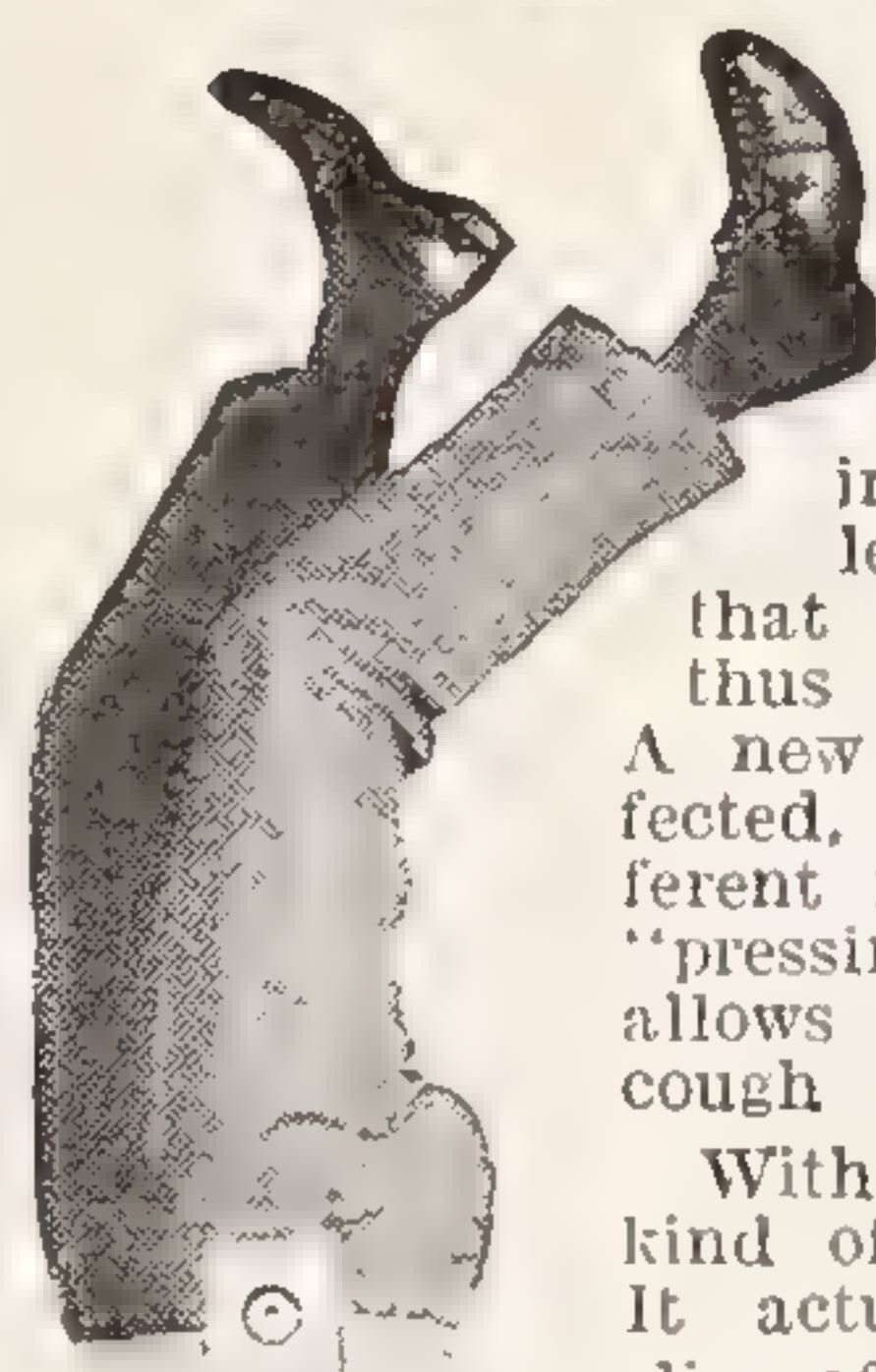
soon caused them to regard her with a more respectful attention."

Lois, the child, was always serious. I remember that I talked with her on the "Stella Dallas" sets. She quoted excerpts from Spinoza and explained Einstein's theories to me, the while I sat back dazedly trying to grasp what she was telling me.

Lois, the woman, is still serious but in a different way. She has developed a sense of humor. In her home, I picked up a volume: "The Life of Napoleon." The book opened automatically to a place where Miss Moran had penciled a notation on one

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of the leaves. The paragraph on which she quoted told of Napoleon's great love of sleep. "He needed a great deal of sleep, like all people of nervous temperament," the paragraph stated. She had written in pencil beside this: "Hurray! I've at last found a justification for the many hours I require."

She still reads Nietzsche but she doesn't insist on quoting the gentleman to others who don't read him. She has a wonderful library of literary masterpieces but if you confess "Saturday Evening Post" tastes, that doesn't make you an Elk, if you know what I mean.

Accidentally, I learned the truth about Miss Moran's introduction into pictures. Erroneous stories were printed that Sam Goldwyn signed her abroad and brought her to this country.

He didn't. He met and interviewed her in Paris, but no contracts were signed. Miss Moran's visit to this country (she is American by birth but was educated abroad) had nothing to do with motion pictures. Lois and her mother were seated in a restaurant in New York City when they were approached by Marc Connelly, well-known playwright and producer. Connelly wanted Miss Moran, whom he had never seen before that day, to star in a stage play he was soon to produce.

When the Morans later visited Mr. Goldwyn's office, that motion picture producer offered Lois a contract for five years. She refused it because she wasn't as interested in the screen as she was in the stage. Later, when director Henry King decided nobody could do that part in "Stella Dallas" as well as Miss Moran, Goldwyn again approached her and told her 'to write her own contract.' Lois signed for the one picture. When Mr. Goldwyn later asked her to sign a long-term contract, she again refused. That is the true story of her coming to America.

She still anticipates a stage career and is hoping later on to be able to combine the two. Perhaps talking motion pictures will open up such an extensive new field that she will not want to go on the stage, after all. But the yearning to do musical comedy is instilled in her heart and talking movies will have to be tremendously successful to attract her away from that great desire—the stage.

Lois is very wealthy. She has invested wisely and need never again worry about money. So the higher salaries that motion pictures pay won't influence her to give up her stage ambitions. When she decides to embark upon the musical comedy career, money will have nothing to do with that decision.

The Little Ingenue Can Be Smart

(Continued from page 55)

oughly the art of continually being smart; therefore the orchid continues to be rare, at least in America.

Paris, the jungle, is full of more varieties; but transplanted, the species can do well.

Bessie has evolved from a little quiet violet sort of flower to—not exactly the orchid in its full sense of the word, but a flower of rare extraction and quite a bit of style. In her recent pictures she has not had great reason to dress, for the parts did not call for it; but some day this little pocket edition will have an opportunity to show that a girl may be knee-high to the proverbial grasshopper and still have a chance in the world of fashion, if she has the desire—and the four-inch heels!

In New York — Continued from page 75

she smiled her whimsical smile. "I would say, 'Very well, then, I go!' And they do what I want! I do not know what that means but it was good!"

You remember of course that Garbo's famous line is "I go now." She said she loved the sea trip—the rougher, the better. And when I asked her if she would ever want to go back to Sweden to live, she said: "Who can say? We never know what we may wish to do. If you are unhappy you pack your trunks and you go—somewhere. Now, I am glad to be back here."

She has stories she hopes she may do, sometime. Her own stories. But she added, "I know them but I am not a writer so I cannot write them. And the parts are too hard to explain."

When I mentioned some of her first pictures, she said: "Oh, those are old stories, now! I hope to do some comedy sometime. I like comedy."

She is that priceless combination, the sweet child and the wise woman! She is naive one moment, like an eighteen-year-old, looking at you appealingly. The next, she is a mocking, worldly woman, with a veil suddenly dropped over the frankness and friendliness. I wonder which is the real Garbo? Certainly she must be eternally fascinating. I can assure her fans of one thing: it's not only sex appeal that has made Garbo one of the great stars of pictures. It's much, much more. There's a force, an intelligence somewhere behind the enigmatic eyes. And boundless courage. But before we leave her I must tell you that her eyelashes, which so many have said are too good to be true, are real. They curl an inch or so on her cheek and they are very black. I saw her in broad daylight, I looked, and I know! Her complexion, too, is the real thing—soft and white without a trace of make-up. And the minute she arrived at her Park Avenue hotel from the boat there was a phone call waiting for her. From Beverly Hills, California. From one John Gilbert!

* * *

That Lupe! She is one funny keed! Whoopee Lupe—Mexican cyclone—hot tamale! It's all true, and then some. But we liked her. Who could help it? She's a primitive, passionate little creature—daring, willful, dazzling. From the moment she arrived, things happened! A luncheon for the press, at which Lupe captivated the men and amazed the women. Then personal appearances at the Rialto in Times Square, where she upset theatrical tradition by doing exactly as she pleased. She was a riot. I hope you all managed to get to some town where she appeared. Lupe Velez, in Person, is more than worth the price of admission! She comes out and sings and dances and tosses violets and pats the front-row males on the head. She told me: "They luf me—they adore Lupe!" She's like that. She is as pleased over her success as a child. She was looking at some proofs of some of her own pictures and saying, "Beautiful, beautiful—" over and over again! Then: "See my dimples in my nose?" she asked. And sure enough—if you look closely you'll see two tiny dimples. She wears a big diamond engagement ring and with it what looks like a wedding ring. She said she missed Gary terribly and loves him very much. Those eagles, said Lupe, that Gary gave her—she loves them because he loves them. "What

he love I love," she declared. Lupe smokes—that is, she never has a cigarette herself but she will reach for yours with her long slim brown fingers and give it a puff or two and hand it back!

She is said to have had offers from Ziegfeld, Shubert, and Earl Carroll to appear in Broadway productions. But she says she loves the screen and is anxious to get back and make more pictures. When I saw her she looked like a tired child—"It is terrible," she moaned. "I work, work—all the time. But they adore me!"

* * *

Estelle Taylor came to town and immediately had an offer to play opposite George Jessel in his next talking picture. Then Fox bought Jessel's contract and will star him in a series of pictures at some fabulous salary; so Estelle may not do it, after all. But she did have voice tests made and everybody says they are marvelous.

Estelle is the most modest star in pictures. You'd think to hear her talk that she had never made such a hit in "Don Juan" and "Where East is East." She said: "Word got around that my voice wasn't good just because the stage play Jack and I were in didn't have a very long run. But they finally persuaded me to have a talkie test and when I heard it I must say I was surprised! It isn't half bad." Which, discounting Estelle's inferiority complex, means that it is just swell!

I never saw Miss Taylor look so well as she does right now. You have probably heard how she suffered for her art for "Where East is East"—how she had to have her eyes taped back to give the Oriental slant and how it hurt. Well, strangely enough she wore the make-up for so long that it looked to me as if her eyes still slant a little, and it's terrifically becoming.

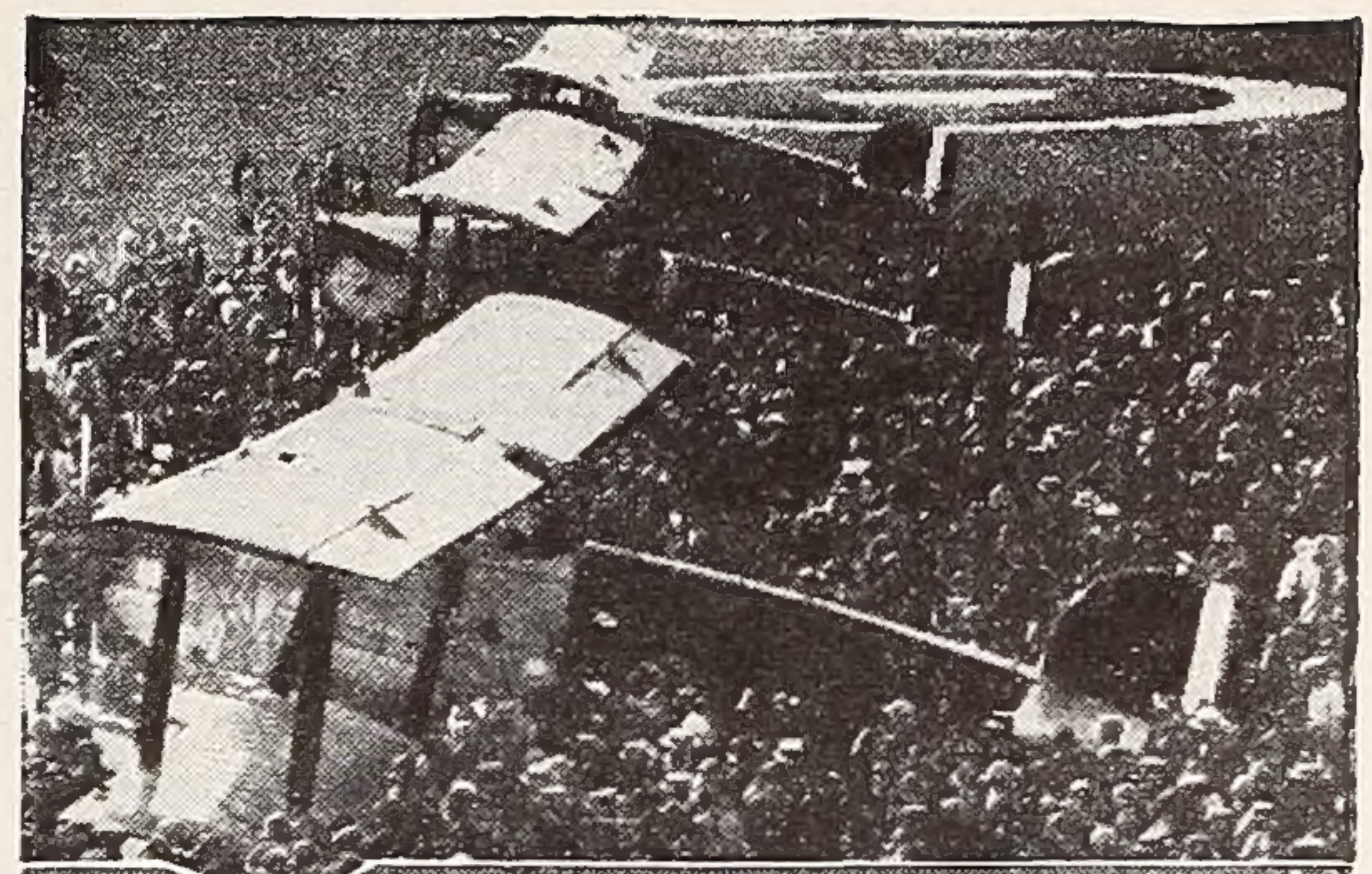
* * *

I saw Alice Joyce 'in person' just after I had been looking at some 'stills' from "The Squall," and I couldn't believe my eyes! In "The Squall" Miss Joyce plays the mother of Carroll Nye. And it only goes to show what an excellent actress and make-up artist she is. Because the real Alice might be the original of the more attractive photographs you see in the society columns of the newspapers captioned: "Smart Young Matron Out for a Stroll on Park Avenue." Alice is youthful and exceedingly well-dressed and correct. She does live on Park Avenue, too! She is one of the most famous movie commuters, dividing her time between east and west. Hollywood is where her work is, but her heart is certainly in Manhattan, where her husband, James B. Regan, is, and her two daughters. Her eldest, Mary, is in school in Philadelphia and Alice's first week-end was spent with her.

* * *

George Jessel is a New York institution. He isn't very tall but there's a brisk, Napoleon-esque air about him. You just know he'll get what he wants. His success on the stage is too well-known to be remarked, but he is new to the movies. And unlike some of the stage stars, he admits there may be a few things about pictures he doesn't know!

"I want to learn," he told me seriously. "I'm green at this thing—only one picture to my credit, 'Lucky Boy.' And I want to make good and do some really fine things."



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Advice to June Brides—Continued from page 43

a separate group of friends, but share them, so that you don't drift apart."

"Don't think that getting married means entering into heaven," cautions Louise Fazenda. "No man is perfect and neither are women. You'll need a good supply of common sense. Treat marriage as a combination of business and sentiment and don't expect too much of your husband."

"N. B. Don't ever lose your tempers at the same time!"

The first commandment for brides, according to Jobyna Ralston, is "Don't nag!"

"If you don't approve of what your husband does, tell him once, but don't keep on about it. There are subtler ways to cure him of his faults, and constant nagging is a sure road to the divorce court."

Mary Lou Lewis, bride of George Lewis, also warns against nagging.

"Don't fool yourself into thinking that the man you marry is so much in love with you that he will stand for anything you do," she says wisely. "He will probably forgive you for any big offense, because he loves you, but no man will tolerate a nagger."

"I am the most undomestic woman in the world," confesses Evelyn Brent. "I can't cook or sew or manage a house, but I envy women who can. It seems to me that to make a successful job of being a wife, you should know how to manage a home."

"Another thing: Always be interested in what your husband is doing. If he has a job he is keen about, let him talk about it and show yourself genuinely interested. If he is a fight fan or an air enthusiast, take his hobby seriously and help him enjoy it to the fullest degree."

"If you have no career, get a hobby that interests you intensely," suggests Laura La Plante. "Then you'll have something besides the bridge score and the defects of the maid to mention to your husband over the evening meal"

Betsy Lee Denny, who was married to Reginald Denny the same day Dolores Costello took John Barrymore for 'better or worse,' naively remarks that a girl's husband is usually her hero.

"And there's no deceit in letting him know he's your hero," she declares, "and in showing you are interested in everything he does or says. This acts like a boomerang and comes right back to you for your husband will be much more attentive and interested in you than in anyone else!"

Diana Kane, who married the director, George Fitzmaurice, has three sisters, of whom Lois Wilson is the only single one—and Lois is engaged, if reports are true.

"My mother says," avers Diana, "that all men are pretty much alike. Be prepared to find them so and don't change your husband because he turns out to be cut from the same piece of cloth as the rest of his sex. She wouldn't, of course, advise any of her daughters to stay with a man who was drunk or cruel or really bad—I'm not talking about abnormal husbands—but she says that no woman is so perfect that she can demand perfection in her mate, that we take the vow for better or worse, and by sticking to our vows we gain one priceless thing that no one who switches from husband to husband can ever possess—that's companionship over a period of years, the sharing of hopes, plans, joys, sorrows and all the dear and beautiful things that come into our lives day by day."

Lucille Webster Gleason, who has been married to James Gleason for more than twenty years, adds this sage advice:

"Don't try to remodel your husband. When a woman buys a dress, she doesn't begin to make it over the minute it comes home. She doesn't take it out of the delivery box and say: 'I'll dye this blue and cut out the sleeves and put a do-dad on the collar.' That may come later when she's worn it and discovered its drawbacks, but at first she gives it a chance."

"When I married Jim, I knew he drank tea for breakfast and couldn't sit through a long play. Also he had blue eyes and big ears. I like coffee and I adore plays. But I realized that if we were to be happy, I must leave my husband's tastes strictly alone, just as I left the color of his eyes and the shape of his ears. That's the way I fell in love with him, you see."

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